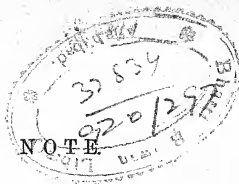


TALES
OF
CAPTIVITY AND EXILE.

ILLUSTRATED.



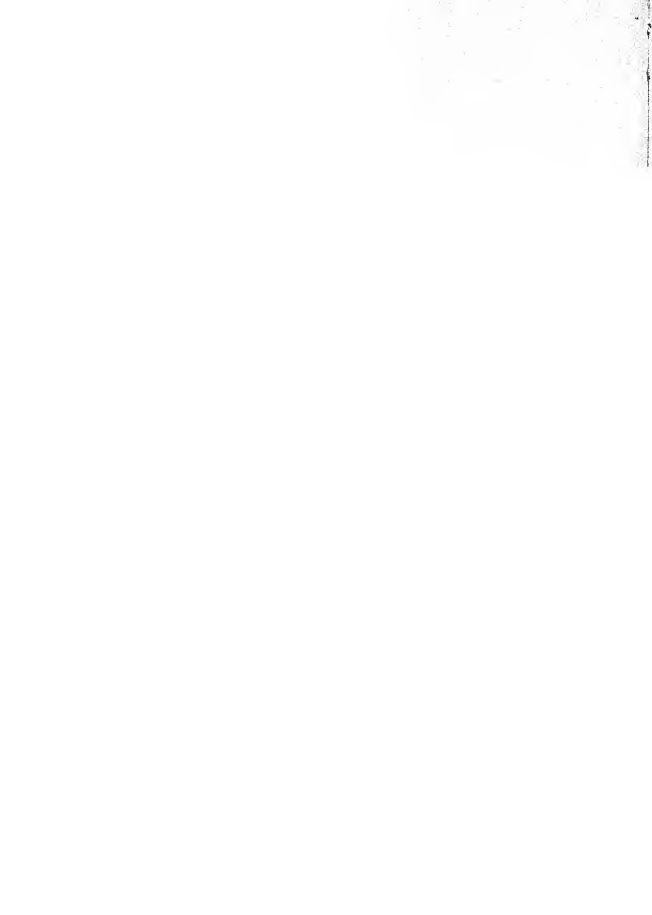
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In the present volume will be found detailed narratives of some of the most remarkable instances of captivity and enforced exile which have occurred in history. The facts have been obtained from the best authorities; they have been arranged in a manner to ensure accuracy of detail, and are written in a style calculated to interest youthful readers.

In all ages men have been found, who, either from principle or caprice, were willing to sacrifice their liberty, even their lives, in support of their views; and it is hoped this volume will form an authentic and interesting record of what many of those men have suffered for their convictions.

Such narratives of suffering, whether voluntary or otherwise on the part of those who have undergone them, have always possessed a charm to the reader; and the lessons which can be drawn from them, either as examples to be followed or as beacons to steer clear of, cannot fail to be of service to every individual.



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TALES
OF
CAPTIVITY AND EXILE.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORICAL EXAMPLES.

— 1 —

THE earliest escape from captivity which presents any remarkable circumstances is that of the soothsayer, Hegesistratus, of Elea, related in the following terms by Herodotus, the "Father of History :"

"This Hegesistratus," he says, "had been the cause of much mischief and injury to the Spartans, and the latter arrested him and flung him into prison with the view of putting him to death. As in this perilous situation, he was troubled not only on account of his life, but of the cruel torments which he knew would assuredly precede his death, he accomplished a deed beyond all expression. His feet were enclosed in shackles of wood, loaded with iron. A knife having been secretly conveyed into the prison, he seized upon it, and straightway conceived the idea of the most courageous action I have ever heard spoken of, for he cut away that part of the foot which is in front of the ankle, after ascertaining whether he could draw the rest of the foot through the shackles.

"This being done, as his prison was closely guarded, he made a hole through the wall, and fled to Tegea, only

journeying at night, and concealing himself in the woods during the day. On the third night he reached that city, despite the pursuit of the Lacedemonians, who were extremely astonished at his boldness, when they discovered half his foot in the wooden shackles.

"It was thus that Hegesistratus, after escaping from Sparta, saved himself at Tegea, a city then in unfriendly terms with Sparta. As soon as he was cured he made himself a wooden foot, and became thenceforth the declared enemy of the Lacedemonians." *

— 2 —

In the sixth century of the Christian era, Cavades, King of Persia, having issued an edict of peculiar iniquity, was punished by the rebellion of his subjects, who imprisoned him in the "Castle of Oblivion," so called because the names of the captives immured within its walls might never be mentioned in public. His wife obtained permission to visit him, watched over him very tenderly, and conveyed to him everything of which he stood in need. As she was a woman of great beauty, the governor of the prison fell in love with her, and did not scruple to declare his passion. Cavades permitted her to encourage his advances, and the infatuated governor at length allowed her to enter or quit the prison whenever she willed.

"Now there was among the Persians," says Procopius, "a man named Scoses, an intimate friend of Cavades, who constantly watched and waited in the neighbourhood of the prison for an opportunity to save him, and who had made known to the queen that he had his horses close at hand, and prepared for the king's escape. When a certain night arrived, Cavades persuaded his wife to exchange clothes with him, and take his place in the prison. By this stratagem he made his way through the guards, who imagined him to be his wife. And

* Herodotus, book ix., c. 37.

when on the morrow they saw her, seated in the prison, they supposed her to be the king, and remaining under the influence of this mistake for several days, he had time to fly beyond the reach of pursuit."

"What happened to the wife," says Procopius, "when the cheat was discovered, or how she was punished, I know not; for the Persian authorities are in this respect not agreed."

— 3 —

Until the tenth century we meet with no other escape from captivity worthy of particular notice.

Louis d'Outremer having succeeded in seizing the person of Richard, son of the Duke of Normandy (William Longsword, assassinated in 943), and coveting his valuable inheritance, gave orders that a rigorous surveillance should be maintained over him. Richard was imprisoned at Laon.

"Osmond, the steward of the young prince," says William of Jumièges, a French chronicler, "learned the king's cruel decision: foreseeing the fate reserved for the child, and moved to the heart with pity and alarm, he sent messengers to the Normans, informing them that their lord, Richard, was retained by the French king under the yoke of a harsh captivity. Scarcely were these tidings made public before a fast of three days' duration was proclaimed throughout all Normandy, and the Church addressed to Heaven continual prayers for the young Richard's safety.

"At length, Osmond, having taken counsel with Yvon, father of Guillaume de Belesme, engaged the child to feign illness, to keep his bed, and to appear so overwhelmed with disease that every one should despair of his life. The child, executing his instructions with surprising intelligence, remained constantly stretched out upon his bed, as if reduced to the last extremity.

"His guardians, seeing him in this condition, relaxed their vigilance and went about in all directions attend-

ing to their private affairs. Now, there was by chance in the court-yard of the prison house a bundle of grass, in which Osmond wrapped up the child, and taking him upon his shoulders, as if he were conveying some forage to his horse, he passed through the city gates when the king was at supper, and the citizens had retired from the public places. As soon as he had reached his host's mansion, he rapidly saddled and mounted his horse, and placing the young prince before him, fled with the utmost speed, and arrived in safety at Couci. Then, having entrusted the child to the governor's care, he continued his swift ride all the night, and at daybreak reached Senlis."

— 4 —

Louis II., Count of Flanders, who, in 1346, at the age of sixteen years, had succeeded his father, Louis I., having refused to marry Isabella, daughter of the King of England, was, in the month of January 1347, closely guarded by the stout burghers of Ghent, who would fain have compelled him to this marriage.

How he escaped from durance is quaintly narrated in the picturesque pages of Froissart:*

"Long while," says the old chronicler of the chivalrous times, "was the young count in danger from the men of Flanders, and courteously kept in confinement. But at length he changed his conduct; I know not whether of his own thinking or out of cunning, but he told his subjects that he would adopt their counsel, for he perceived that they could profit him more than would the people of any other country. At these words the Flemings rejoiced exceedingly, and they released him from prison, and allowed him some kind of pastime; as, for instance, to sail upon the river, of which he was passionately fond. But not the less was he closely watched by the citizens, both for the safety of their own heads, and because they were all of the party of the King of

* "Chronicles," book I., c. 371.

England. This lasted so long that the young count at length promised his people he would willingly take to wife the princess of England, Isabella.

"Meanwhile, he went daily upon the river, and made a show of extreme pleasure at this alliance with the English, and so convinced the Flemings of his sincerity that they ceased to guard him as narrowly as before. But they little knew the real character of their lord ; for, however he might dissemble, he possessed a courage *truly French*, as he proved by his deeds ; for one day, when wandering by the river, in the very week that he was to marry the young daughter of England, his falconer flew a falcon at a heron, and the count did likewise.

"So the two falcons set out in chase of their prey, and the count after them, as if to encourage them, saying, 'Hoie ! hoie !' And when he was at a little distance, and within reach of the open fields, he spurred his horse hotly, and galloped ahead at such fierce speed that his guards lost sight of him, and in due time he reached the court of the Count of Artois, who undertook to answer for his safety. From thence he proceeded into France to King Philip, to whom he related his adventures, and how by great subtlety he had effected his escape from his people and the English. The King of France rejoiced greatly, and said that he had done well, and so said all the French ; but the English, for their part, declared that he had betrayed them."

— 5 —

One of the most powerful nobles of the Lancastrian faction, Lord Roger Mortimer, was made prisoner by the Yorkists at the battle of Boroughbridge (March 16, 1322), and was imprisoned in the Tower of London. In the following year, having received private information that his death had been decided upon, he resolved to attempt an escape.

He succeeded in corrupting one of the officers of the Tower, Gerard Aspley, who, in a feast given to the

gaolers, contrived to administer a soporific beverage. While they were wrapt in a profound lethargy, Mortimer, by means of an opening which he had made in the wall of his prison, penetrated into the kitchen of the palace adjoining the Tower. A ladder of ropes enabled him to mount and descend several walls, and a boat waiting along the river bank transported him to the other side of the Thames. There he was met by his servants, with some horses. Riding at full speed, he succeeded in reaching the Hampshire coast, where he embarked on board a ship duly prepared for him, and gained the Continent in safety. He entered the service of Charles of Valois, and thereafter, when Isabella, the wife of Richard II., abandoning her husband, retired to France, became her acknowledged favourite. His future career, and its miserable termination, are familiar to readers of English history.

— 6 —

James III., King of Scotland, alarmed by an astrologer's prediction that the lion would be put to death by his whelps, and fearing the power and influence of his brothers the Earl of Mar and the Duke of Albany, imprisoned the latter in Edinburgh Castle, and is accused of putting the former to death.

Albany, says Sir Walter Scott, ran a great risk of sharing the same fate; but some of his friends in France or Scotland had prepared a plan for his deliverance. A small sloop entered the roadstead of Leith, loaded with Gascony wine, of which two casks were presented to the captive prince. The governor of the castle having permitted the casks to be removed to the Duke of Albany's apartment, the prince, examining them in secret, found in one a large ball of wax enclosing a letter, which exhorted him to escape, and promised that the small craft which had brought the wine should be ready to receive him, if he could gain the shore.

It conjured him, moreover, to lose not a moment, as he was doomed to be executed on the following day. A large coil of rope was also enclosed in the same cask, to assist him in descending from the castle wall to the foot of the rock on which it is built. His chamberlain, a servant of proved fidelity, who shared his master's dungeon, promised to assist him in his perilous enterprise.

The principal point was to make sure of the captain of the guard. For this purpose Albany invited him to sup with him, under the pretence of tasting the admirable wine which he had received. The captain, after stationing sentinels wherever he thought there was any danger, repaired to the duke's chamber, accompanied by three soldiers, and enjoyed the banquet prepared for him. After supper the duke invited him to play at *tric-trac*, and the captain, seated by a great fire, and overcome by the wine which the chamberlain never ceased to offer, began to sleep, as well as his soldiers, on whom the wine had been pressed with equal freedom. Then the Duke of Albany, a man of great bodily vigour, whose strength was increased by despair, sprang from the table, and stabbed the captain who fell dead before him. He dealt in the same manner with two of the soldiers, while the chamberlain despatched the third. They had overcome the poor fellows all the more easily, that drunkenness coupled with astonishment had rendered them helpless. They then took the keys from the captain's pocket, and, mounting on the walls, chose a distant corner out of the sight of the guards, to accomplish their perilous descent.

The chamberlain wished to test the rope by being the first to descend; but it was too short, and he fell and broke his leg. He then cried to his master to lengthen the rope. Albany returned to his dungeon, took the coverings from his bed for this purpose, and was soon at the foot of the rock safe and sound. He took his chamberlain on his shoulders, and bore him to a place of safety, where he might remain concealed until his leg was cured. Reaching the sea-coast, the duke made the signal

agreed upon, and a boat soon bore him on board the sloop, which immediately set sail for France.

During the night, the guards, aware that their captain and three of their comrades were supping in the duke's apartment, formed no suspicion of the events that had transpired; but when, at daybreak, they caught sight of the rope suspended from the walls, they took the alarm, and rushed to the prince's chamber. They found there the dead body of one of the soldiers lying across the door, and those of the captain and the two others stretched in the ashes of the fire, and half consumed. The king was much surprised at so extraordinary an escape, and would not credit it until he had examined the place with his own eyes.*

James III. was murdered in 1488, after the battle of Sauchieburn, in which the rebellious nobles completely defeated the royal army.

— 7 —

The following escape bears something of the marvellous about it:

François Alard, a Protestant theologian of the sixteenth century, having been condemned to death by the Inquisition, was conducted to a cell, where he was to linger through the three days previous to his execution. The night before the day of doom he thought that a voice cried out to him, "Francisco, surge et vade!" (François, arise and go).

He arose, descried an opening by the light of the moon, and having assured himself that he could pass through it, he cut his bedclothes into strips, and wove them into a cord, which enabled him to drop down to the bottom of his dungeon-tower, where he fell into a sewer, and passed unperceived close to a sentinel. Finally, after remaining three days without food, concealed in a thicket, he was picked up by a carter, and conveyed to the State of Old-

* Sir Walter Scott's "History of Scotland," 1st series, c. xix., p. 210.

enburgh. There he became the almoner of the reigning prince. One of the descendants of François, Nicolas Alard, who died in 1756, has related the particulars of his ancestor's escape in a work entitled "*Decas Alardorum Scriptis Clarorum.*"

— 8 —

Caelius Secundus Curion, a zealous Lutheran, having dared, in open church at Casale, to convict of falsehood a Jacobin monk who had poured forth the most atrocious calumnies against the great chief of the Reformers, was immediately arrested by order of the Inquisitor of Turin. After having been successively transferred to several prisons, he contrived to escape in so adroit a manner that his enemies accused him of having had recourse to magic. To exculpate himself from a charge which the ignorant prejudices of the age rendered peculiarly dangerous, he published, in a short Latin dialogue, entitled "*Probus,*" the particulars of his adventure, from which we translate the following passages:—

I had been immured a week, he says, in my new prison, where my feet had been loaded with enormous logs of wood, when I was suddenly inspired by Heaven. When the young man appointed to guard me entered my cell, I began supplicating him to release one of my feet from its encumbrance. It would suffice, I said, that I should be fastened by one foot to a mass so enormous.

As he was free from all malicious feeling, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and released one of my feet. Thus passed this day and the following, during which I laboured vigorously. I wore a linen shirt; in stripping myself of it, and removing at the same time the stocking which covered the leg that was free, I made a bundle, which I shaped like a leg, and adapted it to a shoe. I was still in want of something to give it substance. For this I was much embarrassed, and I searched about in

every direction, until at last I discovered the stem of a rose-tree under a row of seats. I seized it eagerly, thrust it into the false leg, and concealing my real leg under my mantle, waited patiently the success of my stratagem.

My young gaoler visited me on the following day about eight o'clock to ask me how I fared. "I should not do badly," said I, "if you would kindly fasten my bonds to the other leg, so that each might rest a little in its turn." He consented, and attached the log to my sham limb.

When night had come, and his guards were sound asleep, as he could tell by their loud snoring, he began to undo his false leg, recovered his shirt and stocking, and quietly opened his prison door, which was only shut in the inside by a simple latch. This was the greatest difficulty; but he made no sound, glided into the open court-yard, scaled the walls, and happily effected his escape.

— 9 —

Charles of Guise, eldest son of that Henry of Guise who was killed at Blois, was arrested after his father's assassination in 1588, and imprisoned in the castle of Tours. It was not until three years afterwards, in 1591, that he contrived to regain his liberty.

His adventure is thus narrated by the French historian De Thou :

The duke had secretly agreed with one Claude de la Chastre and his son to attempt his escape on the 15th of August, the feast of the Virgin. He took the communion that day, the better to deceive his gaolers and disarm all suspicion that he meditated flight. He had remarked that it was the custom to close the castle gate after dinner and carry the keys to the keeper ; this was the time he chose for the accomplishment of his scheme. He mounted rapidly a high tower which looked out upon the bridge beyond the city; and having shut up his guards in the large hall where they were dining, he

closed the door of the tower after him, and locked it, so as to gain the time that would be occupied in breaking it open. Everything succeeded to his wish. His *valet de chambre*, who assisted him on this occasion, fastened to a rope, which he had got ready for the purpose, a wooden pole, whereon the duke seated himself to descend without danger. The valet then lowered the cord very gently. As soon as his master had safely reached the bottom, he attached the rope to a post and let himself down, though at much greater risk than his master, whom he overtook at St Come by following the river's course.

Meanwhile, the duke's guards were panic-stricken. Rouvray, the governor of Tours, sent couriers in every direction to spread the intelligence of his flight, and despatched a body of men-at-arms to follow up his track. But so much time had been lost in breaking open the door and giving the alarm, that the duke, who had been joined by the son of De la Chastre, and provided with a swift horse, succeeded in making good his escape to Bourges.

— 10 —

The illustrious Dutch scholar and statesman, Grotius, having been implicated in the transactions which led to the death of Barnevelt, was arrested in the month of August 1618, and on the 18th of the following May, condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Fifteen days afterwards he was transferred to the castle of Louvestein, where he was treated with great severity. However, as he was permitted to study, his friends contrived to maintain a secret correspondence with him, and he finally escaped, through the address and industry of Maria Regerbergen, his wife.

Maria had remarked that his guards, growing weary in time of their task of searching the great chest full of books and linen sent every week to and from the neighbouring town of Gorcum, suffered it at length to pass

without examination. She therefore advised her husband to enclose himself in it, and bored some holes with a gimlet in that part of the lid which would cover his face, that he might breathe without difficulty. He hazarded the experiment, and was safely conveyed to the house of a friend at Goreum, from whence he travelled to Antwerp by the ordinary conveyance, passing through the public place disguised as a carpenter, with a rule in his hand.

His clever wife pretended that her husband was very ill, so as to give him time to make good his escape and get beyond the reach of pursuit. When she thought his safety assured, she told the gaolers, laughing at them, that the bird was flown. At first it was designed to proceed against her criminally, and some of the judges thought she should be confined as a prisoner in her husband's place; but by a majority of voices she was set at liberty, and eulogised by all the world for her courage, wit, and devotion.

Such a woman merited from the Republic of Letters not only a statue, but also the honours of canonisation, for it is to her we owe the admirable works given by Grotius to the world, and which would never have emerged from the shadows of Louvestein if his life had been spent in a long and dreary captivity.

— 11 —

Marie de Medicis, Queen of France, after the assassination of her favourite Concinis, seeing herself driven from the administration of affairs by De Luynes, demanded and obtained permission to retire to Blois in May 1617, where she was shortly afterwards made prisoner. Luynes surrounded her with his creatures, and stationed some squadrons of cavalry in the neighbouring villages to watch her most trifling movements. But the Duke d'Epemon and some other disaffected nobles having retired from the court, sought, as a means of aggrandising

their party, to release the queen-mother and place her at its head. A correspondence was established between Marie and the Dukes de Bouillon and d'Epemon. Finally, in the month of January 1619, the latter, who was at Metz, furnished himself with jewels and 8000 pistoles, and, escorted by fifty gentlemen well armed, forty guards, and numerous retainers, travelled by short marches towards Loches, where he had appointed to meet the queen.

It was only then that Marie de Medicis discovered her project to the Count de Brennes, her first equerry; to La Masure, and Merçay, officers of her guard; and she also confided her secret to the Lady Caterina, the first woman of the chamber. She ordered the Count de Brennes to be ready at her chamber door about 5 A.M., and that her carriage, drawn by six horses, should wait for her beyond the bridge. As for the others, she retained them about her to collect her jewellery and to pack up her chattels and valuables.

With these attendants, then, at 6 o'clock A.M. on the 22d of February, she issued from the window of a chamber which opened upon the terrace, where, a portion of the wall being in ruins, it was easy to descend into the gardens, and so repair to the bridge without passing the castle gate or entering the town. The queen accomplished her descent by sitting down on the earth and gliding down the slope, after which she gained the bridge unobserved. There she encountered two men, one of whom, seeing a woman in such strange company at so early an hour, formed but an indifferent opinion of her character; while the other, of quicker wit, recognized who she was, and concluding that she was making her escape, bade her *bon voyage*.

At the foot of the bridge her carriage waited, and entering it with her companions, she proceeded to Mont-richard, where M. de Toulouse, sent forward by the Duke d'Epemon, had halted to guard the passage of the river. The duke himself met her about a league beyond Loches, and in the latter town the queen sojourned for a couple of days to rest herself and write to the king.

— 12 —

Isaac Arnould, governor of Philipsburg, having fallen into the hands of the Imperialists after the capture of that city, was carried a prisoner to Esslingen.

He was not ignorant in his captivity, says his cousin, the Abbé Arnould, of the rumours which were circulated against him at court, and he thought of nothing but the means of escaping, that he might openly confront his calumniators. It was with this view that he refused to be a prisoner on parole.

The enterprise was not an easy one, for he was closely guarded by soldiers, who accompanied him when he went forth in the evening to take the air, and who slept in an ante-room at the door of his chamber. He let pass, however, no means which might facilitate his end. He observed the height of his window, which looked out upon the city moat, and he never doubted that if he could lower himself from it he might easily regain his liberty. He had tampered with some French cavaliers who were in the Imperial service, and agreed to make known to them the day of his escape. The difficulty, then, was to obtain enough ropes to let himself down into the city moat, which, as it was far from the frontiers, and tolerably safe from hostile attempts, was rarely guarded.

For this purpose he engaged his guards, every time that he went out to take the air, in various games, under pretence of diverting his mind; and as he gave them drinking money, and it was pastime for themselves also, they were soon the first to propose them. Among these sports was one called *sangler l'ane* (girthing the ass), which answered his purpose capitally; for as a fathom of cord was needed to bind one of the players, he flung a piece of silver for the first comer to purchase it, and took care not to ask for the change. So short a piece of cord would excite no suspicion, nor was it of any use to him; but as each day a new piece was bought, and the old one thrown aside, those of the guards who were in his interest

collected the cast-away ropes carelessly as if without any apparent design. When he had obtained a sufficient length, he gave notice to his French confederates, and by this means happily effected his escape into France.

— 13 —

The troubles of the Fronde, or civil war, in France, gave rise to several remarkable escapes.

On the day of Pentecost, the 1st of June 1648, says Madame de Motteville, the Duke de Beaufort, for five years a prisoner in Vincennes, made his escape about noon. He found means to break his chains through the agency of his friends, and some of his attendants, who on this occasion served him faithfully.

He was guarded by an officer of the household troops and by seven or eight men-at-arms, who slept in his chamber, and never quitted him. Not one of his own servants was near him, but he was waited on by the king's officers. In addition to this, Chavigny, the governor of Vincennes, was his enemy.

La Ramée, the officer who had charge of his person, had taken with him, at the solicitation of one of his friends, a certain man who pretended that he had fought a duel contrary to the rigorous edicts of the king, and was desirous of saving himself in an asylum so little likely to be suspected. One may imagine, however, that he was sent to the prison by some of the duke's adherents, and possibly with the officer's consent; but as nothing certain is known as to this, we can only form a conjecture.

This man, at first, to play the good servant and prove that he was not useless, showed more anxiety than all the others respecting the prisoner's safe custody, and even proceeded—so runs the tale—to acts of rudeness. Whether he did this as a blind, whether he was really sent to serve the prince, or whether he was gained over by the prince after he had acted for some time as his

sternest gaoler, he became at least the channel of communication between the duke and his friends, who thus brought the duke acquainted with the measures that were designed to secure his liberty.

The hour came at length for the execution of their projects, and the day of Pentecost was purposely chosen, because everybody was then engaged in religious ceremonies. At the hour that the guards dined, the duke demanded leave from La Ramée to divert himself in a gallery, where he was occasionally permitted to take exercise.

This gallery is much lower than the dungeon where he was lodged, but, nevertheless, greatly elevated above the moat, which it overlooks on two sides. La Ramée accompanied the duke on his walk, and remained alone with him in the gallery.

The warder gained over by the prince pretended to take his dinner with his comrades, but, feigning illness, took only a little wine, and leaving the chamber, closed the door upon them, as well as some doors between the dining-room and the gallery. He afterwards repaired towards the prisoner and his guardian; and, entering the gallery, shut it likewise, and took the keys out of every door. At the same time, the Duke de Beaufort, who was strong and vigorous, assisted by this man, flung himself upon La Ramée, and prevented him from giving the alarm; and unwilling to kill him, though their own safety seemed to demand his death, they gagged him, tied him by the hands and feet, and left him in durance.

Immediately this was done they attached a rope to the window-sill and descended by it, the valet going first, as he would have been the most severely punished had they failed in their attempt. They both let go, and fell into the moat, its depth being so great that all their length of cord was insufficient to reach the bottom. The prince was wounded by his fall, and fainted with pain, and it was some time before he recovered his senses.

When he was somewhat restored four or five of his

partisans, who were in waiting on the other side of the moat, and who had seen him lying there half dead, with anxious impatience threw him another rope, which he wound about his body, and by this means drew him towards them, the valet, however, being rescued first, in accordance with the duke's word, which he kept most religiously. The prince reached the opposite bank safely, but in very bad condition, for not only was he wounded by his fall, but the rope bound round his body had caused him acute pain in the abdomen. Yet he summoned up all his strength and energy, lest he should lose the fruit of his daring. With a great effort he rose and made his way to the rendezvous in the neighbouring wood, where fifty horsemen awaited him. As soon as he was mounted, and saw himself surrounded by so gallant and faithful a band, his joy reached such a climax that he felt suddenly healed of all his wounds and pains. Spurring his horse, he galloped off with fiery speed, elated with the grateful sense of liberty, and able to say, like Francis I., when he set his foot on French soil after his captivity in Spain, "Ah, I am free!"

— 14 —

In 1652, Cardinal de Retz, who was one of the principal actors in the stirring drama of the Fronde, was arrested at the Louvre, on the 19th of December, while deluded by a pretence of negotiation on the part of the astute Mazarin. At first imprisoned in Vincennes, he was obliged to resign his archbishopric of Paris before he could obtain his removal to the château of Nantes, where Chalucet was governor. From thence he made his escape in 1654, under circumstances which he thus relates in his "Mémoires:"

"I was sometimes allowed," he says, "to walk on a species of ravelin, which impended over the river Loire; and I observed that in the month of August its waves no longer beat against the wall, but left a narrow belt of

land between it and the bastion. I also took notice that between the garden laid out on the summit of this bastion and the terrace where my guards remained while I took my daily promenade, stood a gate, erected by Chalucet to prevent the soldiers from stealing his grapes. Upon these observations I formed my design, which was, to close, as if accidentally, the garden gate after me, for, although being made of trellis work, that would not prevent my guards from seeing me, it would hinder them from reaching me; to let myself down by a rope, provided by my doctor and the Abbé Rousseau, my steward's brother; and to have horses ready for myself and four gentlemen at the bottom of the ravelin.

"The project was not free from difficulties; it would have to be executed in open day before two sentinels, who were only thirty paces from each other, and stationed within half pistol-shot, and my six guards, who would fire upon me through the bars of the gate. The four gentlemen who were to attend me and assist my escape would have to exercise great caution in taking up their post, lest their appearance should awaken suspicion. I could not manage with a smaller number, because in making good my escape I should have to pass near the usual promenade of the Maréchal de Conde's guards.

"I made my escape at last on Saturday, the 8th of August, at five in the evening. The gate of the little garden closed after me in the most natural manner; I descended, straddling on a stick, from the summit of the bastion in safety, though it was about forty feet high. A *valet de chambre*, who is still in my service, occupied my guards by treating them with drink, and they amused themselves by watching a Dominican bathing, who, by the way, was drowned. The sentinel, about twenty paces from me, durst not fire, because, when I saw him light his match, I cried out I would have him hung if he fired; and he afterwards confessed that the menace made him believe my escape was favoured by the Maréchal. Two little pages who were bathing, and who, seeing me suspended by the rope, cried out that I was

escaping, received no attention, everybody imagining that they were calling for help for the Dominican who was in the water. My four gentlemen had met at the place named below the ravelin, where they had pretended to water their horses, as if they were preparing for the chase. I was myself before the least alarm had been given; and as I had forty relays posted between Nantes and Paris, I should assuredly have reached the latter city on Thursday at daybreak, but for an accident which fatally overclouded the rest of my career."

Mr James thus describes the accident —

Having let himself down from the walls of the fortress, he found his horse prepared for him, but was so much agitated and alarmed that he does not seem to have had full command over himself. Seeing a party of soldiers, whom he supposed to be drawn up in order to prevent his escape, he produced a pistol, which, according to his own account, frightened his horse by the sun flashing on the barrel. Joly, however, declares that the cardinal was too frightened himself to sit the animal, which was powerful and fiery. At all events he was thrown, and dislocated his shoulder; but getting up again immediately, he remounted and effected his escape. The pain which he suffered from the injury which he had received prevented him from proceeding very far, and, instead of making his way to Paris, he was obliged to betake himself to a place of security, where he was treated somewhat unskilfully, and detained so long that no hope of executing his scheme with regard to the capital remained. He thence fled to Spain, and made his way across that country to Rome, but did not return to France for a considerable number of years, by which time age had deprived him of that virulent energy which had rendered him a scourge to the country that had given him birth.*

* James: "Life of Louis XIV.," 1, 514, 515.—Cardinal de Retz was allowed to return to France in 1661, when about fifty years of age, having solemnly promised never again to take part in political strifes. He resigned his archbishopric of Paris, lived plainly, paid his heavy debts, and resigned himself to the quiet retired life of a philosopher. He died in 1679.

Quiqueran de Beaujeu, created Knight of Malta in 1637, was, by his repeated victories over the Turkish forces, justly esteemed one of the most skilful naval commanders of his time. In 1660, being driven by a storm into one of the ports of the Archipelago, he was there besieged by Pasha Mazamamet with thirty galleys. After a stout defence, in which the greater part of his crew were killed, Beaujeu was forced to surrender, and was taken on board the pasha's vessel. Another storm, more violent than the first, dispersed the Turkish fleet, and the pasha's ship was only saved by the skill and exertions of the prisoner. Mazamamet, willing to save his deliverer, concealed him among the other prisoners, but he was recognized by the grand-vizier, and thrown into the Castle of the Seven Towers at Constantinople. The King of France and the Venetians having vainly endeavoured to ransom him out of the hands of his captors, one of his nephews resolved to effect his release at all hazards.

He set out for Constantinople in 1671, in the suite of Monsieur Nointel, French ambassador to the Porte; and having obtained permission to visit the prisoner, contrived to carry him, bit by bit, some rope, which he concealed by winding round his body. On the day fixed for his escape, De Beaujeu descended from his window, to the bars of which he had fastened his rope, which, however, he found several fathoms too short. As the sea washed the walls of his prison, he did not hesitate to plunge into it. The noise of his headlong fall attracted to the spot the crew of a Turkish brigantine, but a well-armed shallop which the prisoner's nephew had stationed but a short distance off soon dispersed the enemy, and the chevalier was triumphantly carried on board a ship commanded by the Comte d'Apremont. Thus after eleven years of captivity De Beaujeu had the happiness of again seeing France, and living for many years in peace and honour in the bosom of his family.

— 16 —

William, Earl of Nithsdale, was one of the Scotch nobles who joined the standard of the Pretender, the son of James II., in his disastrous and hopeless enterprise of 1715. After the surrender of the insurgent forces at Preston, he fell into the hands of the British government, was sent a prisoner to London, and committed to the Tower.

On the 10th of January 1716, he was impeached of high treason by the Commons of Great Britain, and on the 23d was arraigned in Westminster Hall to undergo his trial. He pleaded guilty of the offence with which he was charged, and on the 9th of February was sentenced to death. Zealous but unavailing efforts were made to save him, but when these proved fruitless, and the warrant for his execution was actually signed, Lady Nithsdale, at the hazard of her own life, determined if possible to effect the escape of her unfortunate lord. The warrant was signed on the 22d, and the execution appointed for the 24th. The interval was short, but love is active; and, disguised in female attire, the earl escaped from the Tower. In what manner the scheme was carried out, we shall leave Lady Nithsdale herself to relate in a letter to her sister, Lady Traquair:—

“DEAR SISTER,—My lord’s escape is now such an old story that I have almost forgotten it, but since you desire me to give you a circumstantial account of it, I will endeavour to recall it to my memory, and be as exact in the narration as I possibly can.

“My lord was very anxious that a petition might be presented, hoping that at least it would be serviceable to me. I was, in my own mind, convinced that it would answer no purpose; but as I wished to please my lord, I desired him to have it drawn up, and I undertook to make it come to the king’s hand, notwithstanding all the precautions he had taken to avoid it. So the first day I heard that the king was to go to the drawing-room, I dressed myself in black, as if I had been in mourning, and

sent for Mrs Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower), because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She stayed by me, and told me when he was coming.

"I had also another lady with me, and we three remained in a room between the king's apartment and the drawing-room, so that he was obliged to go through it; and as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands, but I kept such strong hold that he dragged me upon my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last one of the blue ribands who attended his Majesty took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment.

"Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intentions to nobody but my dear Evans. In order to concert measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my lord, which they refused to grant me unless I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not submit to, and alleged for excuse that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason of my refusal was, not to put it out of my power to accomplish my design. However, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned; after that, we were allowed for the last week to see and take our leave of them.

"By the help of Evans, I had prepared everything necessary to disguise my lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them. How-

ever, I at length succeeded, by the help of Almighty God.

“On the 22d of February, which fell on a Thursday, our petition was to be presented to the House of Lords, the purport of which was, to entreat the Lords to intercede with his Majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed the day before the petition was to be presented, for the Duke of St Albans, who had promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, when it came to the point, failed in his word. However, as she was the only English countess concerned, it was incumbent on her to have it presented. We had but one day left before the execution, and the duke still promised to present the petition; but for fear he should fail, I engaged the Duke of Montrose, to secure its being done by one or the other. I then went in company of most of the ladies of quality who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised to employ his interest on our behalf. The subject of the debate was, whether the king had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament, and it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke’s speech that it passed in the affirmative. However, one of the lords stood up and said that the House would only intercede for those of the prisoners who should approve themselves worthy of their intercession, but not for all of them indiscriminately. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes, for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my lord would never submit to, nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on such terms.

“As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly I immediately left the House of Lords and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by that I

came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling, for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

"The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things on my hands to put in readiness; but, in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I look upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make, so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord.

When we were in the coach I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them had made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences.

"On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan, for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs Mills when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my

purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase; and in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she is going to bid her last farewell to a friend, on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The guards let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been, and the more so as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber, and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, "My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste and send me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets I am to present a petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Every one in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him.

"I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying; as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the

lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so, because he had the same dress which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most afflicted and piteous tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodgings, and if ever you made despatch in your life do it at present. I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the door, and I went downstairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted my lord to some of her own friends on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she returned to find Mr Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return upstairs, and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned

anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had enough time to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said, but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for that night, and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured that I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admission into the Tower; and I flattered myself that I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master until my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I then went down stairs and called a coach, as there were several on the stand. I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed.

"Her Grace of Montrose said she would go to Court to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed, for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured.

"When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me that when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my lord from the first place where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one very small room, up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted upon this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian Ambassador's. We did not communicate this affair to his Excellency, but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out a reflection that the wind could not have served him better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of being concerned in my lord's escape, but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master."*

Lord Nithsdale was joined by his noble wife soon after his arrival in France. Being both of the Roman Catholic persuasion, they took up their abode in Rome, and continued to reside there until the earl's death, in

* Transactions of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, I., 523-523.

1744. Lady Nithsdale survived her husband five years, dying also at Rome in 1749, and bequeathing to her descendants the memory of a bright example of womanly heroism and wifely devotion.

— 17 —

We have now to speak of one of the most remarkable escapes on record, one indeed that is unique of its kind, namely, the flight of the celebrated Casanova from the prison known as *The Leads* at Venice. We shall extract the narrative in part from the "Memoirs" of this adventurer, which, although somewhat lengthy, are of stirring interest and graphic power. But first it is necessary to prefix a few explanatory words in reference to the Venetian dungeon.

In the eighteenth century, at the time when Casanova was incarcerated, the prisons called *The Leads* formed the upper portion of the ducal palace, and were so named because their roof was covered with lead. Despite their notoriety, these prisons were far from being unhealthy, for they enjoyed a current of air sufficiently strong to temper their excess of heat. At the present day they form agreeable and much-desired apartments, and a president of the Court of Appeal at Venice has even declared, in the public prints, that he can only hope his readers will never be worse lodged.

Casanova was leading at Venice a life of intrigue and adventure, when he was secretly denounced to its tyrannical and suspicious government, arrested, and imprisoned under *The Leads* (A.D. 1755). After several fruitless attempts, he at length succeeded in opening up a communication with another prisoner, Father Balbi, and by means of an auger which he had made out of a half-pike, burrowed out an aperture that afforded him access to his fellow-captive's apartment. Both being thus in company on the evening of October 31, 1756, they removed a portion of the lead which covered the prison-roof, and waited patiently for the approach of darkness.

What followed we shall tell in Casanova's language :

"As soon as the moon had disappeared," he says, "I attached to Father Balbi's neck half our rope on one side, and the bundle of his clothes on the other shoulder. I took for myself a similar burden ; and both of us, in our waistcoats only, and with our hats on our heads, repaired to the opening we had made.

"*'E quindi uscimmo a rimirar le stelle.'*—DANTE.

(And then we issued forth to contemplate
The starry spheres.)

"I went out the first; Father Balbi followed. Crawling on my knees, I grasped my auger with a firm hand, and lengthening my arm, drove it obliquely between the joining of a couple of plates, in such a manner that by seizing with my four fingers the edge of the leaden plate, which I had raised, I contrived to raise myself some way up the roof. The monk, to follow me, dug his right hand into the waistband of my trousers. Thus I found myself enduring the hard fate of a carrying and a dragging animal, a beast of double burden, and this on a rapidly sloping roof rendered slippery by a dense mist.

"After traversing fifteen or sixteen plates with great labour, we reached the upper ridge, where I placed myself comfortably a-straddle, and Father Balbi imitated my example. We turned our backs on the small islet of St George the Greater, and fronted, at a distance of two hundred paces, the numerous cupolas of the Church of St Mark, which forms a part of the ducal palace. After contemplating the scene on either hand for a few minutes, I bade the monk remain there for a few minutes without moving, and pushed forward, with only my auger in my hand, astride on the summit of the roof, without any difficulty. I spent in this way nearly an hour, going in every direction to search and explore ; but in vain. I could nowhere see any point or projection to which I could fasten the end of a rope. I was in the greatest perplexity.

"This, however, must come to an end. We must

either escape, return to our cells, or fling ourselves headlong into the canal. In these circumstances it was needful to trust much to chance, and begin to do something. I fixed my gaze on a dormer-window on the canal side of the building, and about two-thirds up the roof. It was situated at too great a distance from the place where I was sitting for me to judge whether the garret which it lighted did not belong to the enclosure of the prison from which I had escaped. At all events, it could only illuminate some miserable hole above one of the apartments of the palace, where, at daybreak, I should naturally find the doors open.

"It seemed desirable, therefore, that I should examine the dormer, and allowing myself to glide down gently in a straight line, I soon got astride of its little roof. Then supporting my hands on its edges, I stretched out my head until I could see and touch a small grating, behind which was a window provided with squares of glass, let into a thin leaden framework. The window did not embarrass me, but the grating, though slight, was really a difficulty, for it seemed to me that without a file I could do nothing, and I had only my auger. Stretched on my belly, my head hanging over the grating, I drove the auger into the framework which kept it in its place, determined to remove it whole. In a quarter of an hour my task was accomplished—the grating fell intact into my hands, and having placed it beside the dormer, I had no difficulty in smashing all the window-panes, spite of the blood which flowed from a wound I had received in my left hand. With the help of my auger, following my former method, I regained the summit of the roof, and made my way towards the spot where I had left my companion.

"I led him opposite the dormer, and ridding myself of my bundle of rope, I girded him firmly under the armpits, and made him lie full length on his stomach, while I lowered him to the roof of the dormer. When this was done, I told him to force his way into the said dormer up to his hips, by supporting his arms on its

edges. The monk did so, and then, as soon as I had reached the little roof, I placed myself flat upon it, and, holding the rope firmly, bade Balbi let go without fear. Arrived on the garret floor, he unfastened the rope, and having drawn it up again, I found the depth was fifty feet. It was too much to risk so perilous a leap. Not knowing what to do, and awaiting some lucky inspiration, I returned to the summit of the roof, and my eye resting on a place near a cupola which I had not yet visited, I moved towards it. I found a sort of terraced platform, covered with plates of lead, jointed to a large dormer-window closed by two shutters. Lying there I perceived a bucketful of diluted plaster, a trowel, and a ladder which I thought was of sufficient length to reach the garret where my companion was staying."

After many painful efforts Casanova succeeded in dragging the ladder to the dormer, and in pushing it through as far as the fifth rung, but he found it impossible to do more, because its extremity was arrested by the dormer's inner roof. "As there was," he adds, "no other remedy than to raise it from the other end, so as to give it the necessary elevation, I threw myself on my knees; but the force I was compelled to employ sent me slipping, so that I suddenly found myself launched beyond the roof as far as my chest, and clinging to it only by my elbows. A frightful moment, at which I still tremble, and which it is perhaps impossible to conceive in all its horror!

"The natural instinct of self-preservation made me, almost unconsciously, employ all my strength to support and arrest myself on my sides, and, I am tempted to say, by a miracle, I succeeded. I had, fortunately, nothing to dread on account of the ladder, for in the effort which had nearly cost me so dear, I had happily contrived to push it forward more than three feet, and so rendered it immovable.

"Finding myself hanging from the gutter, literally on my wrists, and on my groin, between the lower part of the stomach and the thighs, I saw that by raising my right

thigh so as first to get up one knee and then the other, I should be completely out of danger; but I was not yet at the end of all my troubles in this direction. The effort which I made to succeed caused me so violent a nervous contraction, that an extremely painful cramp rendered me paralysed in all my limbs. Preserving my presence of mind, I remained motionless until the seizure had passed. I knew that immobility was the best remedy for sudden cramp, and had often tested it. Yet was this moment most terrible! Two minutes afterwards, having gradually renewed the attempt, I was happy enough to plant my two knees on the gutter, and as soon as I had taken breath I raised the ladder cautiously, until it reached a point parallel to the dormer.

"Knowing something of the laws of equilibrium and the lever, I again took in hand my auger, and resuming my mode of climbing, hoisted myself up to the dormer, and finished by easily introducing there the whole of the ladder, whose end my companion received within his arms. I then flung into the garret the clothes, ropes, and other materials, and quickly followed them. Arm in arm we then made a close inspection of the gloomy apartment in which we found ourselves."

After exploring another chamber the two prisoners returned to the garret. "Then, exhausted beyond measure, I let myself fall on the floor, and placing a bundle of rope under my head, finding myself absolutely deprived of all physical and moral energy, a sweet slumber stole over my senses. I abandoned myself to it with such entire passiveness, that even if I had known death would have been its infallible issue, I could not have resisted it, and I still remember the exquisite pleasure I derived from that delicious sleep. I slept for three hours and a half. It was with difficulty the monk awoke me by his cries and shaking me. He told me that it was just about to strike five, and that it seemed to him inconceivable I could sleep in such a position as we then occupied."

They then resumed their labours, and, thanks to the glimmering dawn, were able to find a door, which, from

room to room, and staircase to staircase, conducted them into the saloon of the ducal chancery. They were unwilling to risk a descent from the windows, for it would land them in the labyrinth of small courts which surrounded the church of St Mark. Unable to break the lock of the saloon, they began to make a hole in one of the panels of the door.

"In half an hour the hole was large enough, and well for us that it was, inasmuch as it would have been difficult for me to enlarge it without the aid of a saw. We were somewhat afraid of the edges of the aperture, for it bristled with splinters, that might rend one's clothes, and tear one's flesh. It was five feet high. Having placed beneath it a couple of footstools, one upon another, we mounted upon them; and the monk introduced himself into the hole, with his head and folded arms in advance, then taking him, first by the thighs and afterwards by the legs, I pushed him through, flung to him our little stock of clothes, abandoning the ropes as no longer of any use, and, with the help of a third footstool, followed him into the adjoining chamber. I then lustily collected my clothes, and, descending two flights of stairs, opened, without any difficulty, the door which led into the alley, where was situated the great gate of '*Sacro alla Scrittura*.' This great gate was closed, like that of the Hall of Archives, and a single glance convinced me that, without a catapult to break it open, or a mine to explode it, we would go no farther in that direction."

Casanova, therefore, resolved to wait where he was, and perish of famine, if not relieved, rather than return to his prison. Meanwhile he began to change his attire.

"Tearing up my handkerchiefs, I made them into bandages, and wrapped up my wounds as well as I could. I put on my finest coat, my white stockings, and laced shirt. Thus attired, my splendid hat with its plume and golden embroidery on my head, I opened a window. My appearance was at once remarked by the loiterers in the palace court, and who, not understanding how any person

in so gorgeous a costume should be at so early an hour at that window, hastened to inform the servant who kept the keys of the place. This good man thought that he must have locked in some cavalier on the preceding evening, and, having procured his keys, came to release him. A noise of jingling keys falling on my ear, much moved I arose, and applying my eye to a small chink in the door, perceived a solitary individual, bewigged, but without a hat, mounting the staircase with a large bunch of keys in his hand.

"The door opened, and at my appearance the poor man stood like one petrified. Without hesitation and without speaking a word, but profiting by his stupefaction, I rushed down the staircase, followed by the monk. Then, without any appearance of haste, though going quickly, I took the magnificent staircase known as the Giant's. I went straight towards the royal gate of the ducal palace, and without looking at any one, which is the best means of escaping observation, I traversed the little place, reached the bank of the canal, and entering the first gondola I could find, shouted to the gondolier who stood at the stern, 'I want to go to Fusina; call another oarsman quickly.' All was soon ready, and while they pushed off the gondola, I flung myself on the cushion in the middle, while the monk placed himself on the bench. The strange figure of Balbi, without a hat, but with a handsome cloak on his shoulders, my unseasonable costume, all induced them to take me for a charlatan or an astrologer.

"As soon as we had doubled the custom house, the gondoliers began to cleave with vigour the waters of the Guidecca Canal, by which the traveller must pass, whether he goes to Fusina, or, as I really intended, to Mestre. When I found we had gained the middle of the canal, I put my head out, and said to the gondolier at the stern, 'Dost thou think we shall be at Mestre by four o'clock?'

"'Why, signor, you told me to take you to Fusina.'

"'Thou art mad! I told thee to Mestre.'

"The second gondolier assured me I was mistaken, and my fool of a monk, in his Christian zeal and great love of truth, did not fail to repeat that I was wrong. I could have kicked him for being such an ass, but reflecting that one has not always his senses about him, I pretended to burst out laughing, confessing that I had blundered, but adding that it was my wish to go to Mestre. No one replied, but a minute afterwards the principal gondolier said he was ready to conduct me to England if I wished.

"'Bravo! Go to Mestre.'

"'We shall be there in three quarters of an hour, for we have both wind and tide in our favour.'

"Well satisfied, I cast a glance behind me at the canal, which appeared more beautiful than I had ever before seen it, especially as not a single boat was in sight, coming in our direction. The morning was glorious, the air pure, the first rays of the sun were magnificent, my two young gondoliers rowed with as much ease as vigour. Reflecting on the cruel night which I had passed, on the dangers from which I had just escaped, on the place where a few hours before I had been immured, on all the combinations of fortune which had favoured me, on the liberty which I had begun to enjoy, and all whose fulness was before me; these reflections so powerfully agitated me that, full of gratitude towards God, I felt myself choked with emotion, and burst into tears."

Casanova duly arrived at Mestre, and from thence, after many "hairbreadth 'scapes," made his way into Switzerland. The remainder of his life was chequered with incident and intrigue, not always of the most creditable character.

Among celebrated escapes must be included that of Latude from the Bastille in 1756, and of Baron Trenck from the fortress of Glatz in 1744, both of which deserve separate sections. We shall notice here but one other escape—that of Sir Sidney Smith; and the famous imprisonment of the Man with the Iron Mask.

— 18 —

The gallant seaman, Sir Sidney Smith, having been captured by a French man-of-war off Havre, was successively transferred from Rouen to Paris, and in the latter city from the Abbaye to the prison of the Temple. The French Government showed the high value they set upon their prize by refusing to exchange him, and the British Ministry accordingly spared no exertions to secure his release.

Money was scattered abroad, says a French authority, very freely; and as at that epoch there were not wanting in Paris individuals inclined to help a foreigner against the Republic, it was not difficult for the English agents to find co-operators. After several unsuccessful attempts, a plan of singular boldness was at length devised. Some time after the 4th of September, several Frenchmen, hostile to the government which then ruled over France, and implicated in the various conspiracies against the Republic, concerted with the British agents to effect the escape of Sir Sidney, and accompany him to England.

The principal actors in this perilous enterprise were the engineer Phéliepeaux, Charles Loiseau, and Tromelin. Disguised as officers of the *état major* of Paris, and provided with false orders purporting to be signed by the Minister of War, they presented themselves at night at the prison of the Temple, and required the prisoner to be given up to them for removal to another prison. The gaoler, deceived by the apparent authenticity of the signatures, and the air of *vraisemblance* of the whole transaction, made no difficulty in handing over Sir Sidney Smith. The latter admirably feigned surprise and astonishment, and appeared much afflicted by the incident, protesting very loudly against his removal. Relays having been provided beforehand on the route, the prisoner and his liberators speedily arrived at the coast, where they found a vessel waiting to convey them to England.

— 19 —

A year after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1662, there was conducted with the greatest secrecy an unknown personage to the castle of Pignerol, and in 1686 he, along with the governor Saint Mars, was removed to the isle of St Marguerite, on the coast of France. "This unknown prisoner," says Voltaire,* "was of more than ordinary stature, young, and of a very handsome and noble presence.

"On the journey he always wore a mask, the chin-piece of which was furnished with some steel springs, which permitted him to eat with the mask still upon his face. His guards had orders to kill him if he uncovered himself. He remained in the island until 1698, when Saint Mars, who had been appointed governor of the Bastile, removed him from St Marguerite, and conducted him, still masked, to the great prison of Paris. The Marquis de Louvois (the famous French minister and statesman) visited him before his removal from the island, and spoke to him standing, and with a consideration that partook of deference.

"This Unknown was transferred to the Bastile, and lodged there as well as was possible in that prison. Nothing was refused him which he asked for. His strongest taste was for lace and linen of extraordinary fineness. He played the guitar. An excellent table was provided for him, and the governor gave him the precedence at its head. An old prison doctor, who had often treated this singular man for attacks of illness, has recorded that he never saw his face, although he often examined his tongue and the rest of his body. He was admirably proportioned, said this doctor. His skin was somewhat brown. He interested you at once by the very tones of his voice, never complaining of his condition, nor letting the slightest hint escape him of his identity.

* Voltaire: "Siècle de Louis XIV.," c. 25.

"What increases the mystery is that, at the time of his imprisonment in the castle of Pignerol, there disappeared in Europe no man of any celebrity. Yet, without doubt, such a man was this prisoner, as may be inferred from the incidents that marked the first days of his sojourn in the island. The governor himself placed the dishes on his table, and then retired, after shutting his prisoner in. One day the prisoner wrote with a knife on a silver plate, and flung the plate out of the window, towards a boat on the shore, nearly at the foot of his prison tower. A fisherman, to whom the boat belonged, picked up the plate, and brought it to the governor. The latter, astonished, demanded of the fisherman—

"Have you read what is written on this plate, and has any one seen it in your hands?"

"I cannot read," replied the fisherman; "I have only just found the silver dish, and no one else has seen it."

"The peasant was detained some time until the governor had thoroughly satisfied himself that he could not read, and that no one had seen the dish.

"Go," said he; "it is very fortunate for you that you could not read."

"Among the persons intimately acquainted with this fact," says Voltaire, "there is one well worthy of credit who is still living.* M. de Chamillart was the last minister of state who possessed this strange secret. The second Maréchal de la Feuillade, his son-in-law, has told me that, at the death of his father-in-law, he conjured him, on his knees, to reveal who was the man never known but by the name of 'the Iron Mask.' Chamillart replied that it was a state secret, and that he had taken an oath never to reveal it. Finally, there are still living many of his contemporaries who will confirm the truth of what I have advanced, and I know not of any fact more extraordinary or better established."

The Abbé Papon, in his "General History of Provence," tells a similar story.

* That is, in 1700, when Voltaire wrote. The French historian, however, allowed himself a little picturesque exaggeration of detail.

"I had a curiosity," he says, "to visit his prison (in St Marguerite Island), February 2, 1778. It is lighted only by one window on the northern side, fixed in a wall which is more than four feet thick, and defended by three iron gratings placed at equal intervals. This window opens on the sea. I found in the citadel an officer of the French company, seventy-nine years of age. He told me that his father, who had served in the same company, had several times related how one of his comrades had descried, on a certain day, beneath the prisoner's window, something white floating on the water. He got hold of it, and conveyed it to M. de Saint Mars. It was a very fine shirt, carelessly folded, on which the prisoner had written from one end to the other. M. de Saint Mars, after unfolding it and reading a few lines, inquired of the soldier, with an air of great embarrassment, if he had not been curious enough to read the contents? The soldier several times protested that he had not perused a line; but, two days afterwards, he was found dead in his bed.* This is a fact which the officer had heard related so many times by his father and the chaplain of the garrison, that he regarded it as incontestable.

"The following appears to me equally certain, according to all the evidence which I could collect on the spot:

"His gaolers were in want of a female attendant to wait upon the prisoner. A woman of Mangins offered herself, under a persuasion that it would be the means of making her children's fortune; but when informed that she must abandon all hopes of seeing them, and even cease to preserve any connection with the outer world, she refused to be immured with a prisoner whose acquaintance would cost her so dear. I ought also to say that at the two extremities of the fort, on the seaward side, two sentinels were stationed, with orders to fire upon all boats approaching within a certain distance.

* Surely if Saint Mars had really mistrusted the soldier, and believed him to be acquainted with the secret, he would not have allowed him two days to talk about it, but have put him to death at once.

"The female who waited upon the prisoner died at St Marguerite. The officer's father, already referred to, who was, for certain reasons, the chosen confidant of M. de Saint Mars, often informed his son that he had been summoned at midnight to convey a dead body from the prison, and that he had borne it on his shoulders to the place of interment. He believed that it was the prisoner himself, but, in reality, as I have just said, it was the person who attended him; and it was then that they sought for a woman to replace her."

Further details of the life of the unknown prisoner were given in 1769 by a grand-nephew of Saint Mars, M. de Palteau, to whom they had been communicated by an infantry officer, named Blainvilliers. The mystery surrounding the masked captive had so strongly stirred the curiosity of the latter that to gratify it he induced a sentry to allow him to take his place,—an exchange which does not appear to have been a matter of difficulty, as the officer was well known in the garrison and had access to Saint Mars. Donning the clothes of the sentry, therefore, and taking his weapons, he paced to and fro in the gallery which ran below the windows of the chamber occupied by the prisoner. If the account is to be relied upon, he was enabled to view the inmate at his leisure, as the mask had, on this occasion at least, been laid aside; but the result was not of a kind to throw much light upon the mystery. A tall and well-made figure, though slightly tending towards heaviness from the inaction of prison life, a white face and white locks, a general appearance of premature age, were the chief points which impressed the self-constituted sentry as he went his rounds. He noted also that the prisoner kept almost as wakeful a watch as he himself did, for throughout the greater part of the night he saw the restless figure pass and repass the windows above him.

Blainvilliers also confirmed the statements elsewhere made that fine linen was served out to the prisoner, and that the greatest respect was shown him by the governor and the attendants, who remained standing and uncovered

until he requested them to cover themselves and be seated. Books appear to have been furnished for his diversion, and the governor and officers frequently went to sit with him and bear him company. This is certainly a pleasanter picture of the life of the prisoner than that given by Lagrange-Chancel, who was imprisoned in St Marguerite Island some twenty years after the removal of the Man with the Iron Mask. On the alleged authority of the governor of the prison, Lagrange-Chancel asserted that the captive had no amusement other than that which might be derived from plucking out the hairs of his beard with shining and well-polished steel tweezers—a fact beyond all dispute, since the writer had seen the tweezers! The same authority stated that Dubuisson, a cashier of Samuel Bernard, who was shut up in the cell above that of the Unknown, endeavoured to enter into communication with him by means of the chimney, but that the latter, having declined to give his name, on the ground that it would cost him his life, forthwith became silent.

Neither by the prisoner, nor by those who held him prisoner, was the silence ever broken, and the Man with the Iron Mask died as he had lived, unrecognized, in the Bastille, on the evening of the 19th of November, 1703. "A few days before his death," says Voltaire, "he told the prison apothecary that he thought he was about sixty years old; and the apothecary's son-in-law, Sieur Marsolan, surgeon to the Maréchal de Richelieu, and afterwards to the Regent-Duke of Orleans, has related this fact to me more than once."

He was buried the day after his death, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the graveyard of St Paul's Church. In his "act of decease" he was called Marchiali, and his age stated at forty-five or thereabouts. Everything which he had used was burned; the walls of the chamber he had occupied were re-scraped and whitewashed; and even the floor was taken up, lest he should have concealed any manuscript calculated to gratify the curiosity of the world.

After the capture of the Bastille a wild rumour was set on foot to the effect that, chained in one of the lower dungeons, there had been found a skeleton, the skull of which was still encased in the famous Iron Mask, which the hapless prisoner had been compelled to wear even in death. In point of fact, however, nothing was found which added in any way to such information as already existed. The famous prison-record or book of entry, in which information was eagerly sought, had been tampered with, and the registration of the burial of one Marchiali in the presence of the mayor and surgeon of the Bastille proved to be the final official seal to the mystery.

Never was secret better kept. Monarch and minister had handed it on to monarch and minister, but courtier and court-lady alike had failed to win from any of them even a casual admission. "It is the secret of the state," said Louis XV. to the Pompadour, showing himself for once negatively capable of something; and the solution of the problem appears to have perished with Louis XVI. on the scaffold. Happily or unhappily, however, men are slow to admit the insoluble, and the question as to the identity of the masked prisoner has been as much a matter of conjecture as the question of the identity of the author of the Letters of Junius. The wildest surmises have not been thought too extravagant to obtain support. A career so romantic seemed to need a not less romantic commencement; and as the natural result of this opinion there has been a strong touch of comedy in many of the attempts to account for that which was in itself from first to last an unmistakable tragedy.

Some of the leading suggestions may here be briefly noted, though in almost every case the writers have laid stress on one or two points of the story, to the exclusion of those which did not fit in with their theory. First in point of time, if not of absurdity, comes that of Pecquet, who, in his "*Mémoires*," published in 1745, pretends that the prisoner was the Count de Vermandois, the son of Louis XIV. and De la Vallière, and that he was arrested for having boxed the ears of the Dauphin. But this prince

died of a malignant fever on the 18th of November, 1683; his funeral rites were sumptuously celebrated, and he was interred in the choir of the Cathedral of Arras. "One must be a fool," says Voltaire, "to imagine that a wooden log was interred in his stead; that Louis XIV. would have a solemn service performed for this log; and that, to complete the convalescence of his own son, he would send him to enjoy the air of the Bastille for the remainder of his life, with a mask over his face." Yet there have not been wanting writers to confute, seriously and in good faith, this absurd supposition.

Lagrange-Chancel, in the letter already quoted, has attempted to demonstrate that the prisoner was the Duke de Beaufort, who, according to him, was not killed, as everybody else has believed, at the siege of Candia. But the Man with the Iron Mask appears to have been confined at Pignerol in 1662. Moreover, as Voltaire says, how could the Duke de Beaufort have been arrested in the middle of his army? How could he have been removed to France without the knowledge of a single individual? And why was he thrown into prison, and why did he wear a mask? Those who maintain this opinion state as their principal reason that the name of Marchiali, under which the prisoner's death was registered in the parish books of St Paul's Church, supplies the anagram *hic amiral*. And we know that the Duke de Beaufort was the admiral of France!

It has also been conjectured, says Voltaire, that the Duke of Monmouth, who was publicly beheaded at London in 1685, was the Man with the Iron Mask! He must therefore have been resuscitated after his execution, which must have taken place in 1662 instead of 1685. King James, who never pardoned any one, and who merited all his misfortunes on account of this cruelty of disposition, must have forgiven the duke, his rival, and sent to the scaffold instead of him a man who was his exact resemblance! How generous the man who had the goodness to submit to the unpleasant ceremony of decapitation to save the Duke of Monmouth! How credulous

was the English nation to be so easily deceived! And how complaisant was Louis XIV. to undertake the rôle of a gaoler to oblige his "royal cousin!" But not only must Louis XIV. have been singularly eager to oblige King James, but also William III., whom he hated, and Queen Anne, whose armies prevented him from accomplishing his scheme of European conquest.

The supposition, however, is so glaringly absurd and irrational that it does not deserve any serious confutation. Of all the conjectures which ingenuity has advanced, it is the most baseless and extravagant.

Another conjecture was put forward in 1825 by De Taulès, at that time French consul-general in Syria, in a book entitled "The Man with the Iron Mask: an Historical Memoir," in which he maintains that the Iron Mask was Avedick, the patriarch of the Armenian Church, who was thus imprisoned by the Jesuits for his opposition to an attempt to unite the Armenian and Latin Churches. Unfortunately for this theory, however, the Armenian patriarch was not arrested until 1706, or three years after the death of the masked prisoner.

It is on the whole less surprising that the attempt should have been made to connect the Mask with the minister Fouquet, who was born in 1615, and whose later history can only be vaguely traced amid the obscurity of French prison life. Endowed with a great genius for finance, he early made himself invaluable to the queen-mother Anne of Austria, and to Cardinal Mazarin; was entrusted with the entire management of the financial affairs of the state, and acquired enormous wealth and wide influence. At length, however, he came into rivalry with the cardinal, and though the latter at his death made Fouquet his chief executor, he had taken measures to undermine his influence with Louis XIV., and to secure the elevation of Colbert. The result was as Mazarin wished; Colbert was taken into the royal confidence, and Fouquet was entrapped into parting with the office of procureur-general, which in a measure protected him from arrest. With the possibility of disgrace before

him, Fouquet had sometime previously purchased the port of Belle Isle and strengthened its fortifications, intending at need to retire thither; but he was arrested at Nantes in the autumn of 1661 while still in ignorance of his danger. The trial lasted no less than three years, during which Fouquet was moved from prison to prison, being finally condemned on the charge of having wasted the resources of the state and turned them to his private uses. Out of twenty-two judges, nine voted for his death and thirteen for his perpetual banishment and the confiscation of his property. The king, however, judging that it would be dangerous to let Fouquet leave the kingdom, "commuted" the penalty of banishment to that of perpetual imprisonment.

Towards the close of 1664, therefore, he was sent to Pignerol, to the custody of Saint Mars, and on his arrival in January, 1665, subjected to the strictest seclusion. Books were permitted him, but not ink or paper, though he is said to have been indefatigable in writing on all sorts of materials, such as ribbons, napkins, and the like, with pens made from chicken-bones, and with ink composed of soot and wine. Several soldiers who had spoken with him were tried by court-martial, some being hung and others sent to the galleys. But in 1672 these restrictions were greatly relaxed, and in 1679 his wife and daughter were permitted to visit him. The movement long in agitation to secure his release seemed about to be successful when there came the announcement of his death from apoplexy. It is at this point that the details of his career become confused, if not actually suspicious. No clear proof of his death has been traced, and there is therefore some superficial ground for the theory of M. Paul Lacroix (*Bibliophile Jacob*) that Fouquet did not die at this period, but that under the cover of his alleged death measures were taken for his more complete seclusion as the Unknown of the Iron Mask. It would have been a curious, though not unparalleled, freak of fate, if the minister, at one time the richest in Europe, the creditor of the French nation, the owner of a fortress

and of a palace of regal magnificence, should have found an unknown prison burial, at a cost of forty livres, twenty-three years after the world believed him dead. This long survival, however, is one of the obstacles in the way of the acceptance of Lacroix's theory. If the prisoner in the Iron Mask were none other than Fouquet, he must have reached at his death the age of eighty-eight years. "It is a great age for one who had suffered so much," says a French biographer; and it certainly does not accord with the statements about Marchiali.

A more popular theory was that suggested first of all in 1770 by Baron D'Heiss, in a letter to the "Journal Encyclopédique," to the effect that the Unknown was Count Girolamo Magni or Matthioli, first minister of state to the Duke of Mantua. The Duke Ferdinand, who was in need of money, was bribed by Louis XIV. to admit an army of occupation into Mantuan territory, with a view to the establishment of French influence in Italy. The arrangements being placed in the hands of Matthioli, he visited Paris and was received privately by the king, who loaded him with presents and promises. Whether the Italian repented of his perfidy towards his country, or whether he simply sought an additional or a higher bribe, is uncertain; but in any case he had no sooner returned to Italy than he made public the whole secret of the negotiations, and entered into relations with the court of Spain. Louis XIV., furious at having been thus played with, and possibly dreading the intriguing genius of Matthioli, resolved upon an immediate and thorough act of vengeance. The Mantuan minister was decoyed to the frontier under pretence of a secret interview, and was there seized and carried prisoner to the French garrison at Pignerol, whence he was afterwards removed to the fortress-prison on the Island of St Marguerite. In many of its details, therefore, the story of Matthioli answers to that of the Iron Mask, but there are also many discrepancies. Thus, in the correspondence of Saint Mars, the Mask is never referred to by name, but only indirectly, whereas that of Matthioli is by no means

infrequent. Again, to pass over all minor points, there seems good reason to believe that Matthioli died in the prison on the Island of Sainte Marguerite in 1694.

Besides these various attempts to solve the mystery, many theorists have endeavoured to connect the prisoner with the royal family of France. They dwell upon the fact that even Louvois spoke to him standing and with respect, as evidence that he must have been a personage of high birth. They account for the enforcement of the mask on the ground that his countenance presented too striking a resemblance to a type well known in France—that of the royal family—to pass without instant recognition. The fact that no important personage disappeared about 1662 is held to be sufficient proof that he had played no part in public affairs previous to his confinement. Those who heard the prisoner speak—and they were not a few—do not appear to have been struck by any peculiarity of accent, either foreign or provincial; and it is therefore argued that he must have been born in France and well educated in some locality where French was spoken purely. The fancy for lace and fine linen is pointed to as being a sign of aristocratic tastes, if not of relationship with Anne of Austria, who had a similar passion. Moreover, the absolute secrecy maintained seemed to indicate that upon the seclusion of this masked man the honour, if not the power, of the reigning family of Bourbons depended.

Accordingly the Abbé Soulavie, in his "Memoirs of the Maréchal de Richelieu," has related a long story in which the prisoner figures as the twin brother of Louis XIV. The birth of the twins is said to have been foretold by some divinely-inspired peasants, who raised a commotion in the minds of the populace by the announcement, and were promptly imprisoned by the Archbishop of Paris. The king, fearing that misfortune would befall the state by reason of the equality of age in the brothers, decided to adopt the advice of Cardinal Richelieu and conceal the second of the children. Those in the secret were bound over to silence under penalty of losing their

heads, and the child was placed in charge of the cardinal to be suitably educated in case the elder of the two should die without heir. Dame Péronnette tended the child until her death, and Cardinal Mazarin subsequently held the post of guardian.

The young prince, unable to explain the tokens of respect that were lavished upon him, never ceased questioning his governor respecting his birth and parents, though without obtaining any satisfactory response. One day he inquired for a portrait of the king; the governor, disconcerted, replied with some paltry evasion, and so acted on every occasion when his pupil sought to penetrate the evident mystery that surrounded his origin. At length the young man induced a servant to procure him the king's portrait, at the sight of which he repaired to his governor's presence and overwhelmed him with questions much more pressing and assured than formerly. Again he demanded the king's portrait, but the governor still sought to mystify him. "You deceive me," said the prince; "here is the king's portrait, and a letter, addressed to you, which reveals the mystery you would fain have preserved. I am the king's brother, and I wish to depart immediately to obtain my recognition from the court, and enjoy the privileges attached to my birth." The governor said, in his declaration, that he had never been able to ascertain how the young prince had obtained the letter which he showed him; he could only suppose that he had opened a casket wherein he preserved the letters of the king, the queen, and Cardinal Mazarin. He locked up the prince, however, and immediately despatched a courier to St Jean de Luz, where the court was then negotiating the peace of the Pyrenees and the king's marriage. The reply was a royal mandate for the removal of the prince and his governor to the Isle of St Marguerite, from whence he was in due time transferred to the Bastile.

The story caused considerable sensation when it was first published, as Soulavie was secretary to the Duke de Richelieu, and professed to give the details on the autho-

rity of a memoir on the Iron Mask from the hands of Saint Mars himself. No proof of this claim to speak at first hand exists, however, except the word of Soulavie; and even if Soulavie were to be trusted, it is still possible that Saint Mars lent the weight of his authority to a fiction in order to conceal the truth.

The opinion of Voltaire was that the unknown prisoner was an elder brother of Louis XIV., though not by the same father; and although in that case he could have had no rightful claim to the throne, yet the peace of the state might have been imperilled. In this predicament, as Voltaire suggests, Louis XIV. might conclude that no wiser or more prudent means existed than he adopted to assure his own tranquillity and that of the state—a means which saved him from the commission of a deed of cruelty which policy would otherwise have represented as necessary to a monarch less magnanimous and less conscientious. "It appears to me," he adds, "that the more one studies the history of those times, the more one must be impressed by the combination of circumstances which favour this supposition."

In an edition of Voltaire's works, published at Kehl, occurs a note to the following effect: "Louis XIV. would never have detained one of his brothers in perpetual captivity to ward off the evils foretold by an astrologer in whom he did not believe. He must have been influenced by more important motives. The eldest son of Louis XIII., and acknowledged by that prince, the throne belonged to him; but a son born of Anne of Austria, unknown to her husband, though he had no legal right, might attempt to obtain a public recognition, might expose France to all the miseries of civil war, rob the son of Louis XIII. of his crown on the plea of primogeniture, and substitute a new race for the ancient dynasty of the Bourbons. These motives may excuse, if they do not wholly justify, the rigour of Louis XIV.; and the prisoner, too well informed of his origin, might feel not ungrateful that the king adopted no severer measures,—measures which policy has too often employed against

those who had some pretensions to the thrones occupied by their rivals."

It will be doubted by many whether, after all, any great mercy had been shown to this victim of statecraft. It is true that he was neither sent to the scaffold nor assassinated, but the mercy which found expression in the consignment of a man to what was at best a species of living burial does not gain greatly by the contrast. It is not surprising to find it stated in some records that during the earlier part of his imprisonment the mind of the prisoner became deranged; and though the derangement appears to have passed away, it could only be succeeded by a dull and despairing resignation to a fate which seemed inevitable. The "magnanimous and conscientious" monarch furnished by his forbearance one of the darkest chapters in the history of royal crimes.

One other hypothesis may be mentioned—that of M. E. Jung, in his "Truth concerning the Iron Mask," published in 1873. M. Jung adopted a somewhat round-about method, but one involving many matters of interest concerning the French prison life of that period. He pointed out that Saint Mars had in his custody between 1665 and 1698 sixty-two prisoners; and he then proceeded to account for each of them, in the hope of thus ultimately narrowing the scope of the question and finding out the special facts pertaining to the Iron Mask. In this way he has traced the conveyance in 1687 of a mysterious prisoner, who appears to have been the Mask, from Exiles to the prison of Sainte Marguerite, a journey performed with the same strange care and secrecy as that used in his removal to the Bastille. He finds, too, that in 1681 at Pignerol this prisoner was referred to as one of "two prisoners in the lower tower" who had apparently been for some time in confinement. But the prisoner is never named, and M. Jung's conclusions are not less conjectural than those of his predecessors. He inclines to regard the prisoner as one who had participated in some of the numerous poisoning plots which were formed during the reign of Louis XIV. Indeed, he

goes further, and singles out as the captive a gentleman of Lorraine, who conspired against the life of the king, was arrested at Peronne, and was confined in the Bastile and at Pignerol. There is little, however, to identify this Louis de Oldendorff or Sieur Lefroid or de Kiffenbach or Chevalier des Armoises (for he is a hero of many names) with the great Unknown beyond the fact that the period of imprisonment was similar. The theory is, therefore, not much more satisfactory than the curious notion that he was a son of Oliver Cromwell, generously detained in France lest he should prove a thorn in the flesh to the kings of England.

It is improbable that any further light of importance will be thrown upon the mystery, though each new generation furnishes many upon whose minds it operates as a monomania. Possibly the solution, if discovered, would prove absurdly commonplace as compared with the strong hold which the unknown captive has taken upon the imagination. In all history there is no more impressive and pathetic figure than this of the solitary Unknown looking sadly out of the grated window of Sainte Marguerite upon the blue bay of Cannes and the beautiful range of the Esterel Mountains, or brooding sullenly over his wrongs in the gloomy fortress of the Bastile. The figure is real enough; but the face which it turns to us still wears, and seems likely to wear till the end of time, the velvet mask with the iron clasps.

THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

I.

SIBERIA has ever been associated with a forbidding reputation. The moment that the cold, harsh word falls upon the ear, one's imagination instinctively conjures up the picture of a realm of shadows—a region always sorrowful, gloomy, and icebound, constantly swept by the keen winds that rise in the depths of Polar seas, and furnishing only the barest and scantiest vegetation, utterly insufficient for the needs of the unfortunate people dwelling in a clime so forsaken by bountiful Nature. A deep gloom seems ever to brood on its snowy wastes. The sun sheds its rays but seldom on those shores, fringed with a thick rim of ice. There the bloom of flowers and the music of birds never soften the heart, or raise it in adoration to the footstool of the Divinity. No limpid brooks run through cedar groves; no murmuring fountains flash in the pure bright air; no soft blue hills catch the glow of sunset, or the early beams of morning. Can these dreary and inhospitable deserts have been created as dwelling-places for man, or should they not rather be abandoned to the scream of the vulture and the howl of the beast of prey?

Such, we say, is the picture that the reader generally sketches to himself when the word *Siberia* meets his eye; but it is a picture much too exaggerated in colouring to be true, even of the very northernmost regions of Siberia, far less of its southern districts. There the climate, though undoubtedly cold and severe, does not prevent the ripening of the golden corn, or the growth of magnificent forests, whose value and importance, annually increasing, attracts great numbers of colonists to cultivate and fertilise the land. Siberia, like many other countries, differs widely in its physical characteristics, according to latitude; and it may not be doubted that the Altaian region, so wonderfully rich in mines of gold

and silver, will eventually become an important centre of population, and one of the brightest jewels in the imperial crown of Russia.

There is, however, one point on which Siberia justly deserves the evil fame that has been attributed to it by the nations of the West. For it is a place of exile, not only for ordinary criminals who have deserved in the opinion of all the punishments of the law, but also for political victims—the hapless sufferers who, like flies, have been caught in the mesh of intrigue by the spider-like voracity of despotic power! It is possible that nowadays these political exiles are treated with more mildness and consideration than of yore—in the gloomy times when Peter, and Catherine, and Paul held the sceptre of the Czar; but not the less is their condition worthy of our deepest commiseration, and not the less must we still reproach the Russian government with an inhumanity of which only the worst despotism could venture to be guilty.

Yet such is the force of public opinion, even in these lost and remote regions, that the victims of state policy, as soon as they are permitted to quit the dismal villages whither they are relegated at the outset, and to inhabit certain towns, re-enter the best society as if they had never left it, and resume, quite naturally, in the eyes of everybody, the rank and position which they occupied in Russia. Only—and this seems incomprehensible—most of them, even when their innocence has been recognized, or when at least they have been restored to a certain amount of favour, must abandon all hope of returning to their native land, and live and die in Siberia.

A learned Norwegian traveller, M. Hansteen, furnishes some truly dramatic details in reference to an illustrious Russian noble, whom he found in the humble capacity of a police agent in Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. This is a large town on the banks of the Angara, with numerous capacious wooden houses, and eighteen or a score of churches, whose cupolas, painted in green and gold, give to the place a completely

Oriental aspect. The distinguished exile, who discharged his duties with the simplicity and exquisite taste of true nobility, had occupied a conspicuous place in the highest ranks of the Russian aristocracy. His adventures form one of the most curious episodes of Siberian history in the nineteenth century.

Alexander de Mouravief, a colonel in the guard, had taken part, before he was twenty-six years of age, in thirty battles, great or small, against the Emperor Napoleon. During his various campaigns he received from the Czar Alexander numerous costly testimonies to his courage and ability—orders of every class, the most envied distinctions, among others the Sword of Honour, bearing on its gold handle the inscription, "For his valour." He had entered Paris in 1815 with the allied armies. So, mingling for several years in the society of the West, he naturally became familiar with the aspirations of Germany and the liberal principles of France. The free constitutions of some of the European states had powerful charms for his generous spirit, and he carried into his political studies a truly religious fervour.

Inspired by new and exalted ideas—that most dangerous of all characters for himself, a political enthusiast!—the young colonel returned to St Petersburg. Young men of the highest families crowded round him. A society was formed, which daily increased in numbers, and soon embraced the *élite* of the Muscovite noblesse. After many conferences, after long and serious deliberations, blended with the most delightful poetical reveries, M. de Mouravief had sufficient good sense to perceive that Russia was not yet ripe for constitutional liberty.

Alarmed, moreover, at the turbulent conduct of several members, he wrote to the society, and recommended its dissolution. His conscience, he added, compelled him to warn his old allies and friends that their efforts would produce only fatal results, both for their country and themselves. Thus freed from every bond, he retired to his estate of Botovo, in the environs of

Moscow. There at first he led a solitary life, solely engaged in ameliorating the condition of his serfs; but, after a time, he married the Princess Praskovia Schachowskoi, the daughter of a powerful noble, whose ancestors in the Middle Ages had reigned over the principalities of Vladimir and Novogorod. He then passed several years in the enjoyment of tranquil domestic happiness, amusing his leisure with the cultivation of the natural sciences.

The death of Alexander I. in 1825, and the accession of his son Nicholas to the imperial throne, were the signals for the outbreak of the famous insurrection so long matured in secret by the liberal party of the Russian *noblesse*. The revolt was quenched in blood. Some of its leaders expiated on the scaffold their generous delusions; others were flung, with irons on their feet and hands, into the remote mines of Nertchinsk. Those less deeply implicated were banished into the various provinces of Siberia: to Berezov on the Obi, Yeniseisk on the Yenisei, and Veliusk on the Lena. The most illustrious families of the empire lost one or more members in this tragic convulsion. Fathers and sons, husbands and brothers, were torn from the arms of the loving and the loved, to traverse on foot, through ice and snow, and loaded with chains, the weary route to Siberia.

Mouravief's friends would have prevailed upon him to make his escape. But he replied that for eight years he had held no relations with the secret society which had stirred up the insurrection, and that he trusted for security to his complete innocence. He erred grievously. At seven o'clock, one fatal morning, a mounted chasseur arrived at Botovo, compelled the colonel to enter a kibitka (a Russian vehicle), and carried him off without permitting him to say farewell to his wife. On his arrival at St Petersburg, he was flung into one of the dreariest dungeons of the fortress. Madame de Mouravief, ignorant of her husband's fate, set out immediately for the capital, where she was informed of his imprisonment. Permission was granted them to correspond by letter,

but the letters were read in the first place by the commandant of the prison. The colonel considered himself condemned to death, and exhorted his wife to Christian submission and devout patience under Heaven's decrees. His papers, though closely examined by inquisitors, whom nothing could escape—who could detect treason in the turn of a phrase or the cadence of a period—furnished them with no evidence against him. On the contrary, the message was found in which he separated himself from the secret society on account of its violent projects. But the Czar refused to believe his innocence, and said, with merciless cold-bloodedness, "I am sorry I cannot save him, but examples are wanted." And it is among the innocent and enlightened that despotism always finds its examples!

He was pronounced guilty of not having informed against the society when he abandoned it, and was condemned to perpetual banishment at Veliusk.

Madame de Mouravief, says Hansteen, often described to him the anguish of her mind when, for the first time, the gate of her husband's prison opened before her, and she entered the damp and gloomy cell. Eight months ago, and her husband was a young, vigorous, brilliant man, full of health and ardour; now he was prematurely aged, his glances had lost their fire, his face its fulness, his form was bent, his beard long and dishevelled, his attire disordered and unclean. It was a happiness to quit the dreary dungeon and set out for the land of exile.

When once the banished man has crossed the Ural he is civilly *dead*. His wife may remarry and resume possession of any property she brought her husband. None of the illustrious ladies whom the law thus wickedly released from their marriage vows profited by the permission. On the contrary, though brought up in the lap of luxurious ease, all these noble women voluntarily buried themselves in dreary exile. They invariably asked permission to share the captivity and sufferings of their husbands; nor durst the Czar refuse, for public opinion

in the nineteenth century is a curb which checks the most violent despots.

This singular and affecting emigration has produced an immense effect, and led to the most curious results. For, thus transplanted into the Siberian wastes, one saw the best blood of Russia—the very flower of the Muscovite civilization; and these colonists of a new race, these women of refined culture and elevated intellect, brought with them their treasures of art, their libraries—all the graces and elegances in which cultivated elegant women naturally delight—all which could mitigate the exile's sorrow, and dissipate his regret for the land he should see no more. Madame de Mouravief needed no example to inspire her with the courage and self-devotion of conjugal love; she was one of the first to demand the Czar's permission to banish herself to Siberia, without trembling at the thought of the perils of such a journey for an infant daughter, who was not yet able to dispense with a mother's care. Her two sisters-in-law did not hesitate to accompany her, and the whole family, under a Cossack's guidance, set out for the Ural.

The sad caravan had reached the neighbourhood of Irkutsk, when a courier overtook them, bringing the colonel the imperial permission to fix his residence at Yakutsk—that is to say, at a point not so remote as, and more to the southward than, Verkhensk. They continued their route, and arrived at Irkutsk in the evening.

M. de Mouravief had solicited the favour of an asylum still further south than Yakutsk, and, hoping that a reply would reach him by courier on the following day, he requested permission from the governor of Irkutsk to pass the night in that town, while waiting for the authorisation on which he relied. The governor dared not venture on such a departure from rigid custom, and he was forced to resume his journey that very night, and plunge into those northern districts of Siberia where its horrors really commence. It was night, and in the depths of winter. The little band of exiles followed the steep banks of the Lena; at times the waggons sank

deep into the snow; at times it was feared that all would be precipitated headlong into the river. The exiles, therefore, resolved to walk, toiling laboriously through the snow-drifts, Madame de Mouravief with her daughter in her arms.

They had already gone some distance, when, on the third day of this cruel journey, a second courier overtook them, with the Czar's license for them to settle at Verchné-Udinsk. When they arrived at their future home, and were handed over to the care of the local police, the colonel was freed at length from the Cossack, who, throughout the expedition, had followed him, grim and persistent, like his shadow. By night, by day, by bed, by board, he was attended by this most insupportable *surveillant*,* with his savage manners and gross ignorance. "On the first day of my arrival," said the colonel to M. Hansteen, "I went for a walk through the streets of Verchné-Udinsk. It was a lovely winter's day. I know not how to express the joy I felt at being able to move wherever I would. Every moment, at every street corner, I turned again and again to see whether my shadow, my hateful Cossack, did not dog my footsteps. Ah, only he can comprehend the full value of freedom, who for a long time has been deprived of it!"

After some years of this restricted liberty—which, nevertheless, was so keenly enjoyed—the Czar became convinced, or partly convinced, of the innocence of his victim. Without complaints or reproaches, Mouravief had passed his time in the midst of his domestic joys and sorrows. His two eldest sons had succumbed to the rigorous climate, but a second daughter had been born to him, and thenceforth the accursed Siberia became hallowed in his eyes. The government, at length ashamed of its conduct, was moved by this noble resignation. But what favour did it accord to this Russian gentleman?

* It is characteristic of British liberty that the English language contains no words expressive of *surveillance* or *surveillant*. For the things, and the terms, we must go abroad.

Did it recall him to his fatherland, to his estates, his home? No; the imperial clemency merits to be recorded in the deathless pages of history. The gallant soldier, the enlightened noble, decked with orders by Alexander I., was named by Nicholas superintendent of the town and chief of the police of Irkutsk! It is true that the Czar restored to him his moneys, his title of nobility, and his decorations: but Mouravief, nevertheless, preserved his character of "political criminal;" and chief of the police as he was, his correspondence was opened and read in the town of Irkutsk itself! . . .

One day Monsieur Hansteen, in his expedition up the Yenisei, perceived among his crew a gloomy and melancholy countenance, with the nostrils slit. He inquired who the poor man was, and ascertained that he was an exile. Another traveller, the learned and intrepid Erman, saw in these boreal wilds an aged colonel of artillery compelled to serve as a kind of business-manager (*courtier d'affaires*) to the peasants, who relieved his necessities. Permission has been given to the Ostiaks, the Yakouts, the Tungusians, and other nomadic tribes of the North, to fire upon the proscribed, as upon wild beasts, if they seek to save themselves in their forests. Fortunately the savages of Northern Siberia are not as brutal as the Russian Government, and more than one illustrious exile, condemned to death amongst these terrible tribes, has exercised a powerful ascendancy over them by the prestige of their misfortunes and superior intelligence. Such a one was Bestuchef, whom Erman encountered among the Yakouts, and whose story has a touching dramatic interest.*

Alexander Bestuchef, lieutenant of engineers, and son of one of the most esteemed generals in the Russian army, fell a victim, like Mouravief, to the insurrection of the 24th of December 1825. But he was not, like Mouravief, innocent of the revolt. Long previous to its outbreak he had been engaged in the conspiracy. Too

* See Erman's "Travels in Siberia," ed. by Cooley, vol. ii., pp. 388-394.

sanguine as to the ripeness for freedom of the Russian people, he had listened to those who would have suddenly raised them from servitude to a state of freedom. This was the sole object of the political enthusiasts, when they determined upon extreme measures, and they hoped eventually to overrule such of their associates as were actuated only by personal ambition or greed of gain. Most of their accomplices held influential posts in the army, and they had calculated that the troops placed under their orders, on the day fixed for the revolution, would number 10,000 men. But their hopes were deceived, and they found only 5000 troops at their disposal.

It would appear, too, that they had overrated the disposition of the soldiery to revolt. At least this was the case when Lieutenant Bestuchef repaired, on the morning of the insurrection, to the barracks of the regiment of Moscow. By his fiery eloquence, by passionate representations, by glowing promises, he succeeded in arousing the enthusiasm of the men, but not one of the officers was beguiled into forgetfulness of the extreme rashness of the movement.

Five companies, however, supplied themselves with flints and cartridges from the barrack magazines, and marched, with loaded guns and colours flying, to the appointed rendezvous. Their leader was Bestuchef, whom they now saw for the first time, and who, moreover, belonged to a different corps, and wore a different uniform. But they felt the influence of his genius, and submitted to the inspiration of his eloquent enthusiasm.

The complete failure of this ill-devised insurrection is a matter of history. The Emperor Nicholas, scorning the timid counsels of the great officers of the empire, mounted his steed, and boldly galloped forth to meet the insurgents. A few shots whistled past him; but there he stood—impassable, serene, unquailing—a hero, a sovereign, and a master. The very men who had sworn his destruction lost heart in presence of this imperial

courage. They felt he was born to reign, and worthy to command; they sheathed their useless swords. The ancient and unquestioning fidelity of the Sclavonian to his Czar triumphed over a temporary delusion. While their leaders could think of nothing but submission and repentance, the crowd, always liable to sudden gusts of emotion, passed from the sullenness of discontent to transports of loyalty. The emperor had won a moral victory. There was no ground to hope for mercy, and yet scarcely one of the humbled and baffled conspirators availed himself of the numerous opportunities for flight presented on every side during the first moments of tumultuary confusion. Even Bestuchef, says Erman, was left unpursued for a whole day, but at night he emerged from his place of concealment, and passed unrecognised through the posts of the artillery, who were stationed at their guns, with matches lighted. He went boldly, perhaps defiantly, to the Imperial Palace, where one of his friends, who commanded the emperor's body-guard, received him with horror. The chains which he afterwards wore in the citadel of St Petersburg and in a gloomy fortress in Finland—nay, the death of his friends who fell under the headsman's hands on the scaffold—could never efface from his memory that one passage in the first night of his sufferings.

After a prolonged captivity in Russian prisons, Bestuchef was finally condemned to lifelong banishment amid the snows of Siberia. There he acquired a remarkable degree of influence over the Yakouts, both by his mental and physical energy. His exile, however, was not protracted for many years. In 1830 he received a free pardon, on condition that he enlisted as a private in the Russian army, and he joined the Georgian expedition; but of his later career we are unable to furnish any particulars.

Few readers, probably, have not heard something of Madame Cottin's pathetic narrative entitled "*Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia.*" In former days it

shared the affections of the young with "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress," but it is not now so frequently included in the juvenile library. Many of Madame Cottin's details are due to her own fertility of imagination, and it may therefore interest the reader to see in a plain and unvarnished form the incidents upon which she based her favourite romance.

II.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH LOPOULOFF.

As the population of Siberia gradually increases, as the agricultural wealth of her southern districts is better understood and more fully utilised, as the mineral riches of the Ural and the Altai are more largely developed, the prosperity, well-being, and enjoyments of a more advanced civilization must extend over the once dreary region, and remove much of that reproach of desolation which has rested upon it. In like manner the fate of its political exiles will be ameliorated, and those among them who are gifted with ingenuity and energy will assuredly secure for themselves a position of some respectability and even of tolerable comfort. It would not be difficult to name many individuals, and among them several Poles, who have refused the pardon which after a time has been offered them, preferring to share in the success of the enterprises they have engaged in rather than return to indigence and friendlessness in their own country.

But far different was the condition of the Siberian exile in the eighteenth century. He was then made to endure the extremes of misery, and was often reduced to so terrible a state of poverty and suffering that death itself became preferable to a living death. Among the many victims of Russian despotism, who have endured all that its cruel ingenuity could inflict, we may enumerate the Marshal de Munich, the Prince Dolgorouki, and the Potomkins, but in the present chapter we shall content ourselves with reproducing the "old, old story" of the

filial devotion and courage of Elizabeth Lopouloff, and, finally, with relating the circumstances of the downfall, so sudden and so complete, of the famous Menzikoff.

A Russian officer, named Lopouloff, had been condemned, although innocent of any crime, to pass the remainder of his days in the wildest and dreariest canton of Siberia. There he underwent the most terrible privations; he was allowed, for the support of himself, a wife, and daughter, a sum per day equal to about twopence in English money.

The young Elizabeth, his daughter, saw with silent but observant grief, her father's sufferings. During fourteen years of exile, he was unable to reconcile himself to his position, and often gave way to the most violent transports of despair. Then did this noble girl conceive an idea as extraordinary as it was courageous, namely, to set out alone for St Petersburg, and solicit from the emperor himself her father's pardon.

St Petersburg is distant some three thousand miles and more from the desert where Lopouloff bewailed his unhappy fate; no one in that sumptuous capital knew the child even by name, or felt the slightest interest in her parents. They did not possess a crown, and yet, placing unbounded trust in God, Elizabeth determined to carry out her sublime but apparently hopeless project.

At first she dared not speak of it to her father, but by degrees she grew bolder, and finally she astonished him with these words:

"My father, I beg you, I pray you, permit me to go to St Petersburg, and demand your pardon from the Czar. I hope that God in His mercy will grant me success."

At these words Lopouloff burst out laughing, took his daughter by the hand, and led her to her mother, who was preparing their scanty meal.

"My wife," he said, "good news! All our misfortunes are on the point of ending; here is a great lady who is willing to undergo the trouble of a journey to

St Petersburg on our behalf, and will have the goodness to intercede for us with the Czar."

"She will do better," said her mother, "to mind her work than to utter such childish nonsense." Then, seeing that the poor girl wept, her mother embraced her, smiling. "Come," she continued, handing her a cloth, "begin by cleaning the table, and by-and-by you can busy yourself about your visit to the Czar."

Elizabeth, seeing that she was laughed at, spoke no more of her daring project; but she thought of it continually, and in her prayers incessantly besought God to incline her father's heart to give his consent.

Three years passed away, and having attained the age of eighteen, she renewed her petition. Her parents now perceived that she was in earnest, and sought to dissuade her from her resolution by their tears and caresses.

She solicited their permission, however, with such urgency and so much confidence, that they finally consented. She obtained a passport, which the authorities could not refuse, because she had not been included in her father's act of condemnation.

Elizabeth received her parents' tearful blessing, and set out on her adventurous expedition.

She carried with her, in copper money, coins to the value of five or six shillings only; and she was alone. But her generous devotion stood her in lieu of treasure, and her trust in God was her guardian and protector. And, surely, as she paced her weary way, an angel was ever at her side with outstretched wings, to shield her innocence from worldly stain or peril!

She underwent almost incredible fatigues on this protracted journey; she incurred the most frightful dangers.

She knew nothing of the route she ought to follow; and when she asked the road to St Petersburg—which was three thousand miles away—her listeners concluded that she was mad, and began to laugh. Thus she often lost her road, which considerably lengthened her journey.

She tarried more or less in different villages, according as fatigue compelled her, or the welcome she received

from the inhabitants invigorated and encouraged her. She endeavoured, wherever she lodged, to make herself useful, by cleaning the house, washing the linen, or knitting for her hospitable entertainers.

Often she was driven away and loaded with opprobrious epithets, and she would withdraw, weeping. Then, indeed, it sometimes happened that the persons who had ill-treated her, touched by her tears and her modest air, called her back, and liberally supplied her wants.

One evening, a violent storm overtook her. She sought refuge in the woods, and placed herself under a fir tree, surrounded by tall bushes, to obtain some shelter from the wind. The poor girl passed the night in the wilderness, exposed to torrents of rain. On the morrow, half-dead with cold and hunger, and covered with mire, she reached a cottage, where she was well received, but where illness compelled her to remain for some time.

On another occasion she was attacked by a troop of dogs, which surrounded her. She took to flight, defending herself with a stick, but this only increased their fury. One of the animals seized the hem of her dress and tore it. She threw herself on the earth, commending her soul to God, and felt with horror one of the most furious lay its cold nose on her head, to smell it. But Heaven watched over her. The dogs did her no harm; and a peasant, who chanced to pass by, drove them away.

One day, when traversing some frozen swamps, she lost her way, and, after many trials, found herself in a very wild and savage place, hemmed in by dense woods. Night approached; she trembled with fear. Suddenly some men emerged from the depths of the forest, who proved to be robbers, and whose ferocious appearance dismayed her. The men advanced, regarded her with a suspicious air, and rudely demanded what had brought her thither.

Elizabeth replied with trembling voice, "I come from the wilds of Siberia, and I am going to the emperor to ask his pardon for my father."

The brigands, astonished, asked what money she had to defray the expenses of so long a journey. She showed them her few remaining copper coins. The wretches were moved with compassion. Not only did they dismiss her uninjured, but gave her a part of their provisions, and indicated the road she must follow.

When she arrived at Kasan, a strong wind which had been blowing for several days had accumulated immense masses of ice on the Volga. The passage of the river was almost impracticable; it could only be accomplished part way in a small boat, and part on foot, by leaping from block to block. The boatmen dared not row from one bank of the river to the other. Elizabeth, without thinking of the peril, would have entered one of their boats; they repulsed her rudely, thinking her mad, and swearing that they would not suffer her to cross the river until it was completely frozen over. She asked them how long a time she must wait.

"At least a fortnight," they replied. Thereupon she resolved to cross immediately.

"I pray you," she said, with suppliant voice, "in the name of God, help me to cross this river. I have come from the depths of Siberia; I am going to the emperor to obtain my father's pardon, for he was unjustly condemned. My journey has already occupied so long a time! Must I lose another fortnight here?"

These simple words moved one of the boatmen to compassion. He took Elizabeth by the hand.

"Come," he said to her, "I will attempt the passage. You are a good girl, who fears God and loves her father, and Heaven will protect you."

He made her enter his boat, and rowed her halfway across the river: then, unable to get any farther, he took her up in his arms, and traversing the ice supported by an oar, succeeded in gaining the opposite bank.

Some time before her arrival in Moscow, poor Elizabeth began to want for everything. Her shoes were worn off her feet, her clothes rent into tatters, and yet the cold was terribly severe. Snow covered the earth

nearly four feet deep ; sometimes, as it fell, it froze in the air, and descended in a shower of icicles which completely obscured both heaven and earth. We know not how this young and tender maiden overcame such dangers and endured such trials, except, indeed, that God's providence watched over her every step, and strengthened her to accomplish her sublime mission of filial piety.

In one of the towns situated on her road she had received from the superior of the convent letters of introduction to a lady at Moscow, and to another, a resident at St Petersburg. The Moscow lady received Elizabeth very kindly, and provided her with shoes and new garments. Cheered by this generous welcome, she resumed her journey, and at length arrived at St Petersburg eighteen months after her departure from Siberia.

In that immense city she was at first like one lost. At length she succeeded in finding the person to whom she had been recommended, who sheltered her under her own roof, and treated her with generous kindness.

But how should she obtain access to the imperial presence? This was a greater difficulty than any she had before experienced, for when she presented herself at the palace gates, and asked to see the emperor, the soldiers broke out into noisy and contemptuous laughter. She went away disheartened.

More than two months were spent in useless efforts. At length a charitable person mentioned her case to the wife of an officer in the guards. This lady knew the wife of a secretary to the empress, and begged her to grant poor Elizabeth the favour of an interview. The secretary's wife consented. Elizabeth attended, and told her touching history, which so powerfully affected this generous woman, that she exclaimed—

"You are an excellent girl. God, who has protected you to this moment, will not abandon you ; He may employ my husband, perhaps, as an agent for your success." At this moment the secretary himself appeared, and promised to speak to the empress in the course of

the day. He requested Elizabeth to dine at his house, and then repaired to the palace.

The curiosity and the womanly sympathies of the empress were both aroused by her secretary's tale, and she ordered the maiden of Siberia to be brought into her presence that very evening, at six o'clock. The poor child, who had never dreamed of such good fortune, turned pale when she heard the news, and nearly fainted. Recovering herself with an effort, she raised her tearful eyes to heaven.

"Ah, gracious God," she cried, "it is not in vain that I put my hope in Thee!" Then she kissed the hands of the secretary's wife, and bedewed them with her tears.

In the evening the secretary conducted her to the palace. The empress received her with great kindness, and questioned her upon all the circumstances of her history. Elizabeth, who at first trembled with apprehension, gradually recovered her presence of mind.

"Oh, Madam," she said, "my father is innocent. I do not ask for his pardon, but that a revision may take place of his trial, and justice be done him."

The empress, moved to tears by her pathetic story, warmly praised her courage and filial piety, and presented her with a hundred pieces of gold for her immediate wants, while promising her protection and favour.

Elizabeth was so overcome by the double feeling of gratitude and happiness, that she could only thank the empress with sobs and tears.

The Czar, at the earnest request of the empress, ordered a revision to take place of the process under which Lopouloff had been condemned.

His innocence was fully established, and his pardon immediately proclaimed. The emperor bestowed upon him a considerable pension, to revert, at his decease, to his wife and daughter. The noble and courageous Elizabeth—one of the truest and purest heroines of History—had the happiness of seeing perfect success crown her courageous enterprise and reward her noble devotion.

nearly four feet deep; sometimes, as it fell, it froze in the air, and descended in a shower of icicles which completely obscured both heaven and earth. We know not how this young and tender maiden overcame such dangers and endured such trials, except, indeed, that God's providence watched over her every step, and strengthened her to accomplish her sublime mission of filial piety.

In one of the towns situated on her road she had received from the superior of the convent letters of introduction to a lady at Moscow, and to another, a resident at St Petersburg. The Moscow lady received Elizabeth very kindly, and provided her with shoes and new garments. Cheered by this generous welcome, she resumed her journey, and at length arrived at St Petersburg eighteen months after her departure from Siberia.

In that immense city she was at first like one lost. At length she succeeded in finding the person to whom she had been recommended, who sheltered her under her own roof, and treated her with generous kindness.

But how should she obtain access to the imperial presence? This was a greater difficulty than any she had before experienced, for when she presented herself at the palace gates, and asked to see the emperor, the soldiers broke out into noisy and contemptuous laughter. She went away disheartened.

More than two months were spent in useless efforts. At length a charitable person mentioned her case to the wife of an officer in the guards. This lady knew the wife of a secretary to the empress, and begged her to grant poor Elizabeth the favour of an interview. The secretary's wife consented. Elizabeth attended, and told her touching history, which so powerfully affected this generous woman, that she exclaimed—

"You are an excellent girl. God, who has protected you to this moment, will not abandon you; He may employ my husband, perhaps, as an agent for your success." At this moment the secretary himself appeared, and promised to speak to the empress in the course of

the day. He requested Elizabeth to dine at his house, and then repaired to the palace.

The curiosity and the womanly sympathies of the empress were both aroused by her secretary's tale, and she ordered the maiden of Siberia to be brought into her presence that very evening, at six o'clock. The poor child, who had never dreamed of such good fortune, turned pale when she heard the news, and nearly fainted. Recovering herself with an effort, she raised her tearful eyes to heaven.

"Ah, gracious God," she cried, "it is not in vain that I put my hope in Thee!" Then she kissed the hands of the secretary's wife, and bedewed them with her tears.

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III.

THE DISGRACE AND DEATH OF PRINCE MENZIKOFF.

Prince Menzikoff, who rose from the humble grade of a pastry-cook's boy to the high position of favourite and councillor of Peter the Great, and was one of the principal instruments of that sovereign's victories and reforms—the confidant and friend of the Czarina, the sole tutor and governor of the Czar Peter II., and on the point of becoming his father-in-law, one of his daughters being affianced to that young prince, enjoying, in a word, enormous wealth and unlimited power—was suddenly driven from the court by a skilfully devised intrigue, and banished to his estates at a distance of 250 leagues from the capital.

But even this was too close a proximity to be agreeable to his enemies. An order was obtained from the Czar exiling him to Siberia. He was stripped of his clothes, and compelled to don a garb similar to that of the Russian peasantry. His wife and daughters experienced a like humiliation; they were attired in the dresses of peasant women, with bonnets made out of sheepskin. The princess, a woman of delicate temperament, and accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth, soon succumbed to her sorrows and privations: she died on the route, in the neighbourhood of Kasan. Her husband had the courage and strength of mind to watch over, console, and encourage her to the last, and she expired in his arms.

This affliction was the source of the bitterest grief to Menzikoff, who loved his wife with tender affection, and felt her loss as his greatest misfortune. He was obliged himself to discharge the last duties towards her corpse, and buried her in the place where she had died. He was scarcely allowed the time to weep over her grave, but cruelly hurried on his way to Tobolsk, the Siberian capital.

The news of his disgrace and approaching arrival had

preceded him ; and there were many who eagerly looked forward to the pleasure of seeing in his chains the man who, but a short time before, had made all Russia tremble. The first objects that met his eye when he reached Tobolsk were two Russian nobles who had been banished during his ministry. They came to meet him, and overwhelmed him with insults as he traversed the town. Far from showing any resentment or impatience, he said to one of them—

"Your reproaches are just, and I have deserved them. Continue them, since in my present condition you can in no other way avenge yourselves upon me. I sacrificed you to my policy, because your virtue and the uprightness of your character gave me umbrage."

Then, turning towards the other :

"I am wholly ignorant of the causes which placed you here. Do not impute to me your misfortune. You had without doubt some enemies near my person, who obtained from me by surprise an order for your banishment. I have often asked why I did not see you. Vague answers have been given me, and I was too busy to give heed to the affairs of private persons. If you think, however, that to insult me will lessen your regret, do not spare me."

A third exile pushed through the crowd, and, by a refinement of vengeance, covered with mud the faces of Menzikoff's son and daughters.

"Alas, it is on me," cried the afflicted father, "it is on me you must fling the mud, not on these unhappy children, who have never sinned against you !"

The Viceroy of Siberia, by the Czar's orders, sent him five hundred roubles for the support of his family and himself. Menzikoff obtained permission to employ them in purchasing necessities for their comfort in their place of exile, and such useful articles as might mitigate the poverty that awaited them. In making these provisions, he thought only of his children. In all that regarded himself, he submitted entirely to the will of God. But he could not contemplate without a shudder the frightful

destiny which awaited the unhappy victims of his errors. Therefore he purchased saws, axes, and agricultural implements. He provided himself with salted meats and grains of every kind; he procured a quantity of fishing-tackle. When all these supplies were laid in, he begged that what remained of the money might be distributed among the poor.

The period allowed for his sojourn at Tobolsk having expired, he was ordered to set out with his family. They were placed in an uncovered carriage, which was drawn only by one horse, sometimes by dogs. Five months were occupied in the journey from Tobolsk to Yakutsk, and during this long and painful season they were exposed to every biting blast and pitiless storm. Neither his health nor that of his children, however, suffered in the slightest degree. One day, when his guards had made him descend from his chariot, and enter the hut of a Siberian peasant, that his family might rest and partake of some refreshment, an officer entered it for the same purpose. He was on his homeward journey from Kamtschatka, where he had been sent in the reign of Peter the Great, to accompany Captain Behring on his voyage of discovery.

This officer had served under Menzikoff in the capacity of aide-de-camp; but the latter was so disguised by his long peasant's robe and bonnet, that the officer did not recognise him. Menzikoff remembered him immediately, and called him by his name. Astonished to hear himself named in a district so remote from the capital, he asked the peasant-like individual before him how he knew his name, and who he was? Menzikoff replied—

"A short time ago I was the Prince Menzikoff; I am now Alexander."

When he had departed on his expedition, the officer had left the unfortunate exile in so brilliant and powerful a position, that he could not believe it was the same man whom he then saw in miserable poverty, proscribed, and an exile. He imagined that the peasant was a madman, his tale a madman's fancy, and made what he con-

ceived to be an appropriate reply. Menzikoff perceived his mistake, and to disabuse him of it, he seized him by the arm, led him near the window, and said—

“Examine me well.”

The officer, having attentively regarded him, exclaimed, “Ah, my prince, by what unhappy series of misfortunes has your highness been reduced to a condition so deplorable?”

“Abandon, my friend, those splendid titles. I have already told you that I am called Alexander, and that Heaven has again placed me in my original position.”

The officer, still unable to believe all he saw and heard, went up to a young peasant who was sitting retired in a corner of the hut, and fastening with a cord the sole of one of his shoes. He asked him in a whisper the name of the person to whom he had just been speaking. The young peasant was Menzikoff's son. He replied, raising his voice, “It is my father. Does misfortune teach you to forget us—you, who owe us so many obligations?”

The prince censured his son for making such a reply. He called the officer, and said,

“Pardon an unfortunate lad; sorrow has soured his disposition. He was your playmate in his childhood. Here are my daughters.”

They were seated on the ground, holding between their knees a basin of milk, into which they dipped a crust of black bread.

“This one,” he continued, “had the honour to be affianced to the Emperor Peter II., and the moment was close at hand when she was to be united to his Majesty by indissoluble ties.”

The officer was filled with wonder and astonishment at this assertion. For nearly four years he had been separated from Russia by vast regions, and was ignorant of all that had transpired. Menzikoff sketched for him a rapid picture of the revolutions which had agitated the Russian court, and after an interval of silence to allow the young officer to speak—whom astonishment kept dumb—he resumed:

"Friend, what shall I say more? Absolute master, more feared than even Peter the Great, I thought myself beyond the reach of adversity. I flattered myself that I should enjoy in tranquillity the fruit of my labours, when the Dolgoroukis and the foreigner Asterman precipitated me by their intrigues into the condition in which you now see me. The loss of my honours, my wealth, even of my freedom, would not have drawn from me a sigh; but,"—and turning towards his children he burst into tears,—"*here* is my punishment, and it will last as long as life itself. These innocent victims saw the light in the midst of grandeur and opulence; to-day they are in want of everything, and though never accomplices in the crimes with which I am accused, they share my disgrace and my misfortunes. You go to court to render an account of your commission; you will find Asterman and the Dolgoroukis at the head of affairs. Tell them that I trust they possess the genius necessary for rendering the empire of the Russians prosperous and contented. Cheat them of their revenge by informing them that you met me upon your journey; that the fatigues of a long and difficult route, during which we had been exposed to the utmost rigours of the climate, have not affected our health; that, on the contrary, they seem to have strengthened us; and, finally, that I enjoy, in my captivity, a freedom and tranquillity of mind which I never knew in the height of my prosperity."

The officer could not refrain from weeping, and when the prince returned to his chariot, he bade him the most respectful and tender farewell. In later years he would often declare that he had found the prince more truly great in his misfortunes than ever he had been in the fulness of his success.

Having reached his place of exile, Menzikoff occupied himself in providing for his children's wants, and took all the precautions necessary to diminish the horrors of the desert where they seemed condemned to pass the remainder of their days.

He began to till a considerable piece of ground, which,

with the help of eight servants who had accompanied him, he sowed with grains and planted with vegetables. He enlarged his hut, cut down wood fit for building, and encouraged his people by the example of his own industry and energy. In a short time he had a tolerably comfortable house for his accommodation. It contained four rooms and an oratory. The first room was appropriated to himself and his son; his daughters occupied the second; he gave up the third to his servants; and the fourth was intended for a store-chamber.

The eldest daughter, who had been betrothed to the emperor, was entrusted with the superintendence of the kitchen; the other attended to the linen and clothes. They were assisted by the servants, who undertook the more arduous portion of the work.

A short time after the prince's arrival, he received a bull and four cows, a ram and several sheep, and a considerable number of hens and other poultry. Menzikoff never knew to whom he was indebted for a gift so generous and so useful. His house was regulated like a monastery. Every morning he went to the oratory and performed a devotional service; this was repeated in the evening, and again at midnight. Frequently, after the usual service, he would address some few words of counsel and encouragement to his family and household. Some aged Cossacks knew by heart the more telling passages of these impromptu sermons, and recited them, many years afterwards, to the traveller, M. de Castren. They were transmitted as a precious legacy of sacred memories from generation to generation.

It was from religion, indeed, that Menzikoff and his children drew all the consolation and encouragement of which they stood in need; and when there is nothing on earth in which man can put his trust, it is then that he feels the happiness of being able to trust in Heaven. Menzikoff gradually became so tranquillised in mind and thankful in heart that his condition would have been one of perfect happiness but for the remorse that frequently afflicted him at the sight of his children's

poverty, and the knowledge that he was the cause of it.

Six months after his settlement in Siberia, his eldest daughter was attacked by the small-pox. With unwearied affection he attended upon her as her nurse and physician, but all his care was useless, and daily her end drew nearer. Then he resigned the office of physician, and took upon himself the duties of the priest. As soon as the last sigh had escaped her youthful lips, he kissed her pale cold face, and bedewed it with his tears; but feeling that his two other children had a powerful claim on his care and affection, he conquered as best he could the agony of his sorrow, and turning towards them, exclaimed, "Learn from your dead sister how to die."

Afterwards he chanted, with his children and servants, the prayers for the dead ordained by the Greek Church, repeated them several times during the next twenty-four hours, interred his daughter in the oratory which he had constructed, and pointed out to his children the place at her side where he wished to be buried when his own time came. He would not be separated, he said, from those scenes where he had felt a new and happier life kindle within him—the life of divine consolation and earnest faith.

After his death, which speedily followed this event, his children were allowed a greater freedom. The fall of Dolgorouki was not long delayed, and he was banished to Siberia to undergo the calamities which he had inflicted upon Menzikoff. Their great enemy removed, the young son and daughter of the unfortunate prince were recalled to St Petersburg by the Empress Anne. The former was appointed to a captaincy in the Imperial Guards, and received a fifth share of his father's estates. The daughter became maid of honour to the Czarina, was advantageously and happily married, and received a dowry worthy of her birth and rank.

Here ends our simple history of the Siberian exile, who experienced all the extremes of human fortune—a pastry-cook's lad, a prince and statesman, a disgraced

prisoner, perishing amid the ice and snow of Arctic wastes. Biography affords few more striking illustrations of the mutability of worldly greatness.

MASERS DE LATUDE, AND HIS IMPRISONMENT IN THE BASTILE.

(1748.)

INTRODUCTORY.

THE Bastile, the great state prison of France—prison and fortress, designed to punish the rebellious and overawe the disaffected—was situated on the north bank of the Seine, within the precincts of the fair city of Paris.

Its walls echoed the sighs of the unfortunate and the curses of the maddened—witnessed sorrow, suffering, and death—for many generations; so that its history, to be fitly told, should be graven upon rock with an iron pen, or written in blood. We shall not here attempt the briefest summary of its gloomy annals, but confine ourselves to recording the tragic career of but one of its myriad prisoners—Masers de Latude, whose story cannot fail to move the reader's pity and excite his indignation—pity for him who suffered, indignation for the tyranny that found in him a victim.

LATUDE'S FIRST IMPRISONMENT.

Henry Masers de Latude, who was in his twenty-fifth year when his long agony began, was the son of the Marquis de Latude, and born in Languedoc. He was intended for the military service, but the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 affected his prospects. Young, impetuous, brave, he longed for an opening in public life, which should lead him to fame and fortune. Such an

opening, when sitting one day in the garden of the Tuileries, he thought he had discovered.

The infamous Marchioness de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV., was at that time in the zenith of her power; but, if lavishly favoured by the sovereign, she was bitterly hated by the people. Latude overheard two men inveighing against her infamy, her pride, and her profusion. It occurred to him that he might avail himself of the public hatred thus manifested for his own advantage. His plan, however, was ill-conceived and ill carried out. He began by addressing to the marchioness, through the post office, a packet of harmless powder. He then obtained an interview, related the conversation which he had overheard, said that he had watched the slanderers put a packet into the post office, and expressed his apprehensions lest it should contain some subtly powerful poison.

The marchioness offered him a purse of gold as a reward for his information; but he refused it, and declared that he was desirous to obtain her protection. Suspicious of such disinterestedness, she wished to see his handwriting, and therefore, under pretence of intending to communicate with him, she asked for his address.

Latude wrote it, and unhappily for him, in the same hand in which he had directed the pretended poison. He was then graciously dismissed. But the sameness of the writing, and the harmlessness of the powder, which was proved by its analysis, convinced her that his story was a fabrication, and that he had attempted an imposition upon her. The impostor was but an unskilful hand at his trade; had he disguised his handwriting, and forwarded real poison, he would possibly have gained his ends.

The consequences to Latude, of his silly attempt, were terrible. The haughty marchioness regarded the fraud as an unpardonable insult, and took speedy revenge upon its concoctor. In the course of a few days, while he was luxuriating in dreams of a golden future, he was surprised and panic-struck by the appearance of the officers of jus-

tice. They carried him to the Bastile. There he was stripped, deprived of his money, jewels, and papers, and flung into the Tour du Coin. On the following day, the 2d of May 1749, he was interrogated by M. Berryer, the lieutenant of police. Unlike many of his class, Berryer was a generous and humane man. He saw that Latude had been guilty of nothing more than a youthful indiscretion, and promised to intercede on his behalf with Madame de Pompadour. Meanwhile, he endeavoured to lighten the burden of his captivity. To while away the time, he gave him a comrade, a clever and high-minded Jew, named Abuzaglo, who was suspected to be an agent of the British Government. The two captives soon became friends. They were bound together by the bonds of a common suffering. Abuzaglo had hopes of a speedy deliverance through the influence of the Prince de Conti, and promised to obtain the exercise of that influence in favour of his fellow-prisoner. In like manner, Latude pledged himself, if he were first released, to employ every exertion to rescue Abuzaglo.

Prison walls have ears. The gaolers, always on the watch to detect the wishes and hopes of the prisoners, overheard the mutual engagements of the two friends. When Latude had been four months in the Bastile, three turnkeys entered, and announced that his order of release had arrived. Abuzaglo embraced him, and exhorted him not to forget his solemn promise. But no sooner had the exultant Latude crossed his prison threshold than the terrible information was conveyed to him that he was only going to be removed to Vincennes. Abuzaglo was liberated shortly after, but supposing Latude to be free, and that he had broken his promise, he ceased to concern himself about so disloyal a friend.

Who can wonder that, under the combined influence of sorrow and disappointment, Latude's health gave way?

M. Berryer kindly came to his assistance, removed him to the most comfortable apartment in the castle, and permitted him to walk two hours daily in the castle garden. But he did not hide from his prisoner the

gloomy fact that Mme. de Pompadour continued inflexible; and Latude, apprehensive of a lifelong captivity, resolved upon making an attempt to escape.

HIS FIRST ESCAPE.

Nearly nine months passed by before Latude could find an opportunity of carrying out his bold design. But his patience was at length rewarded. One of his fellow-prisoners received religious consolation from an abbé, who visited him daily. This circumstance suggested an ingenious mode of escape. To succeed, however, it was requisite that he should deceive the vigilance of two turnkeys, who guarded him when he walked, and of four sentinels posted at the outer doors. One of the turnkeys waited in the garden, while the other went to fetch the prisoner.

Latude began by accustoming the latter to see him pass rapidly down stairs, and join the first in the garden. When the day came on which he determined to make his attempt, he as usual hurried down the stairs without exciting any suspicion, his keeper supposing that he only preceded him to the garden. At the bottom was a door. This he quickly bolted, to prevent the second turnkey from giving the alarm to his companion. Successful so far, he knocked at the gate which led out of the castle. It was opened, and Latude, apparently breathless and disturbed, inquired for the abbé, and was told that the sentinel had not seen him. "Our priest," said he, "has been waiting for him in the garden more than two hours. I have been running after him in all directions to no purpose; but, zounds, I'll make him pay me for my running!" The unsuspicious sentry allowed him to pass. The same inquiry and the same answer carried him past the other sentinels, and at last Latude found himself outside his prison walls. Taking care to avoid the public highway, he stole through fields and vineyards to Paris, where he concealed himself in an obscure lodging.

LATUDE'S SECOND IMPRISONMENT.

But though he had thus far succeeded, his future course was overhung with the shadows of doubt, alarm, and anxiety. What was he to do? Whither was he to fly? How escape the long arms of revengeful Power? It was impossible to remain concealed; he must have starved, or pined to death. To escape from France seemed equally impracticable; nor was so young and ardent a spirit disposed to resign all his hopes of future fortune and advancement. In this difficulty, he romantically resolved to fling himself upon the generosity of his persecutor. "I drew up," he says, "a memorial, which I addressed to the king. In it I spoke of Madame de Pompadour with respect, and of my conduct towards her with penitence. I entreated she would be satisfied with the punishment I had undergone; or, if fourteen months' imprisonment had not expiated my offence, I ventured to implore the clemency of her I had offended, and threw myself on the mercy of my sovereign. I concluded my memorial by naming the asylum I had chosen."

To this humble appeal came such an answer as Latude, if more worldly-wise, would certainly have expected. Latude was arrested without delay, and once more flung into the Bastille.

It was a part of the infamous police system of Paris to play with the victim, to inspire him with hopes, whose non-fulfilment should increase the bitterness of his sufferings. Latude was therefore told that he was taken into custody merely to ascertain by what means he had escaped. He faithfully described the stratagem he had so successfully employed, but, instead of being released, he was thrown into a dungeon, and treated with the utmost harshness.

His generous friend, M. Berryer, again came to his assistance. He could not restore him to liberty, but he could render captivity more tolerable. He tried to soothe the offended marchioness, but in vain. He per-

mitted Latude, however, the forbidden luxuries of books, pens, ink, and paper.

With the aid of these resources, Latude bore his confinement for six months with some degree of equanimity. His patience then gave way at the prospect of a perpetual dungeon, and he indulged his lacerated heart by outpouring its bitter emotions in epigrams and satirical verses. One of these envenomed compositions he most imprudently wrote on the blank page of a book which had been lent to him :

“ With no wit or allurements to tempt man to sin,
With no beauty or sweet virgin-honour in store ;
In France you the highest of lovers may win—
Do you ask for a proof ? Then, behold Pompadour ! ”

Latude had adopted the precaution of writing this effusion in a feigned hand, but he seems not to have known that whenever a prisoner returned a book every page of it was closely scrutinised. The gaolers discovered the epigram, and took the volume to Jean Lebel, the governor, who lost no time in laying it before its subject. Mme. de Pompadour was no friend to epigram makers ! She sent for Latude's staunch friend, M. Berryer, and furiously exclaimed, “ See you, this is the man in whom you are so deeply interested ! Learn to know him as he is, and never more presume to solicit my clemency.”

Eighteen dark and dismal months passed by, and Latude still languished in his dungeon, scarcely hearing the sound of a human voice. At last M. Berryer took upon himself the responsibility of removing him to a more comfortable apartment, and even allowing him the privilege of an attendant.

A young man, named Cochar, says the historian of the Bastille, was found willing to undertake the monotonous and dreary post of servant to a prisoner. He was gentle and sympathising, and so far was qualified for the task ; but his physical strength was unequal to the burden which he was called to bear. He drooped, and before

long was laid on a bed of sickness. Fresh air and liberty might have saved him; but "once in prison, always a prisoner" was the rule of the Bastile, and no servant could be released until his master also was set free. It was not until Cochar was on the point of death that his gaolers would even move him from his master's chamber. He died within three months from his entrance into the Bastile.

Latude bitterly bewailed the sacrifice of this amiable youth, whose admirable qualities had endeared him to his heart. He was once again alone, but the unwearied generosity of M. Berryer procured him the companionship of a fellow-prisoner, who could scarcely fail to cherish a perfect sympathy with his hopes and fears, sorrows and anticipations. D'Alegre, for so was he named, was about his own age—full of spirit, energy, ability, virtue—and traced his misfortunes to the same implacable tyrant. Grieving at the woes which oppressed his country, and fondly believing that even a woman like Madame de Pompadour might be reclaimed, he had addressed to her an eloquent and impassioned letter, dwelling on the universal hatred of which she was the object, and expatiating on the means by which she might secure the esteem and gratitude of the people. Madame de Pompadour rewarded the author of this homily with a cell in the Bastile, where D'Alegre had now been imprisoned for three years.

M. Berryer displayed the same friendly interest in D'Alegre as in Latude. He never ceased in his disinterested exertions to procure their pardon, and for a while he flattered himself with hopes of success. But at length the marchioness, in her anger at his importunity, vowed that her vengeance should last as long as her life, and forbade him ever again to mention their names. It was evident, therefore, that only her death or disgrace could release them from their bonds.

The shock of this intelligence almost overpowered D'Alegre, but Latude was of more robust mould, and resolved henceforth on effecting his escape at whatever

risk or whatever cost of bodily pain and toil. Yet to break through the double and treble guards of the Bastille, to climb through a grated chimney to the summit of a lofty tower, from thence to descend into the moat, and lastly, to pass the external wall, seemed a madman's wild and frenzied dream. But the courage to dare and the energy to hope are the talismans of the resolute and bold will—talismans powerful to summon "spirits from the vasty deep," or to elude the sleepless vigilance of tyranny and the persecutions of despotism.

To D'Alegre, however, Latude's project seemed the most chimerical that had ever dawned on a fevered brain. He strove to dissuade him from attempting to carry it into execution, but unsuccessfully. Latude cherished it in his heart of hearts, and daily brooded over its details. The preliminary measure was evidently to find some place of concealment for the tools and materials that would be made use of. From the fact that no movements of the prisoner in the chamber below them could be overheard, he concluded that an empty space existed between the floor of his own room and the ceiling of that underneath, and immediately set himself to prove the truth of his conjecture. As he was returning with D'Alegre from mass, he induced him to drop his tooth-pick to the bottom of the stairs, and request the turnkey to fetch it for him. While he was fulfilling this commission, Latude looked into the lower chamber, and computed its height at ten feet and a half. He then counted the number of steps between the two rooms, measured one of them, and had the satisfaction of finding that there existed an empty space of from five to six feet deep.

As soon as they were locked in, Latude embraced D'Alegre, and assured him that only courage and patience were now needed to ensure their deliverance. In that empty space, he said, could be concealed their ropes and tools. "Ropes!" exclaimed D'Alegre; "are you mad?" "I have more than a thousand feet of rope in my trunk," replied Latude, coolly; "have I not a vast

quantity of linen *—thirteen dozen and a half of shirts, napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other articles? Will not these supply us? We will unravel them, and they will supply us with an abundance of rope."

D'Alegre began to think there was a method in his companion's madness, but still could not forbear dwelling on the numerous difficulties in their path. Where could they obtain wood for ladders, or tools to construct them? "My friend," replied Latude, "it is genius which creates, and despair often stands in lieu of genius. It will quicken our invention and direct our hands; and once more I tell you, we shall be saved."

Deriving confidence from his fellow-prisoner's composure, D'Alegre joined him heartily in his labours. They ground down to an edge on the tiled floor two iron hooks taken from a folding table; these were intended to remove the chimney gratings. A part of the steel of their tinder-box was then converted into a knife, with which they made handles for their hooks. They were thus enabled to raise the tiles of the flooring, beneath which they discovered a vacancy of about four feet; and having gained this most satisfactory confirmation of Latude's conjectures, they carefully replaced the floor of their cell. Next they drew out the threads of two shirts one by one, tied them together, and wound them into small balls, which were afterwards formed into larger balls, each composed of fifty threads sixty feet in length. These were ultimately twisted into a rope, which furnished a ladder twenty feet long, intended to support the prisoners while they removed the bars that closed up the chimney entrance.

This was the hardest part of their labour. They were so cramped by the narrowness of the chimney that it was impossible to work more than an hour at a time, and their hands were always covered with blood. The mortar was nearly as hard as iron; they had no means of softening it except by blowing water on it with their

* In France, it was the custom for families to have an immense stock of linen. Washing only took place twice or thrice a year.

mouths, so that they considered themselves fortunate if they cleared away the eighth of an inch in the course of a night. As fast as the bars were extracted they replaced them to avoid discovery. Six months of incessant toil were occupied in these operations.

Having thus secured a passage up the chimney, they proceeded to construct their ladders. Their fuel, which was in logs of about eighteen or twenty inches long, provided the rounds for the rope ladder, intended to assist them in descending the tower, and the whole of the ladder by which they were to scale the outer wall. More tools being required for cutting the wood, Latude improvised a saw out of an iron candlestick by notching it with the remaining half of the steel that belonged to the tinder-box. To this implement he afterwards added others. They then toiled upon the wooden ladder, which it was needful to make about twenty or twenty-five feet long. It had only one upright three inches in diameter, through which the rounds passed, each round projecting six inches on either side; the various pieces of which it was composed were joined by mortises and tenons, and each joint was fastened by two pegs to keep them perpendicular. As fast as the pieces were constructed, the rounds were tied to them by a string to preclude any mistake occurring when they were put together in the dark. They were then concealed beneath the floor.

As there was some danger of the prison spies overhearing them converse about their employment, they invented fictitious names for all their tools and the various portions of their apparatus. Thus: the saw became *the monkey*; the iron hooks, *Tubal Cain*; the wooden ladder, *Jacob*; the rounds, *sheep*; the ropes, *doves*; a ball of thread, *the little brother*; the knife, *the puppy dog*; and the place of concealment, *Polyphemus*.

They had now to construct the rope ladder, a tedious and almost endless task, as it was more than 410 feet long, and rope double that length was consequently required. "We began," says Latude, "by unravelling all our linen—shirts, towels, nightcaps, stockings, drawers,

pocket-handkerchiefs—everything which could supply thread or silk. When we had made a ball we hid it in *Polyphemus*, and when we had a sufficient quantity, we employed a whole night in twisting it into a rope. I defy the most skilful rope-maker to have done it better."

But another enormous coil of rope was still absolutely necessary. Along the upper part of the exterior of the Bastille ran a kind of cornice, projecting some three or four feet beyond the wall. The effect of this would be to suspend the ladder loosely in the air, and make it vibrate with so much violence, that there would be great danger of the captive who went first being precipitated headlong to the ground. To prevent this danger, they fabricated a second rope, 360 feet long, to be wound round the person who first descended, and passed gradually through a species of block fixed above in order to steady him. Shorter ropes were also provided to be used as occasion might require. In all, these men, animated by the love of liberty, which supplies the place of physical strength and the appliances of art, constructed more than 1400 feet of rope! Two hundred and eight rounds of wood were used in the ladder, and lest their knocking against the floor should alarm the jealous ears of the gaolers, they were covered with the linings of their morning gowns, vests, and under waistcoats. These final preparations for flight occupied eighteen months.

It had been their first design, after reaching the ditch, to climb the parapet, drop into the governor's garden, and thence descend into the city-moat opposite the gate of St Antoine. But as this way was more than any other under the supervision of the sentinels, it was abandoned, and the prisoners determined on breaking through the wall which divided the ditch of the Bastille from the city-moat. Latude supposed that the mortar, weakened by repeated floods, would easily be removed. As levers to raise the stones, two bars from the chimney sufficed; and an auger, to make holes for their insertion, was fabricated out of a screw from one of the bedsteads, to which a wooden cross handle was affixed.

LATUDE'S SECOND ESCAPE.

Every preparation for their daring enterprise being now completed, they had only to decide on what day it should be attempted. They selected the 25th of February 1756. A portmanteau was filled with a change of clothes, the rounds were fastened into the rope ladder, the wooden ladder was made ready, the two crowbars were stowed away in cases that they might not clank, and a bottle of brandy was added to their supplies, to encourage and strengthen them while working in the water, for the Seine having overflowed, the Bastile ditch was four or five feet deep, and ice floated upon its surface.

Supper being over, and the turnkey having locked them in for the night, the anxious captives commenced their operations. Latude was the first to ascend the chimney. "I had the rheumatism in my left arm," he says, "but I thought little of the pain, for I soon experienced one more severe." Before he gained the summit, his knees and elbows were so bruised that the blood ran freely from them. On reaching the top he lowered a rope, with which he successively drew up the portmanteau, the ladders, and other articles. The end of the rope ladder he allowed to hang down, and the upper part he fastened across the funnel with a large wooden peg. D'Alegre, therefore, mounted with much less difficulty than his predecessor.

At last they found themselves on the platform of the Bastile, and as the Du Trésor tower appeared the most favourable for their descent, thither they removed their apparatus. Having fastened one end of the rope ladder to a cannon, they lowered it gently down. Next they passed the guide rope through a firmly fixed block, and secured it round Latude's body. The daring adventurer then began his descent of more than 150 feet, D'Alegre meanwhile letting down the rope very slowly.

It was well this precaution had been taken, for at

every advance Latude swung so violently in the air that he would probably have lost his hold had not the guide rope given him confidence and animated his courage. In a few moments, which to him seemed hours, he found himself in the ditch, and uninjured. D'Alegre then lowered their portmanteau and other effects, which Latude placed on a spot as yet above the rising water. He then held the ladder taut while his companion descended, and both prisoners embraced each other in a transport of enthusiasm. The most dangerous, though not the most arduous part of their enterprise was successfully accomplished.

As they could hear the tread of a sentinel at a distance of ten yards, they were forced to abandon their design of climbing the parapet, and attempt to break a hole through the wall. Accordingly, they crossed the *prison-moat* to the spot where the wall separated it from the *city-moat*, near the gate of St Antoine. Unfortunately the ditch had here been deepened, and the water, on which ice still floated, rose to their armpits. The undaunted men, however, set to work with that vigour which the hope of freedom and the fear of detection naturally inspired.

Scarcely had they begun when, about twelve feet above their heads, they caught the gleam of a lantern carried by a patrol major; immediately they dived under water, a proceeding which they were compelled to repeat several times during the night. The wall on which they laboured was nearly five feet thick, so that it occupied them nine weary hours in making an aperture sufficiently large for them to creep through. This at length was effected, and the prisoners stood *outside* the walls of the prison! But even at this moment of triumph they nearly perished. In the way to the road they were to travel ran an aqueduct; it was not more than six feet wide, but contained ten feet of water and two of mud. Into this they fell, but Latude did not lose his upright position, and having shaken off his companion, who had instinctively grasped him, he clambered up the bank, and then extricated D'Alegre by the hair of his head.

The clock struck five as they entered the high road. After having clasped each other in a long and warm embrace, they flung themselves on their knees, and poured forth their earnest thanks to the Almighty, who had preserved them through their perilous enterprise. In consequence of the evaporation which was taking place, they now began to feel more keenly than when they were in the water the effects of their immersion, their whole frames were rapidly growing rigid. They therefore drew a change of clothes from the portmanteau, but were so fatigued and benumbed that neither could dress himself without the other's assistance. When they had a little recovered, they hired a *fiacre*, or hackney coach, and eventually obtained an asylum in the house of a charitable tailor, a native of Languedoc, who was known to Latude.

To recover strength after their exertions, as well as to allow the excitement caused by their escape to subside, the two friends remained nearly a month in concealment. In order to avoid both being captured at once, they agreed to leave the country separately, and D'Alegre first set out, disguised as a peasant, on the road to Brussels. He reached that city in safety, and informed Latude of his good fortune. Furnished with a parish register of his host, who was nearly his own age, and with some old documents relating to a lawsuit, Latude then departed, having assumed the attire of a servant.

He was several times stopped, searched, and examined, but contrived to escape detection, and got safely to Valenciennes, from whence he took the stage to Brussels. He was on foot, however, when they reached the boundary post that marked the frontier line between France and the Netherlands. "My emotion," he says, "overpowered my prudence; I threw myself on the ground and kissed it with rapture. At length, thought I, I can breathe without fear! My companions, with astonishment, demanded the cause of this extravagance. I pretended that just at that very moment, a few years before, I had escaped a great danger, and that I always expressed my

gratitude to Providence by a similar prostration when the day came round."

Latude repaired to the rendezvous appointed by D'Alegre at the Hotel de Coffi, in Brussels. The landlord at first denied all knowledge of his friend, but when further pressed grew exceedingly embarrassed. From this Latude conjectured that his friend had been seized, and if D'Alegre was not safe in Austrian territory, it was obvious that he himself, while he remained, incurred the same risk. He resolved to fly without delay, and secured a place in the canal boat which was to start that same night for Antwerp. In the course of the voyage he learned from a fellow-passenger the fate that had befallen D'Alegre. He was informed that one of the two prisoners who had escaped from the Bastille had arrived at the Hotel de Coffi, been apprehended by a police officer, despatched to Lille under a strong guard, and there handed over to the custody of the French police. Moreover, that the whole affair was to be kept as secret as possible, in order not to alarm the other fugitive, after whom so vigorous a search was kept up that it was impossible for him to screen himself much longer from his pursuers.

Latude now deemed it advisable to relinquish his intended journey to Amsterdam, and turned aside to Bergen-op-Zoom. But now another trouble befell him. He had nearly exhausted his scanty supply of money, and had not found at Brussels a remittance which he expected from his father; he afterwards learned that it had been intercepted by the French police who had been despatched in search of him. While he remained at Bergen-op-Zoom, which was until he thought the heat of the pursuit must have subsided, he wrote to his father for a supply. But as a considerable time would necessarily elapse before he received an answer, he meanwhile ran the risk of starving. When he had paid the rent of his wretched garret at Bergen-op-Zoom, and the fare of the boat to Amsterdam, only a few shillings remained to him. In this miserable condition, unwilling to beg, he tried whether life could be supported by grass and wild

herbs alone. The experiment was unsuccessful; his stomach rejected the unsavoury food. To render his herbs less repulsive, he purchased four pounds of black rye bread to eat with them.

Latude at length ventured to embark, in the hope that the blood-hounds of the marchioness would have abandoned all expectation of seeing him in the Dutch capital.

He sought to conceal his poverty by shunning the company of his fellow-passengers, but on board the boat was a good Samaritan who would not be denied. This was one John Teerhorst, who kept a kind of public-house in a cellar at Amsterdam.

Chancing to catch a sight (says the chronicler of the Bastile) of Latude's sorry fare, he could not help exclaiming, "Good God! what an extraordinary dinner you are making! You seem to have more appetite than money!" Latude frankly owned that it was so. The benevolent Dutchman immediately led him to his own table. "No compliments, Mr Frenchman," said he, "seat yourself there, and eat and drink with me." On further acquaintance with him, Latude discovered that his host was not only a truly benevolent man, but that he had also the rare talent of conferring favours with such delicacy as not to wound the feelings of the person whom he obliged.

When they reached Amsterdam, Teerhorst offered to introduce him to a Frenchman named Martin, who, he naturally supposed, would be happy to assist a compatriot. Latude, however, discovered that his fellow-countryman was a man of iron heart and selfish disposition. Returning, dejected and in tears, to the friendly Dutchman, the latter exclaimed, "Do not weep; I will never forsake you. It is true I am not rich, but my heart is good. We will do the best we can for you, and you will be satisfied."

Teerhorst's subterranean habitation was partitioned into two rooms, one of which served as a kitchen, while the other was at once shop, sitting-room, and bedroom. Though the narrow tenement was already crowded, Teer-

horst fashioned a sleeping place for Latude out of a large closet, and his wife cheerfully gave him a mattress from their own bed. Not satisfied with these kindly attentions to his physical wants, he endeavoured to relieve his mind and distract his thoughts by showing him "the lions" of the city. But his kindly exertions were in a great measure neutralised by the circumstance of Latude's dangerous position and his regret for the unfortunate D'Alegra.

Though Latude had met with no sympathy from Martin, he was more fortunate in another of his countrymen, Louis Clergue, a native of Montagnac, the town in which Latude himself was born.

Wealthy and compassionate, Clergue provided him with a room in his house, made him a constant guest at his table, and supplied him with clothes and linen. Nor was the linen the least acceptable of his gifts, for Latude had been forty days without a change of it. Clergue also assembled his friends to hear his guest's sorrowful story, and to consult upon measures for his safety. They were all of opinion, and Latude was now inclined to agree with them, that he had nothing to fear, as neither the States-General nor the population of Amsterdam would ever agree to deliver up a persecuted stranger, who had thrown himself upon their protection.

Alas, this flattering anticipation was soon dispelled! His pursuers had not relaxed in their search for a moment, had not neglected a single precaution that could ensure success. Bribes had been lavished on every hand, and misrepresentations unscrupulously indulged in. The French ambassador described him as a desperate malefactor, and obtained the consent of the States to his arrest.

Though Latude had changed his name, and the address to which his friends were to direct their communications, the zealous agents of Mme. de Pompadour had succeeded in intercepting all his letters. One was at last allowed to reach him, in order to effect his ruin. It does not appear whether they knew that he resided at M. Clergue's or considered it imprudent to seize him there, as his pro-

tector would assuredly represent the innocence of his guest, and possibly excite a popular tumult.

A letter from Latude's father, containing a draft on a banker, was accordingly forwarded to him. The fugitive fell into the snare. As he was proceeding to the banker's the Dutch police officers pounced upon him, fettered him, and dragged him along. The crowd which had assembled by this time were told that he was a dangerous criminal, but as the numbers nevertheless continued to increase, the brutal officers, who were armed with heavy bludgeons, dealt their blows about on all sides to clear a passage to the Town Hall. One of these blows struck Latude violently on the nape of his neck, and felled him to the ground.

When he recovered consciousness, he was lying on a truss of straw in a dungeon, where no ray of light or sound of human voice could penetrate. Apparently cut off from his fellows, he abandoned himself to despair. In the morning he was visited by the police-officer St Mare, who had pursued him from Paris, and who basely aggravated his sufferings by his brutal irony. "He told me," says Latude, "that I ought to mention the name of the Marchioness de Pompadour with the most profound respect. She was anxious only to overload me with favours. Far from complaining, I ought to kiss the generous hand that struck me, every blow from which was a compliment and an obligation." In a second visit, shortly afterwards, this man brought him an ounce of snuff, which he forebore to use, from a not unreasonable fear that it was poisoned.

Permission having arrived from the Austrian government for the passage of the prisoner and his captors through the Austrian territories, at two o'clock in the morning, on the 9th of June 1756, the gaolers of Latude came to remove him.

Round his body they fastened a strong leather belt, on which were two large rings, secured by padlocks. Through these rings his hands were passed, and his arms pinioned down to his sides without the power of motion. He was

then conveyed to a boat, and flung into its foulest corner. As he could not feed himself, the task of feeding him was entrusted to two men. They were so horribly filthy that he rejected for four and twenty hours the nourishment they proffered him. Force was then employed to make him eat. "They brought me," says Latude, "a piece of beef swimming in gravy; they took the meat in their hands, and thrust it into my mouth; they then took some bread, which they steeped in the grease, and made me swallow it in a similar manner. During this loathsome operation, one of these ruffians blew his nose with his fingers, and without wiping them, soaked some bread, and placed it to my mouth. I turned my head aside, but it was too late. I had seen these preliminaries, and my stomach revolted. The consequence was a long and severe fit of vomiting, which left me almost without strength or motion."

The mode of confinement by the belt was absolute torture to the prisoner; at length the belt was removed, and Latude was indulged by being only handcuffed on the right arm, and chained to one of his guards. At Lille they halted for the night. For the remainder of the journey, Latude, with his legs ironed, travelled in a carriage with St Mare, who took the precaution of carrying pistols, and had likewise an armed servant by the side of the vehicle, with orders to shoot the captive if he made the slightest motion.

On arriving at the Bastille, St Mare was received like some victor returning from the scene of his triumph. His associates swarmed round him, listened with greedy ears to the tale of his exertions and stratagems, and lavished praises and attentions upon him. The group must have borne no very distant resemblance to fiends exulting over a lost soul."

LATUDE'S THIRD IMPRISONMENT.

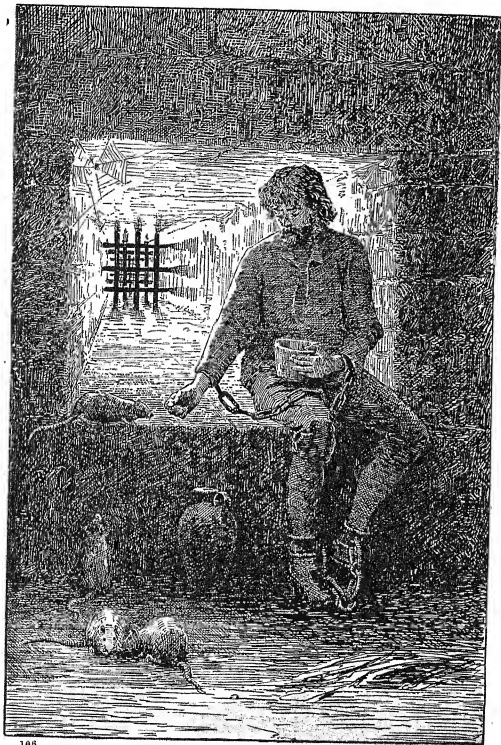
Stripped, reclothed in filthy rags, and heavily ironed, the unfortunate Latude was flung into one of the most

loathsome dungeons of the fortress. A litter of straw formed his bed; no coverlet was allowed him. The only light and air which penetrated into this den of torment entered through a loophole, which, narrowing gradually from the inside to the outside, had a diameter of not more than five inches at the furthest extremity. This loophole was secured and darkened by a fourfold iron grating, so ingeniously contrived, that the bars of one network covered the interstices of the other; but neither glass nor shutters warded off the severities of the weather. The interior extremity of this aperture reached within about two feet and a half of the ground, and served the captive for a chair and a table, and sometimes he rested his arms and elbows on it, to lighten the weight of his fetters.

Excluded from all intercourse with his fellow-creatures, Latude found some amusement in the companionship of the rats which peopled his dungeon. His first essay to make them sociable was with a single rat, which, in three days, by gently throwing bits of bread to it, he rendered so tame that it would take food from his hands. The animal even changed its abode, and established itself in another hole, so as to be nearer to him. In a few days a female joined the first comer. At the outset she was timid, but it was not long before she grew emboldened, and would quarrel and fight for the morsels given by the prisoner.

"When my dinner was brought in," says Latude, "I called my companions. The male ran to me directly; the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me, and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintances. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home, that he resolved to introduce his comrades.

"He came the next day, accompanied by two others, who in the course of the week brought five more; and





thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I called them, they came to eat with me, from the dish, or off the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish for themselves, on account of their dirty habits. They became so tame, that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did so; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining in their gambols. Occasionally I threw them a piece of scalding hot meat. The more eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it; while the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prize. Sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air." In the course of a year, his four-footed companions increased to twenty-six. Whoever an intruder made his appearance, he had to run the gauntlet of the old *habitues*, and fight his way to tolerance. Latude endeavoured to familiarise a spider, but was unsuccessful.

Another source of comfort, says Mr Davenport,* was unexpectedly opened to the solitary captive. Among the straw which was brought for his bed he found a piece of alder, and he conceived the idea of converting it into a sort of flageolet. This, however, was a task of no easy accomplishment, for his hands were fettered, and he had no tools. But necessity is proverbially the mother of invention. He succeeded in removing the buckle which fastened the waistband of his breeches, and bending it to a kind of chisel by means of his leg irons; and with this clumsy instrument, after many months' labour, he contrived to form a rude kind of musical pipe. It was probably much inferior to a child's whistle, but his delight when he had completed it was extreme. The

* Davenport: "Chronicles of the Bastille," pp. 408, 409. Our account of Latude's captivity is adapted from this interesting little volume.

feeling was natural, and the sounds must have been absolute harmony to his ear.

Though his animal companions and his flageolet made his lonely hours more tolerable, the desire of liberty was never absent from his mind. It now seemed to him that he might secure it by suggesting some plan for the benefit of the State. At that time the non-commissioned military officers, corporals and sergeants, were armed only with halberts, which were useless except in a hand-to-hand engagement. Latude proposed to substitute muskets for halberts, and thus render effective at least 20,000 men.

But how was he to communicate this idea to the king and the ministers? He had neither pen, ink, nor paper, and strict orders had been given that he should not be allowed the use of them. His ingenious mind soon triumphed over this difficulty. For paper, he moulded thin tablets of bread, six inches square; for pens, employed the triangular bones out of a carp's belly; for ink, his blood was substituted. To obtain it, he tied round one of his fingers some threads from his shirt, and punctured the end. As only a few drops could be procured in this way, and as they dried up rapidly, he was constrained to repeat the operation so frequently that his fingers were covered with wounds, and enormously swollen. To preclude the necessity of continual punctures, he diluted the blood with water.

The memorial finished, there was another difficulty to be conquered; it must be copied. Latude daily demanded, and with urgency, to see the major of the Bastille. He declared to that officer that, convinced his end was near, he desired to prepare himself for it, by receiving religious advice and consolation. The prison confessor was accordingly sent to him, was moved by his story, and delighted with his memorial. He interested himself on the poor prisoner's behalf, and obtained an order that he should be supplied with materials for writing. The memorial was accordingly transcribed, and submitted to the king.

The suggestion was adopted by the government, but the unfortunate projector still left to languish in his dungeon. Hope did not abandon him, and he once more tasked his faculties for a plan which might benefit at once his country and himself. At that time no pension was given by France to her soldiers' widows. Latude proposed to remedy this grave omission, and to raise the funds by a trifling addition to the postage of letters, which, he calculated, would supply a sufficient amount. His memorial, and the reasonings by which he supported it, were transmitted to the king and his ministers. The tax was soon afterwards imposed, but the soldiers' widows derived as little advantage from it as its inventor.

"Foiled in all his efforts," says the chronicler, "the firmness of Latude gave way. He had been pent for three years and five months in a loathsome dungeon, suffering more than pen can describe. Exposed in his horrible fireless and windowless abode to all the blasts of heaven, three winters, one of which was peculiarly severe, had sorely tortured his frame. The cold, the keen winds, and a continual defluxion from his nostrils, had split his upper lip, and destroyed his front teeth; his eyes were endangered from the same causes, and from frequent weeping; his head was often suddenly affected by a sort of apoplectic stroke; and his limbs were racked by cramp and rheumatism. Hope was extinct; intense agony of mind and body rendered existence insufferable; and the unhappy victim resolved to throw off a burthen which he could no longer bear. No instrument of destruction being within reach, he tried to effect his purpose by starving himself: and for a hundred and thirty-three hours he obstinately persisted in refusing all food. At last his gaolers wrenched open his mouth, and frustrated his design. Still bent on dying, he contrived to obtain and secret a fragment of broken glass, with which he opened four of the large veins. During the night he bled till life was all but extinct. Once more, however, he was snatched from the grave, and he now sullenly resigned himself to await his appointed time."

The death of the Marchioness de Pompadour, in April 1764, brought him no relief, for by his repeated letters, remonstrances, and petitions, he had excited the anger and hatred of Sartine, the minister of police, who obtained an order to transfer him to Vincennes,* and immure him in an *oubliette*.† Before he removed the prisoner he circulated a report "that he meant to deliver him, but that, to accustom him by degrees to a change of air, he was going to place him for a few months in a convent of monks." On the night of the 14th of August 1764, an officer of police, with two assistants, came to convey him to his new prison. "My keepers," says he, "fastened an iron chain round my neck, the end of which they placed under the bend of my knees; one of them placed one hand upon my mouth, and the other behind my head, whilst his companion pulled the chain with all his might, and completely bent me double. The pain I suffered was so intense that I thought my loins and spine were crushed; I have no doubt it equalled that endured by the wretch who is broken on the wheel. In this state I was conveyed from the Bastille to Vincennes."

At Vincennes he was placed in a cell. Both mind and body here gave way, and he was seized with a dangerous illness. Happily for him, M. Guyonnet, the governor of the fortress, was a man of humanity, who was deeply affected by the tale of the captive's misfortunes, and took upon himself the responsibility of providing him with a good apartment, and of allowing him two hours' daily exercise in the garden.

LATUDE'S THIRD ESCAPE.

Conceiving himself doomed by his inflexible enemies to perpetual imprisonment, Latude once more meditated on the means of effecting his escape. Fifteen months

* The ancient castle and prison of Vincennes is situated within three miles of Paris, on the east.

† A dungeon so terrible that the prisoner was there supposed to be forgotten (*oubli*) of all mankind.

passed away before an opportunity occurred, and then it was the result of an accident. He was walking in the garden on a November afternoon when a thick fog came on. The idea of taking advantage of it instantly flashed on his mind. He was guarded by two sentries and a sergeant, who never quitted his side for a moment; but despair will venture every risk. By a violent push of his elbows he threw off the sentries, then pushed down the sergeant, and darted past a third sentry so swiftly that he did not notice the fugitive until he had swept by. All four raised the shout of "stop him! seize him!" in which Latude joined very loudly, pointing with his finger to mislead the pursuers. There remained but one sentry to elude. Unfortunately he was on the alert, and knew Latude. Presenting his bayonet, he threatened to kill the prisoner if he did not stop. "My dear fellow," said Latude, "you are incapable of such an action; your orders are to arrest, and not to kill me." He slackened his pace and approached the sentry slowly, as if to surrender himself. When close to him he sprang upon his musket, and wrenched it from him with such violence that he was thrown to the ground. Latude jumped over his body, flung the musket a distance of ten paces, lest he should fire it after him, and once more achieved his liberty.

Favoured by the fog, Latude concealed himself in the park till night, when he scaled the wall, and proceeded by unfrequented byways to Paris. There he obtained an asylum with two kind females, with whom he had contrived to establish a correspondence by signs while in the Bastille. They were the daughters of a hairdresser, named Lebrun. They granted him shelter, gave him fifteen livres—all their savings, supplied him with food from their own meals, procured him some linen, and an apartment in the house. But though Latude was out of prison he was not out of the reach of the police. After vainly endeavouring to interest in his behalf several powerful personages, he determined on the desperate step of making an appeal to the first minister, the

Duke de Choiseul, who was then with the Court at Fontainebleau.

It was mid-December, says our historian, when he set out; the ground was covered with ice and snow, and the cold was intense. A morsel of bread was his whole stock of provisions; he had no money, and he dared not approach a house, proceed on the high road, or travel by day, lest he should be intercepted. In his nightly circuitous journey, of more than forty miles, he often fell into ditches, or tore himself in scrambling through hedges. "I hid myself in a field," says he, "during the whole of the 16th; and, after walking for two successive nights, I arrived on the morning of the 17th at Fontainebleau, worn out by fatigue, hunger, and despair."

Latude was too soon convinced there was no chance of escaping from the vengeance of M. de Sartine. As soon as he had announced his arrival to the duke, two officers of the police came to convey him, as they said, to the minister; but their mask was speedily thrown off, and he found that they were to escort him back to Vincennes. They told him that every road had been guarded, and every vehicle watched, to discover him, and they expressed their wonder at his having been able to reach Fontainebleau undetected. "I now learned," says he, "for the first time that there is no crime so great, or so severely punished, as a complaint against a minister. These officers quoted to me the case of some deputies from the provinces who, having been sent a short time before to denounce to the king the exactions of certain intendants, had been arrested, and punished as dangerous incendiaries!"

On his reaching Vincennes, he was thrown into a horrible dungeon, barely six feet by six and a half in diameter, which was secured by four iron-plated, treble-bolted, doors, distant a foot from each other. To aggravate his misery, he was told that he deserved a thousand times worse treatment, for he had been the cause of the sergeant who guarded him being hanged. This appalling news entirely overwhelmed him; he gave

himself up to frantic despair, and incessantly accused himself as the murderer of the unfortunate man. In the course of a few days, however, a compassionate sentinel, moved by his cries and groans, relieved his heart, by informing him that the sergeant was well, and had only been imprisoned.

The kind-hearted governor sometimes visited Latude, but the information which he brought was not consolatory. He had tried to move M. de Sartine, and had found him inflexible. Sartine, however, sent to offer the prisoner his liberty, on condition that he would name the person who held his papers, and he pledged his honour that no harm should come to that person. Latude knew him too well to trust him. He resolutely answered, "I entered my dungeon an honest man, and I will die rather than leave it a dastard and a knave."

Into the den where he was, as it were, walled up, no ray of light entered. The air was never changed but at the moment when the turnkey opened the wicket; the straw on which he lay was always rotten with damp, and the narrowness of the space scarcely allowed him room to move. His health of course rapidly declined, and his body swelled enormously, retaining in every part of it, when touched, the impression of the finger. Such were his agonies, that he implored his keepers, as an act of mercy, to terminate his existence. At last, after having endured months of intense suffering, he was removed to a habitable apartment, where his strength gradually returned.

Though his situation was improved, he was still entirely excluded from society. Hopeless of escape, he pondered on the means of at least opening an intercourse with his fellow-prisoners. On the outer side of his chamber was the garden, in which each of the prisoners, Latude alone being excluded, was daily allowed to walk by himself for a certain time. The wall was five feet thick, so that to penetrate it seemed almost as difficult as to escape. But what cannot time and perseverance accomplish! His only instruments were a broken piece

of a sword and an iron hoop of a bucket, which he had contrived to secrete; yet with these, by dint of twenty-six months' labour, he managed to perforate the mass of stone. The hole was made in a dark corner of the chimney, and he stopped the interior opening with a plug, formed of sand and plaster. A large wooden peg, rather shorter than the hole, was inserted into it, that, in case of the external opening being noticed and sounded, it might seem to be not more than three inches in depth. Thus he communicated with his fellow-prisoners.

So far we have followed Mr. Davenport's interesting narrative, and we must now draw to a close this story of suffering and tyranny. Latude's trials were not ended. The benevolent M. de Malesherbes was appointed a cabinet minister. He inspected the state prisons, was moved to pity and indignation by Latude's story, and promised him redress. But his enemies were not idle. They contrived to possess Malesherbes with a belief that the poor captive was insane; and he obtained his release from Vincennes, only to be sent to the lunatic asylum—the Paris Bedlam—of Charenton!

After remaining nearly two years in that abode of hopeless misery, his friends succeeded in obtaining his freedom, on condition that he should fix his permanent abode at Montagnac, his native place. Unfortunately he lingered in Paris to draw up a memorial to the king, soliciting some recompense for those of his suggestions which the government had adopted. In this memorial, his not unreasonable indignation at the cruelty and injustice with which M. de Sartine had treated him was unhappily expressed, and the result was his arrest by an officer of police.

LATUDE'S FOURTH IMPRISONMENT.

He was now flung into the foulest prison in France, the Bicêtre, and in that part of the gaol which was appropriated to the most atrocious felons and abandoned scoundrels. He was clad in the coarse and degrading

prison attire, thrust into a dungeon, and supplied with a scanty allowance of the common prison fare.

Eight and thirty months he languished in this infernal abode. He was seized with an illness, which brought him to the brink of the grave. On his recovery, he drew up a narrative of his sufferings, which accidentally fell into the hands of a young female, Madame Legros, a mercer, whose husband was a private tutor. Her gentle soul was deeply moved by its tale of wrong and suffering. She took up the poor prisoner's cause, and through good and evil report, in sunshine and shade, in prosperity and adversity, undaunted by ridicule, unshaken by disappointment, she persevered, until *three years* of incessant and generous labour were rewarded by Latude's liberty.

He was released on the 24th of March 1784, after a captivity of five and thirty years. Both he and his noble benefactress became for a time the lions of Parisian society, and two annuities, each of 300 livres, were purchased for them by public subscription. Madame Legros was further rewarded by some munificent private individuals, and Latude in 1793 obtained heavy damages from the heirs of Madame de Pompadour. Notwithstanding the severity of his sufferings and his protracted trials, he attained the age of eighty, dying in 1805.

Who can peruse his story without wondering at the barbarity and injustice of the system which rendered possible such persecution, which connived at such frightful cruelty? Who shall say that the French Revolution was not the natural consequence of the excesses in which an unbridled and irresponsible tyranny had for generations indulged?

THE IMPRISONMENTS OF SILVIO PELLICO.

(1820.)

SILVIO PELLICO was born at Saluzzo, Piedmont, June 24, 1788, and died at the villa of Moucaglieri, near Turin,

January 31, 1854. His father, who owned a silk factory at Pinerolo, was a man of literary tastes, and occupied at one time a situation in the post office. About 1795, the family removed to Turin, and Silvio studied under a priest, until he accompanied his sister, on her marriage, to Lyons. The reading of Foscolo's poem, "I sepolcri," which appeared in 1807, made a powerful impression on him. In 1810 he removed to Milan as a tutor, where he became acquainted with many distinguished persons. His first production was the tragedy of *Laodamia*; this was followed by *Francesca da Rimini*, which gave the author a high rank as a dramatic poet. Pellico's next work was a translation into Italian of Lord Byron's poem, "Manfred." In 1819, with some other literary men, he established a journal called *Il Conciliatore*; on account, however, of its liberal tendencies, this publication was early subjected to a rigid censorship by the Austrian authorities, and, in the following year, was entirely suppressed.

About this time Pellico appears to have become a member of the revolutionary society of the *Carbonari*. As such, he was arrested October 13, 1820. He was first confined in the prison of Santa Margherita at Milan, from whence he was removed to Venice, and subsequently to a state prison on the island of San Michele. In February 1822, he was condemned to death, but by an imperial rescript this sentence was commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment. He was removed from prison to prison from time to time, but at length was released by an imperial order in 1830. After his liberation, Pellico published an account of his imprisonment under the title of "My Prisons" (*Le Mie Prigioni*), which at once became widely celebrated, and was translated into several languages.

The following narrative is condensed, with slight alterations, from *Le Mie Prigioni*, and contains the leading incidents of his long period of incarceration:

On Friday, October 13, 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and conducted to Santa Margherita, the head office of the

police establishment. After an examination, I was consigned to the charge of the gaoler, who, having conducted me to the apartment destined for me, made me deliver into his hands, to be restored at the fitting time, my watch, purse, and anything else I might have in my pockets; which having done, he with some ceremony wished me good evening.

In a short time my dinner arrived; I ate a little of it, drank a glass of water, and was left alone. My room was on the ground, and opened into a courtyard, with cells all around, on the ground and above me. I leaned against the window, and stood for some time listening to the tramp of the gaolers as they went to and fro, and to the dissolute songs and ribaldry of some of the prisoners.

Knowing the history of this prison, I began to reflect upon it. A century ago, it was a nunnery. Could the holy penitents who inhabited it have ever believed that a day would arrive when their chambers would resound no longer with the prayers and lamentations of devout women, but with blasphemies and detestable language, and would hold within them the refuse of society—hardened criminals destined to the galleys or the gibbet? And in another century, who will breathe in these cells? Alas for the swiftness of time and the instability of things! Why should any one complain that fortune frowns upon him, or grieve that he is cast into a prison and threatened with the gibbet? But yesterday I was one of the happiest of men! to-day I have lost everything that conduced to the joy of my existence—liberty, friends, hope! It would be absurd to delude myself. In all probability I will leave this place only for a dungeon more horrible, or for the hands of the executioner. Be it so! When I am dead, it will signify little whether I yielded my last sigh in a dungeon, or am borne to the tomb amid the lamentation of friends, and in all the grandeur of funeral pomp.

It was thus my mind found strength in thinking of the inexorable decrees of fate; but shortly the remembrance of my father, my mother, my sisters, my brothers,

and of a family which I loved as tenderly as if it were my own, began to assail me, and the arguments of philosophy were powerless. Other thoughts came over me, and I wept like a child.

During the night I slept but little, and gradually became resigned to my unhappy fate. Towards morning my agitation subsided, and I was astonished at the change. I still thought upon my parents, and upon all those whom I loved, but I no longer despaired of their surmounting my misfortune. The recollection of those virtuous sentiments which I had known sustain them in previous calamities, consoled me on this occasion.

In the course of the following day, I was again examined, and this was renewed during several successive days, without any other interval than that allowed for my meals.

Whilst the examination continued, the time passed rapidly, owing to the constant exercise in which my mind was kept, from the necessity of answering, without intermission, the most varied questions, and of collecting my energies during the intervals of the examination in recalling all that had been asked of me, what answers I had given, and in anticipating questions which would probably be put to me.

At the end of the first week, a most cruel misfortune happened to me. My poor friend Piero,* eager with myself to establish a communication between us, wrote me a letter, and sent it, not by a *secondino*,† but by an unfortunate prisoner who performed menial services in the cells of the prisoners. He was a man of from sixty to seventy years of age, condemned to I know not how long a period of imprisonment. With a needle which I had I pricked my finger, and wrote a few lines in reply with blood, which I gave to the messenger. He had the misfortune to be observed, was seized with the note upon him, and, if I am not mistaken, scourged. I heard

* A fellow-prisoner, who was arrested at the same time as Pellico, for the same offence.

† *Secondino*, an officer of the prison.

frightful cries, which struck me as coming from the poor old man. I never saw him afterwards.

Summoned before the governor, I shuddered at having presented to me my little letter written with blood, although, thanks to Heaven, it contained no dangerous matter, for there were only a few words of friendly salutation. I was asked how I had drawn blood. The needle was taken from me, and the ruffians laughed in derision. But I could not laugh! I could not forget the countenance of the poor old messenger. I would willingly have suffered any punishment to have procured his pardon; and when I heard those cries, which I believed were his, my heart was moved to tears.

It was in vain that I repeatedly asked the gaoler and his *secondini* after him. They only shook their heads, and said:

"He has paid dearly for his fault; he will not do the like again; he is now more quiet," and refused to give any further explanation.

Did they refer by that to the narrow prison in which the wretched man was confined, or did they mean that he had died under the punishment inflicted upon him?

One day I thought I saw him beyond the courtyard beneath a portico, with a load of wood upon his shoulders, and my heart beat as if I had seen a brother. When I had no longer to undergo the torment of severe examination, and there was nothing to occupy my mind, I experienced the weight of solitude in all its bitterness.

I was allowed to have a Bible and a copy of Dante; and the gaoler placed his library at my disposal, but it contained only some romances by Scuderi, Piazzzi, and others worse than they; my mind, however, was too agitated to devote itself to reading anything. I got by heart every day a canto of Dante; but this exercise was so mechanical, that, in pursuing it, I thought less of the verses than of my misfortunes. It was the same when I read any other thing, except certain passages of the Bible, which deeply affected my feelings, and inspired me with fortitude and resignation. To be free is a thing

infinitely more pleasant than to live in prison; and yet even in the gloom of a prison, when one is able to reflect that God is present, that the joys of this world are merely transient, that true happiness consists in a good conscience, and not in external objects, there is a charm in living. In less than a month I had resigned myself to my fate with a tranquillity which, if not perfect, was at least tolerable. I was aware that, being resolved not to commit the infamous action of purchasing my liberty by the betrayal of others, my fate could be no other than the gibbet or a long imprisonment. It was best, therefore, for me to conform to destiny.

"I will breathe," said I, "as long as they grant me a breath of air; and when they take it away, I will do what all others do at the last extremity—I will die."

I did all in my power to be satisfied with everything, and to allow my mind all possible enjoyment. My ordinary plan consisted in making a calculation of the advantages which had brightened my existence—an excellent father and mother, excellent brothers and sisters, so-and-so for friends, a good education, a love of learning, literature, etc.; who had had more happiness than myself? Why, then, not render thanks to God, although this happiness was at present interrupted by misfortune? Occasionally, in making this enumeration, I grew tender-hearted, and wept for a moment; but my courage and strength of mind soon returned.

During the first few days, I had made a friend; it was not the gaoler, nor any of the *secondini*, nor any of those conducting the proceedings against me. I speak, nevertheless, of a human being. Who was it, then? No other than a deaf and dumb child of from five to six years old. The father and the mother were felons, and the law had disposed of them. The unfortunate little orphan was reared by the state, with several other children in the same condition. They all lived together in one room opposite mine, and at certain hours every day they came out into the courtyard for air and exercise.

This little deaf and dumb boy came under my window,

smiled at me and made some gesticulations. I threw a piece of bread to him; he took it up, made a few joyful gambols, ran to his companions, gave some to each, and came afterwards to eat his own small portion close to my window, expressing to me his gratitude with a smile from his beautiful eyes.

The other children looked at me from a distance, but dared not approach. The deaf and dumb one had evidently a great sympathy for me, and it was entirely disinterested. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the bread I threw to him, and he made signs to me that he and his comrades had had enough, and could not eat any more. If he saw a *secondino* going into my room, he gave him the bread, that he might restore it to me.

Yet, although it was plain that he expected nothing from me, he continued to play before my window with a grace perfectly delightful, seeming to place his happiness upon being seen by me. Once a *secondino* permitted him to come into my prison. The boy had no sooner entered than he ran and embraced my knees, uttering a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and cannot describe the transports with which he caressed me.

I never knew his name; he himself did not know he had one. He was always cheerful, and I never saw him weep but once, when he was beaten, doubtless for some slight offence, by the gaoler. Strange! we look upon the loss of freedom as the height of misfortune, and yet this child found certainly as much happiness in this prison as could a prince in the palace of his father.

In the solitude of my dungeon, and with a strong desire for something to love, I looked forward with pleasure to my almost daily intercourse with the poor child; but I was doomed to lose it. One day I was removed to a cell on the opposite side of the courtyard, but, alas! no longer on the ground floor, no longer in a place where it was possible for me to converse with my little speechless friend. Traversing the court, I saw the dear child seated on the ground, terrified and sad. He instantly compre-

hended that he was about to lose me. In a moment he sprang up and ran towards me: the *secondino* wished to remove him; but I took him in my arms, and, dirty as he was, embraced him with affection, and separated from him—shall I say it?—with my eyes full of tears.

In my new chamber, which was gloomy and unclean, thus deprived of the companionship of my little mute, I was overpowered by sadness. I remained several hours at the window, which opened upon a gallery, and whence I could see the bottom of the courtyard and the window of my former lodging. Who, then, had replaced me there? I saw a prisoner walking up and down with the rapid step of a person greatly agitated. Two or three days after, I saw that he had been supplied with writing materials, and that he remained all day at his table.

At last I recognised him. He issued from his room in company with the gaoler, no doubt to undergo an examination. It was Melchior Gioja, an excellent man, and one of the most profound thinkers that the economical sciences have had in Italy in those latter times. My heart was filled with agony. And thou, too, worthy man, thought I, art here!

After spending some time gazing at him, speculating, from his movements, whether his mind was calm or agitated, and in giving him my best wishes, I found myself more fortified, more rich in ideas, more contented than ever with myself. This shows that the sight even of a human creature for whom one experiences a sympathy, is sufficient to relieve the tedium of solitude. Such a benefit I had first received from the poor dumb boy; now I experienced it from the distant view of a man of great merit and scientific renown.

Some *secondini* informed him, doubtless, where I was confined. One morning, in opening his window, he waved a handkerchief as a salutation to me; I used my own as a signal in reply to him. O what joy filled my bosom at that moment! It appeared that all distance was annihilated—that we were together: my heart beat like a lover's when he meets his mistress; we gesticulated

without comprehending each other, and with the same vivacity as if we understood perfectly each other's meaning. In reality we did so; those gestures expressed all that our souls felt; and the one was not ignorant of what was passing in the mind of the other.

O what consolation this intercourse seemed to promise me for the future! The future came; but our signals were not repeated! Every time that I again saw Gioja at the window I waved my handkerchief, but in vain! The *secondino* told me that he had been commanded not to invite my signals, or to reply to them. Nevertheless, he looked at me frequently, and I as frequently at him; and we thus knew how to say a good many things to each other. In a few weeks I was consoled by learning that the worthy man had regained his liberty.

One morning an officer who had taken notes of my examination entered my cell, and announced to me, with some mystery, that I was to prepare myself for a visit which would be agreeable to me; and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared me, he said—

“It is your father; be good enough to follow me.”

I followed him into the office, agitated with surprise, and joy, and striving to preserve a serene air, so as to disturb my father's feelings as little as possible.

When he learned my arrest, he hoped that it was owing to circumstances of little importance, and that I should soon regain my freedom; but seeing that my captivity was prolonged, he solicited the Austrian government for my discharge. Deplorable illusion of paternal love! My father could not conceive me rash enough to expose myself to the vengeance of the laws; and the studied contentment with which I spoke to him, convinced him that I was under no apprehension of evil.

The brief conversation which was allowed us agitated me more than I can tell, and the more so that I compelled myself to repress every appearance of it. The most difficult task was to conceal it when the moment of separation came.

In the circumstances of Italy at that period, I was

convinced that Austria would make examples with extraordinary rigour, and that I should either be doomed to death or to a long imprisonment. To conceal this conviction, and to flatter my father with the hope of my approaching liberty, to refrain from tears whilst embracing him, or talking of my mother, and brothers, and sisters, whom I thought for certain I should never see again in this world; to beseech him, without my voice being choked with sobs, to return to see me if he were able,—O never, never did I do myself such violence!

He quitted me, and I returned to my prison with a heavy, heavy heart. Scarcely did I find myself alone than I endeavoured to relieve my feelings by abandoning myself to tears; this relief was denied me. I burst into sobs, but could not shed a tear.

I was seized with a burning fever, accompanied by a dreadful headache. During the whole day I could not swallow a mouthful of food. Next day, however, I partly recovered my fortitude, and my feelings were more composed.

On New-year's day 1821, Count Luigi Porro obtained permission to see me. The close and tender friendship which united us, the numberless things we wished to say to each other, the difficulties which the presence of an officer presented to the outpouring of our minds, the short period which was allowed us to be together, the gloomy presentiments which oppressed me, the mutual efforts we made to appear tranquil—there was in all these things enough to raise in my heart a terrible turmoil. Severed from a friend so dear, I felt myself calm; much affected, but still calm. Such is the efficacy of precautions against strong emotions!

Nothing remarkable occurred until the night of the 18th of February, when I was startled by the noise of bolts and keys, and I saw several men enter my room with a lantern. My first idea was, that they had come to murder me; but whilst I was looking at them with anxiety, I saw advancing towards me the Count B—,

who politely requested me to dress myself as quickly as possible, with a view to an immediate departure.

This intimation greatly surprised me, and I was foolish enough to hope that I was to be conducted to the frontiers of Piedmont. Was it possible that so threatening a storm should thus be so quickly dissipated?—that I should enjoy the sweets of liberty?—that I should once more embrace my beloved parents, my brothers, and my sisters?

Such thoughts agitated me a few moments. I dressed in haste, and followed my visitors.

"Where are we going?" said I to the count, as I got into a carriage with him and an armed officer.

"I cannot tell you until we are a mile beyond Milan," he replied. I did not speak. It was a lovely night, and the moon shone beautifully. I looked upon the well-known streets, which I had traversed for so many years in happiness; upon the houses and the churches. All brought back to me a thousand pleasant recollections!

The public gardens, where I had so often walked with Monti, Ludovico di Breme, Pietro Borsieri, Porro and his sons, and with others who were dear to me, conversing full of life and hope—alas! as I looked upon them for the last time, as we drove rapidly past, I felt that I had loved them, and loved them still! As we passed out of the eastern gate, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and wept.

When we had proceeded more than a mile, I said to the Count B——, "I suppose we are going to Verona?"

"A good deal farther," answered he; "we are going to Venice, where I have to consign you to a special commission."

We travelled without stopping, and on the second day we reached Venice. In the month of September of the preceding year, a month before my arrest, I was at Venice, and had dined with a numerous and joyful company at the Hotel della Luna. It was strange enough that the count conducted me to that very hotel.

A servant of the hotel who had previously known me

trembled when he recognised me, and at once perceived that I was in the hands of the police. I was glad at this meeting, for I was sure he would inform several persons of my arrival.

After having dined I was conducted to the palace of the doge, where the tribunals now sit. On arriving at the palace, the count delivered me over to the gaoler, and in taking leave of me, embraced me with emotion.

I followed the gaoler in silence. After having passed through several galleries and rooms, we at length reached a small stair which led us under the "*Leads*," celebrated as state prisons since the time of the Venetian republic. There the gaoler took a note of my name, and shut me up in the chamber assigned to me.

My room had a large window, with enormous iron bars, and looked out upon the roof of the church of St Mark. Beyond the church, I saw in the distance the extremity of the Piazza, and on all sides an endless number of domes and steeples. The gigantic steeple of St Mark was only separated from me the length of the church, and I heard the people on the summit talking when they at all raised their voices. I could see also, on the left of the church, part of the great court of the palace, and one of the entrances. In this part of the court was a public well, which was greatly resorted to for water. But at the height I was, those whom I perceived below appeared like children, and I could only distinguish their words when they happened to shout. I thus found myself yet more solitary than in the prison of Milan.

For the first few days the anxieties of the criminal proceedings which were instituted against me by the special commission produced a degree of sadness, which was increased perhaps by the bitter sensation of more complete loneliness. I was, besides, at a greater distance from my family, and no longer received any tidings from them. The new faces which I saw did not create in me a feeling of antipathy; but there was a seriousness upon them which caused me alarm. Report had exaggerated the plots of the Milanese, and the rest of Italy, to achieve independence;

in their eyes I was doubtless one of the least worthy of pardon amongst the instigators of this movement. I soon found that my slight literary celebrity was known to the gaoler, to his wife, his daughter, his two sons, even to the two *secondini*. Who knows but they looked upon a maker of tragedies as a species of dangerous magician! They were grave, distrustful, eager to learn everything connected with me, but at the same time they treated me with every civility and even politeness.

After a certain time they became less reserved, and appeared good enough people. The woman was the best fitted to maintain the air and character of a gaoler. Her face bore a peculiarly harsh expression; she seemed about forty years of age or thereabout; her words were few, and she gave no evidence of kindness to any one but her own sons.

She brought my coffee in the morning and after dinner, as well as water, linen, etc. She was generally accompanied by her daughter, a girl of fifteen, who was not pretty, but who had compassion in her looks; and by her two sons, of whom one was thirteen, and the other ten. They retired, following their mother, and turned their young countenances mildly towards me as the door was closing. The gaoler never entered my room except when he had to conduct me to the hall where the commission met to interrogate me. The *secondini* rarely came, as they had to take charge of the prisons of the police, situated a storey below, where there were always plenty of ordinary criminals requiring their attention. One of these *secondini* was a man of seventy years of age, but still quite fit for so fatiguing a life, which consists in running, with little intermission, from one cell to another, first up stairs and then down; the other was a young man, twenty-four or twenty-five years old.

My examinations now commenced again. I was greatly troubled with the questions put to me, and the suspicions entertained of my motives. I should have been driven to distraction, but for the consolations of religion.

My loneliness in the meantime increased. The two sons of the gaoler, who at first occasionally visited me, were sent to school, and remaining afterwards only a short time at home, came to see me no more. The mother and daughter, who, when the boys were there, often stopped to talk with me, now appeared only to bring my coffee, and immediately retired. For the mother I cared little, as she did not show much compassion; but the daughter had a softness in her looks and words which was not without value to me. When she brought my coffee, and said, "I made it myself," I was sure to find it excellent; but when she said, "It is mamma's," it was scarcely worth drinking.

Seeing human beings so rarely, I turned my attention to some ants which had formed a home upon my window, and I fed them so sumptuously, that they brought a whole army of their companions to share their prosperity. I occupied myself likewise with a spider, which spun its web on one of the walls. I gave it gnats and flies, and it soon became so familiar as to come upon my bed and into my hand to seize its prey.

Would that these insects had been the only ones to visit me! It was yet spring, and the gnats increased frightfully in numbers. The winter had been peculiarly mild, and after some winds in March the heat came on. It is impossible to imagine how heated the air in my den became. Placed to the south under a leaden roof, with a window opening to the roof of St Mark, likewise of lead, the refraction of the heat was terrible. I could scarcely breathe. To this torment, in itself so sufficient, were added such swarms of gnats that, if I made the least movement, and disturbed them, I was completely covered—the bed, table, chair, floor, walls, ceiling; indeed, the whole room was filled with them—a countless multitude, which went and came through the window with an intolerable buzzing. The bites of these insects are very painful; and when one is punctured with them from morning to night, and from night to morning, and the attention is incessantly occupied in devising means

to lessen the infliction, there is sufficient suffering, in all conscience, for both mind and body.

When I found by experience the misery of this visitation, and could not obtain a change of room, I felt once more an inclination for suicide arise within me, and sometimes I feared I should become mad. But, thanks to God, such frenzies did not last long, and religion continued to sustain me. It convinced me that man ought to suffer, and to suffer with firmness; it made me feel in my grief a certain joy, a supreme satisfaction in not being vanquished, and in rising superior to every evil.

To strengthen and occupy my mind, I conceived the idea of committing my thoughts to writing. The difficulty was that the commission, in granting me pen, ink, and paper, ordered the sheets to be counted, and prohibited me from destroying any, reserving to themselves the right of examining to what use I had applied them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the device of polishing a rough table that I had with a piece of glass, and there I recorded every day my meditations upon the duties of mankind, and especially upon my own.

I do not exaggerate when I say that the hours thus occupied appeared to me delightful, in spite of the discomforts I experienced from the excessive heat and the painful stings of the gnats. To diminish the number of these, I was compelled, notwithstanding the heat, to envelop my head and limbs in my bed-clothing, and to write not only with gloves, but with my wrists bandaged, so as to prevent the tormenting insects from getting up the sleeves.

My meditations at first took a biographical form. I wrote the history of everything that had operated for good or for evil in my life since my infancy. I discussed questions with myself, ascertaining, as far as practicable, all my knowledge and all my ideas upon every matter.

When all the available surface of the table was covered with writing, I read and re-read—I meditated upon my own meditations; and at last I resolved (often with regret) to obliterate what I had written so as to render

the surface fit to receive the fresh impress of my thoughts. Thus I continued my history, often interrupted by digressions of all sorts, by an analysis of some point in metaphysics, morals, politics, or religion; and when all was full, I repeated the process of effacing, and writing again and again.

In order to enable me freely to account with myself for the facts of my history which I recollected, and for my opinions, as well as to avert the consequences of any inquisitorial visit, I wrote in a sort of cipher—that is to say, with transpositions of letters and abbreviations which were quite familiar to myself, but which were quite unintelligible to others. However, no such visit was ever made to me, and no one had any idea that this sad period passed so tranquilly for me. When I heard the gaoler or any other person open the door, I covered the table with a cloth, and placed upon it the inkstand and the official number of sheets of paper.

This paper had also some of my hours devoted to it, frequently extending to a whole day or an entire night. I wrote several literary works, dramatic and poetical.

As it was not easy for me always to get, as promptly as I could wish, the supply of paper renewed when it was finished, I frequently cast my first ideas in composition upon the table, or the waste paper in which I had dried figs or other fruits brought to me. Sometimes, by giving my dinner to one of the *secondini*, and persuading him that I had no appetite, I induced him to bring me as a present a few sheets of paper. I availed myself of this scheme only when the table was already crammed with writing, and I could not prevail upon myself to erase it.

With these efforts at occupation of mind the summer passed. In the latter part of September the heat became less intense. October came, and I rejoiced at having a room which in winter would be agreeable. But alas! in the midst of my rejoicing, the gaoler came one morning and announced to me that he had received orders to change my abode.

Although I had suffered much in this chamber, I was sorry to quit it, not only because it would be comfortable in cold weather, but for many other reasons. I first of all had those ants, which I loved and nourished with a solicitude which might almost be called paternal, if the expression were not ridiculous. A few days previously, a spider with which I, so to speak, had become familiar, departed, I know not for what reason; but who knows, thought I, but it will remember me, and discover me in my new abode!

The room they put me in was also under the Leads, but to the north and west, with a window on each side—a place for perpetual colds, and of much misery in the winter months.

The window on the west side was very large, that to the north small and high, and placed immediately above my bed.

I looked out at the first, and found that it opened upon the palace of the patriarch. Other cells were close to mine in a wing of small extent to the right, and in a prolongation of the building in front of me. In this prolongation were two prisons, one above the other. The lower one had a very large window, through which I saw a man walking about in very splendid attire. It was the Signor Caporali di Cesena. He saw me, made a sign to me, which I returned, and we communicated our names to each other.

I afterwards examined where the other window looked to. I put the table on the bed, and on the table a chair, on which I climbed, and found myself on a level with part of the palace roof. Beyond the palace appeared a fine view of the city and the canal.

While enjoying this beautiful prospect, I heard the door open, but did not stir. It was the gaoler, who, seeing me in so elevated a position, and forgetting that I could not pass through the bars, imagined I was about to escape, and, in the first impulse of his alarm, jumped upon the bed, in spite of a sciatica which tormented him, and seizing me by the legs, screeched like an eagle.

"Do you not see," said I, "you stupid man, that the iron bars are here to prevent me escaping? Can you not comprehend that I have mounted here merely through curiosity?"

"I see, sir, I see; I understand; but come down, I pray you, come down: there is a great temptation to escape." So, to satisfy him, I descended, laughing.

At the windows of the side prisons I recognised six other prisoners detained for political causes. Thus, then, at the moment when I was preparing for a solitude more lonely than the past, I found myself in a sort of new world, and was occasionally able to exchange words and signs of civility, compassion, and friendship.

The month of October brought round a most cruel anniversary. The 13th of that month completed the first year of my imprisonment. Many recollections equally sad tormented me during this month. Two years before, also in October, a particular friend whom I greatly esteemed, had been unfortunately drowned in the Ticino. Six years before, still in October, Odoardo Briche, a youth whom I loved as if he had been my son, had shot himself by accident. In my early youth, still in an October, another heavy affliction had occurred to me. Although I am not superstitious, so fatal a concurrence of bitter recollections all centering in this unhappy month weighed upon and greatly depressed my spirits.

I attempted to compose verses, or to follow some other literary bent, but an irresistible power seemed to force me into another channel. Into what? Into writing long letters, which I could not send—long letters to my beloved family, in which I poured out my whole heart. I wrote them on the table, and then obliterated them. They were the warm expressions of my tender recollections of the felicity I had enjoyed with my affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters. The love which drew me to them inspired me with an inexhaustible flow of impassioned sentiments.

These recreations at length affected my mind, and in

my dreams, or rather in my delirium, I saw my father, my mother, or some other of those whom I loved, lamenting my unhappy lot. I heard their distressing sobs, and when I was suddenly awakened, frequently found myself also sobbing and affrighted.

Occasionally during these short hallucinations I could hear my mother consoling the others; see her coming with them into my prison, and addressing to me solemn exhortations to resignation; and at the moment that I was rejoicing at her fortitude, and that of the others, she burst into tears, and they all wept together. No one can conceive how at such times my heart was lacerated.

At night my imagination sometimes became excited to such a pitch that I seemed to hear, although wide awake, groans and stifled laughter in my room. In my infancy I had never believed in witchcraft or in ghosts, and yet now these groans and sounds terrified me, and I could not explain the cause. I was forced to doubt whether I were not the sport of some mysterious and malevolent power.

I often took the light with a trembling hand, and looked under the bed to see if no one were concealed there; and it frequently occurred to me that I had been removed to this chamber because it had a trap-door, or some hole in the wall, by which my keepers saw all that I did, and diverted themselves by frightening me.

Seated at my table, it sometimes seemed to me that I was pulled by the coat, at one moment that a hidden hand pushed away my book, until I saw it falling on the ground; at another, that some one came behind me to blow out the candle. Then I suddenly started to my feet, stared around me, trod with apprehension, and asked myself if I were mad, or in my proper senses.

I know how absurd such aberrations of the mind appear to others, but to me, who have experienced them, they were so hurtful that I yet shudder at them, and can deeply sympathise with those who are afflicted with them.

In the morning they always vanished, and so long as the light of day lasted, I felt my mind so braced against these terrors that I thought it impossible they should again pursue me. But when the sun set, and the darkness of night again returned, I recommenced my trembling, and each night brought back the extravagant and fearful phantoms of its predecessors.

One morning after breakfast I was seized with diarrhoea and vomitings. I thought I was poisoned, but it was only an effort of nature. After the attack had passed off, I found myself well, and the illusions that had haunted me disappeared.

On the 24th of November, Dr Foresti was removed from the prisons of the Leads, and taken I knew not whither. The gaoler, his wife, and the *secondini* were in terror, but none of them would explain the reason of his removal to me for some time. At length one of them told me that poor Foresti had been taken to a criminal prison, but that was all the information I could obtain. The reader may imagine the agitation and uncertainty into which this intelligence threw me.

This uncertainty lasted a month. At length the sentences of a number of persons were made public, but no names were as yet mentioned. Nine were condemned to death, but their sentence would perhaps be commuted into imprisonment for twenty years; others were to be imprisoned for fifteen and some for ten years at the least. Was I among the number who had been condemned to death? If the term of my existence is determined, thought I, am I not more happy that it comes in a manner to allow me time to collect myself, and to purify my heart by repentance? According to the vulgar, the gibbet is of all modes of death the worst. But, in the opinion of many, this death is preferable to many others which ensue after long disease, in which the intellect is debilitated, and the mind has not force to cast aside trivial thoughts.

The justness of this reasoning was so firmly fixed in my mind that the horror of death, and of this mode of death,

was entirely overcome. I meditated deeply on the sacraments, for which all the strength of my mind was required at this solemn moment, and I thought myself in a state to receive them in a beneficial manner. The dignity and peace of mind, the placid forgiveness for those who hated me, the joy of sacrificing my life to the will of God, all which I seemed now to feel—could I have preserved them if I had been led forth to the last punishment? Alas! how many contradictions in man! Alas! when he appears the most sanctified and firm, an instant can precipitate him into weakness and crime! God only knows whether I was then fit for death: I have not confidence in myself to affirm it. I had attained a degree of firmness, as I thought, which would overcome the pang of dissolution, when one evening, seated at my table studying, quite chilled with cold, some voices near me exclaimed, in frightened and agitated tones, "Fire! fire! we are lost!"

The chillness quitted me in a moment. I sprang to my feet in a sudden perspiration, and looked all round to see where the flames were: they were not to be seen.

The fire was, however, in the palace, in some offices adjoining the prisons. One of the *secondini* shouted out: "But, master, what are we to do with the prisoners if the fire advances?"

The gaoler answered: "I haven't the heart to let them be roasted. However, we cannot open the prison without the consent of the governors. Go, then, I say; run as quick as you can to ask for leave."

"I will run, master; I will run; but the answer will not come in time, recollect!"

And where, then, was that heroic resignation that I believed myself so sure of possessing whilst thinking on death? Why did the idea of being burned alive put me in a fever? As if there were more pleasure in being suffocated by the throat than consumed by fire. As this reflection rose in my mind, I was ashamed at my terror. I was about to cry to the gaoler to open the door for the

love of God, but I checked myself; nevertheless I was in extreme fear.

After a prolonged excitement, the noises subsided, and I doubted not that the fire had been extinguished. The following morning I learned from one of the gaolers the particulars of the fire, and I laughed at the terror it had excited in him, as if mine had not equalled, perhaps surpassed his.

On the 11th of February 1822, about nine o'clock in the morning, I was informed that I was to be immediately removed to a prison in the island of St Michael of Murano, not far from Venice; but for what purpose was not mentioned. Shortly after, the gaoler entered, accompanied by the *secondini* and a man whom I had never seen before. The gaoler appeared confused, and the newcomer spoke first—"Signor, the commissioner orders you to follow me."

"I am ready," I answered; "and you, who are you?"

"I am keeper of the prison of St Michael, to which you are about to be transferred."

The gaoler of the Leads handed over to the latter all my property which he had in his hands. I asked and obtained permission to make some present to the *secondini*; I put my clothes in order, took the Bible under my arm, and departed.

We went out at a door which opened on the canal, where a gondola, with two *secondini* of the new gaoler, awaited us. I entered the gondola, a prey to a thousand tumultuous feelings. On the whole, I felt happy at finding myself in the open air, after so long a seclusion—at sight of the sky, the waters, and the city, without the sad intervention of close bars—at the remembrance of the gondola which in a more happy time bore me joyously on this same canal, of the gondolas of the Lake of Como, of the Lake Maggiore, of the light barks of the Po, the Rhone, and the Saone! O smiling years, for ever gone! Who in the world had enjoyed a happiness equal to mine?

In the midst of these reflections I arrived at St

Michael, where they shut me up in a room which looked upon a court, upon the canal, and the beautiful island of Murano. I sought intelligence respecting Maroncelli from the gaoler, his wife, and the four *secondini*; but they, evidently full of distrust, would tell me nothing.

I lived in ignorance of my fate till the 21st of the month. On that day the gaoler came about ten o'clock in the morning, led me into the hall of the commission, and retired. I found there the president, the inquisitor, and the two assessors, who all rose from their seats as I entered.

The president, with a tone of dignified, evidently sincere, commiseration, told me that my sentence had arrived; that it was a terrible one, but that the emperor had already mitigated it.

The inquisitor read this sentence: "Condemned to death." Then he read the imperial rescript: "The penalty is commuted to fifteen years of imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg."

I replied in a calm and respectful tone, "God's will be done!"

I had, in truth, the disposition to receive like a Christian this terrible announcement, and neither to exhibit nor to cherish resentment against any one. The president commended my moderation, and counselled me always to preserve it, adding that, at the end of two or three years, this resignation would perhaps render me worthy of a greater favour.

The other judges also addressed me with words of consolation and hope.

"To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "we shall have the disagreeable duty of announcing the sentence to you in public, but it is an indispensable formality."

"Be it so," I replied.

"From this moment," he resumed, "you will be allowed the society of your friend."

The gaoler having been called, they consigned me into his hands, and ordered him to put me with Maroncelli.

How sweet a moment was that, for my friend and

myself, in which we saw each other again, after a separation of a year and three months, after so many afflictions! The ecstasies of friendship made us almost forget our condemnation for the moment.

I soon tore myself, however, from the arms of Maroncelli, in order to write to my father. I ardently desired that the news of my unhappy fate should reach my family through me, rather than through others, in order that the grief of those beloved hearts should be mitigated by the dignified calmness of my language. The judges promised to forward my letter without delay.

We then related, by turns, our prison adventures to each other; and then going to the window, we saluted three of our friends who were at theirs. They were Canova and Rezia, who were together each condemned to imprisonment—the first to six years and the second to three. The third was the doctor Cesare Arimari, who for a short time had been my neighbour in the Leads. No judgment had been pronounced against him, and he was ere long set at liberty.

We conversed together until late in the evening; it was for both an agreeable distraction. But when in bed, the light extinguished, and silence established, I felt it impossible to sleep. My brain was on fire, and my heart bled on thinking of my family. Could my poor old parents bear up against so great a misfortune? Would their other sons be able to console them? They were all as much beloved as myself, and more worthy to be so; but do parents ever find in the children who are spared to them a compensation for those who are lost?

At nine the following morning, Maroncelli and I were made to enter a gondola, to be conducted into the city. The gondola stopped at the palace of the doge, and we ascended to the prisons. We were put into the chamber which Signor Caporali had occupied a few days before. I am ignorant of his fate. Nine or ten officers were seated there to guard us, and we walked about, waiting for the moment when we had to appear in the Piazza. It was already noon when the inquisitor came

to announce that we had to proceed. Doctor Dosmo, the physician, came also, and recommended us to drink a glass of mint-water; we followed his advice, and were grateful to him, not so much for this attention as for the profound pity the good old man testified for us. The head officer afterwards appeared, and put manacles on us. We followed him, accompanied by the other officers.

Walking between two rows of Austrian soldiers, we arrived at the scaffold, and then looking around us, saw in the immense crowd nothing but expressions of terror. In the distance were other soldiers, drawn up at various points. We were told that cannons were fixed, with the matches ready lighted. The commander ordered us to turn towards the palace, and raise our eyes. We obeyed, and saw an official of the court upon the terrace holding a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it aloud.

There was a profound silence until he came to the doom, "*Condemned to death!*" Then arose a general murmur of compassion. Silence was restored to hear the rest, and a new murmur greeted these words: "*Condemned to close imprisonment; Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*"

The captain made us a sign to descend; we did so, after casting another glance around us. We returned to the palace, remounted the staircase, and again entered the chamber from which we had been taken. Having removed the manacles, he then conducted us back to St Michael.

Those who had been condemned before us had already departed for Lubiana or Spielberg, under the charge of a commissary of police. They now waited the return of this same commissary, he being also entrusted with the duty of conveying us to our destination. He did not return for a month.

When he arrived and visited us, he said,

"I have the pleasure of being able to afford you some consolation. In returning from Spielberg, I saw his

imperial majesty the emperor at Vienna, who told me that your days of imprisonment should be twelve hours long, and not twenty-four. It is a mode of intimating to you that the punishment is reduced one-half."

Although the intelligence was never officially confirmed to us, there is no doubt that the commissary spoke truly, more especially as he did not communicate it in secret, but with the consent of the commission. And yet I could not rejoice at it. To my mind seven years and a half in irons were not much less horrible than fifteen. It seemed to me impossible that I could live so long. My health had become affected. I suffered much in the chest, attended with severe coughing, and I thought my lungs attacked. My appetite was such that I ate very little, and that little was not easily digested.

Our departure from Venice took place on the 25th of March. An officer fastened us together by chains, passing transversely from the right hand to the left foot, so as to render flight impossible. We then entered a gondola, and the guards led us towards Fusina.

At Fusina we found two carriages ready. Rezia and Canova got into one, Maroncelli and I into another. In the first sat the commissary, and in the second a sub-commissary, each with two prisoners. Six or seven police guards, armed with sabres and muskets, some behind the carriages, others on the drivers' seats, completed the convoy.

Being forced to quit one's country is always a cruel calamity; but to quit it in chains, and to be carried to a detestable climate, there to linger for years, surrounded by gaolers, is a misfortune so dreadful that I have not words to describe it.

Before passing the Alps, my country became every hour more dear to me, from the sympathy which the persons we met everywhere expressed for us. We were looked for in every town, village, and even solitary hamlet, as our condemnation had been known for several weeks. In some places the commissary and the guards

could with difficulty remove the crowd which surrounded us. The interest which was manifested on our account was surprising.

In travelling through Austria the same compassion followed us, and the consolation which I derived from these marks of kindness, diminished my resentment against those whom I deemed my enemies. On the 10th April we arrived at our destination.

The town of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, and the residence of the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia. It is situated in a fertile valley, and has the appearance of being opulent. Several cloth manufactories were then in a state of prosperity, which are since fallen into decay. The population was about 30,000. Near its walls, on the west, stands a hill, on which is erected that terrible fortress of Spielberg, formerly the palace of the lords of Moravia, and at present the most rigorous place of imprisonment in the Austrian dominions. The citadel was of great strength, but the French bombarded and took it at the time of the famous battle of Ansterlitz (the village of Ansterlitz is at a short distance). Since then it has not been restored so as to serve as a citadel, but a part of the outer wall, which was thrown down, had been rebuilt. About three hundred condemned persons, chiefly robbers and murderers, are detained there; some subjected to hard labour (*carcere duro*), others to the hardest labour (*carcere durissimo*).

The *carcere duro* consists in being obliged to work with chains on your ankles, to sleep upon naked boards, and to be fed upon the coarsest possible food. The *carcere durissimo* consists in being chained in a manner yet more horrible, with an iron girdle round the loins, fastened to a chain fixed in the wall, scarcely allowing the wretched captive to reach the plank which serves for a bed. The food is the same, although the law prescribes *bread and water*. Our party, as prisoners of state, were condemned to the *carcere duro*.

On reaching the summit of the hill, we turned our eyes behind, to bid adieu to the world, ignorant whether

the gulf which was about to swallow us alive would ever open again to let us escape. Outwardly I appeared calm, but within me raged a tempest. I looked in vain for aid from philosophy; neither philosophy nor reason could give me any consolation.

We were delivered into the hands of the superintendent of the fortress, who inscribed our names in the prison records. On quitting us, the imperial commissary embraced us with affection.

"I recommend you to conform strictly to the discipline," said he to us; "the least infraction will be severely punished." The ceremony of delivery being completed, they conducted Maroncelli and me into a subterranean corridor, in which two dark cells were open for us, at a distance from each other. We were then locked up and left.

How bitter it was, after having bid adieu to so many objects of affection, and when there were only two of us, companions in misfortune, how it increased our sorrow to be separated from each other! Maroncelli, on quitting me, saw me ill, and wept for me as a friend whom, without doubt, he should never behold again. I wept for him, blooming in the vigour of health. Torn, perhaps for ever, from the gladsome light of the sun, and like a beautiful flower cast into darkness, how has he drooped and faded! True, he again saw the light, but alas, in what a state!

When I found myself alone in this miserable cell, and heard the bolts drawn—when, by the feeble light which fell from a narrow window above, I perceived the naked plank on which I was to sleep, and an enormous chain fixed to the wall—I seated myself shuddering on the bed, and taking up the chain, measured its length, thinking it destined for me.

After half an hour had elapsed I heard the door open. A gaoler, whose name I afterwards found to be Schiller, entered, bringing a pitcher of water for me. He was an old man, and he seemed to feel some compassion for my fate.

In this horrible dungeon I soon became very seriously ill, which being perceived by the superintendent of the prison in his daily visits of inspection, Dr Bayer, the physician of the establishment, was requested to see me, and report on my case. He found me in a fever, ordered me a straw pallet, and insisted upon my being removed from this subterranean vault to the floor above. They could not, as there was no room. But a report upon the subject having been made to the Count Mitrovski, governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, who resided at Brünn, he replied that, in consequence of the severity of the illness, the orders of the doctor should be immediately carried out.

Into the chamber which they gave me, a little daylight penetrated; and, creeping to the bars of the narrow window, I could see the valley which the fortress commanded, part of the town of Brünn, a suburb with a multitude of small gardens, the necropolis, the small lake of the charter-house, and the wooded hills which separated us from the celebrated field of Austerlitz. This view delighted me. O how I should have rejoiced to share it with Maroncelli!

In the meantime our prison dresses were being got ready, and at the end of five days they brought me mine. These were a pair of pantaloons of rough cloth, the right side grey, and the left side a brown colour; a close coat of two colours disposed in the same manner; a vest similarly variegated, with the slight difference of the grey colour being to the left, and the brown to the right. The stockings were of thick wool, the shirt of the coarsest linen, stinging to the skin like a haircloth; and for the neck, was a cravat of the same stuff as the shirt. A pair of laced half-boots of untanned leather, and a white hat, completed the costume.

This livery was accompanied by irons to the feet—that is to say, a chain that extended from one leg to the other, the rings of which were fastened by nails riveted upon an anvil. A few minutes after the blacksmith had affixed them to me, I heard the hammer upon the anvil

sounding from below—doubtless they were riveting the irons on poor Maroncelli.

From the window of my new cell I found that I could converse with the prisoner in an adjoining apartment, the Count Antonio Oroboni. This intercourse was frequently interrupted by the sentinels; but by habituating ourselves to speak in whispers, and at certain intervals, we contrived in a great measure to elude the vigilance of our guards. We thus became warm friends. Oroboni narrated to me his life, and I mine to him; the sorrows and consolations of the one became the sorrows and consolations of the other. What a comfort we felt in being near each other! Often after a sleepless night, did each of us feel his sadness alleviated, and his courage fortified, by our morning salutation and interchange of words! We became indispensable to one another, and this persuasion incited us to an emulation in amiability, and produced that noble feeling which a man experiences, even in distress, when he can gladden the heart of a fellow-being.

The physician perceiving that none of us could eat the food which was given to us during the first days, put us on a diet which was called "a quarter portion"—that is to say, hospital regimen. It consisted of three very small plates of soup each day, a very little bit of roast lamb, and about three ounces of white bread. As my health grew stronger every day, my appetite also increased, and I soon felt this "quarter" by far too little. I tried to return to the allowance given to those who were in health, but I made nothing by the attempt; it disgusted me so effectually that I could not eat it. I was driven back to the "quarter." For more than a year I experienced what the pangs of hunger were. Many of our companions suffered these pangs yet more violently; for, being more robust than I, they were accustomed to a more ample nourishment. I know several of them accepted bread from Schiller, who, though he had a rough exterior, really possessed a kind heart.

Several times this good man brought me boiled meat,

begging me to eat it, and assuring me it cost him nothing—that it was left from his own dinner, that he could do nothing with it except to give it to others, if I would not take it. I would willingly have accepted it; but I thought that, if I took it, Schiller would desire to bring me something every day.

Twice only I yielded. One day he brought me a plate of cherries, and another some pears. The sight of these dainties was irresistible. But I repented of having accepted them, because after that he never ceased bringing me fruit of some kind or other.

From the first period of our confinement, it had been established that each of us should have twice a week an hour's walking. Afterwards this consolation was extended to us every other day, and at last every day, except on festivals.

We each went separately to the promenade between two armed guards. As I lodged at the extremity of the corridor, I passed, in going out, the cells of all the Italian political prisoners, except Maroncelli, who alone was confined beneath.

"A pleasant walk!" murmured each through the loophole of his door, but I was not permitted to exchange salutations with any one. We descended the staircase, and traversed a court which led us to a terrace with a southern aspect, whence we could see the town of Brinn, and a considerable part of the surrounding country.

In the court of which I speak there were always a great number of ordinary criminals, who went and came from their work, or walked about conversing. Among them were several Italian robbers, who saluted me with much respect, saying amongst themselves, "This is not a rogue like us, and yet his punishment is more severe than ours." They had in fact much more liberty than I. These words and many others I heard, and I cordially returned their salutation.

The constraint of the irons at the feet, by preventing sleep, continued to injure my health. Schiller wished me to remonstrate, maintaining that it was the duty of

the physician to cause their removal. For some time I did not follow his advice; but at last I yielded, and I begged the physician that he would order me to be relieved of the chain, at least for a few days, so that I might procure a little sleep. He replied that the fever had not yet arrived to such a height that he could grant my request, and that it was necessary I should accustom myself to the irons. I was angry with myself for having made the request.

I was still able, however, to take my usual walk, and one morning, on returning from my promenade, I observed that the door of Oroboni's cell was open. Schiller, who was within, had not heard me coming. My guards advanced quickly to close the door, but I got before them, sprang into the room, and was instantly in the arms of Oroboni.

Schiller stood in astonishment; he raised his finger in a menacing attitude, but his eyes were filled with tears, and with sobs he cried, "O my God! show mercy to these poor young men, and to me, and to all the unfortunates who have been wretched on this earth!"

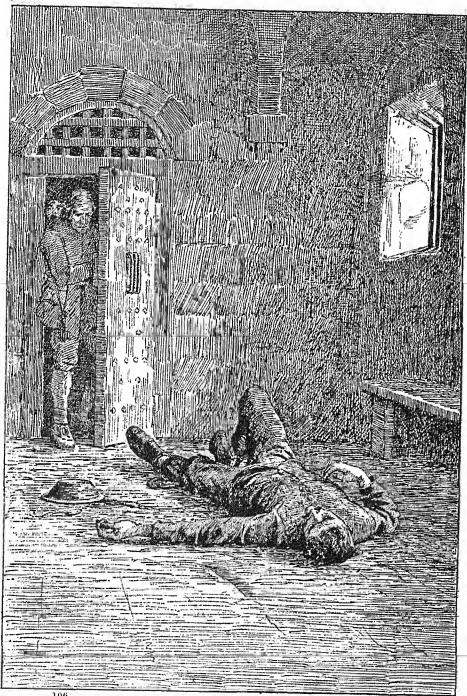
The two guards wept also. The sentinel in the corridor, attracted from his post, was also in tears. Oroboni said, "Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the happiest days of my life!" I was too much overcome with joy and emotion to be able to reply.

When Schiller urged us to part, alleging the necessity of obedience, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears, and faltered out, "Shall we never see each other again in this world?"

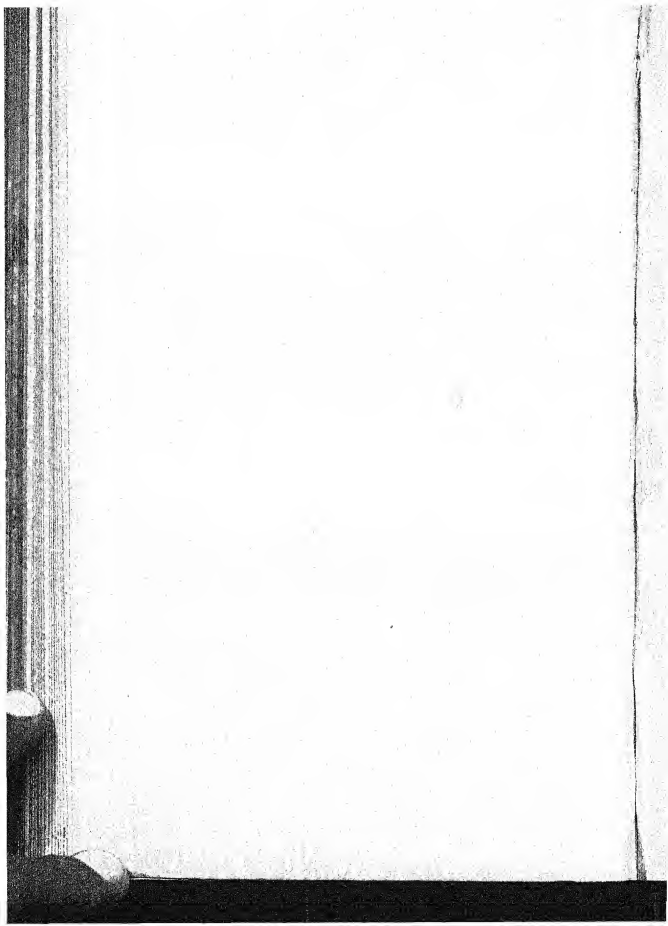
We did not see each other again. Some months after his cell was vacant, and Oroboni slept in the cemetery which lay before my window.

I was able to move about up till the 11th January 1823. On that morning I arose with a slight headache, and a disposition to faint; my limbs trembled, and I could scarcely draw breath.

Oroboni also, for the last two or three days, had been ill, and did not rise.



"I FELL PROSTRATE, COMPLETELY DEPRIVED OF SENSATION."



They brought me the soup: I scarcely took a spoonful when I fell prostrate, completely deprived of sensation. The sentinel looked by chance through the wicket of the door a few minutes after, and seeing me extended on the floor, with the pot lying near me overturned, concluded that I was dead, and called Schiller.

The superintendent and the physician were likewise called, and I was put to bed. It was with difficulty I recovered. The physician declared my life in danger, and caused my chains to be removed. He ordered me some strong cordial, but my stomach could retain nothing. The headache grew to an intolerable height. A report to the governor was immediately made as to my condition, and a courier was despatched to Vienna, to know how I should be treated. He was ordered in reply not to send me to the infirmary, but to have me attended to in the prison with the same care as if I had been in the infirmary. Further, the superintendent was authorised to furnish me with soups and delicacies from his own kitchen, as long as the illness should remain serious.

This last precaution was quite useless to me at first. Neither meat nor drink passed my lips. For a whole week I became worse and worse—was delirious day and night.

Kral and Kubitzky were appointed as my attendants, and served me with affection. Each time that I recovered a little consciousness, Kral repeated to me, "Have confidence in God, sir; God alone is good."

"Pray to Him for me," said I to him; "not that He will cure me, but that my misfortunes and my death may be received in expiation of my sins."

He suggested that I should call for the sacraments.

"If I have not demanded them already," I answered, "attribute it to the weakness of my head, but it will be a great consolation for me to receive them."

He reported my words to the superintendent, who brought the chaplain of the prison. This priest, whose name was Sturm, was a most excellent man. The re-

flections which he made to me upon the justice of God, the injustice of mankind, the duty of forgiveness, the vanity of the world, were not mere commonplace platitudes; they bore the stamp of a high and cultivated intellect, and of a lively sentiment of the love due to God and our neighbour.

The effort which I was called upon to make in receiving the sacraments seemed at first to exhaust the slight remains of life, but it afterwards served to assist me, by lulling me into a quiet sleep, which procured some hours of repose.

I awoke a little relieved, and, seeing Kral and Schiller near me, I took their hands in mine, and thanked them for all their care.

Towards the end of the second week, a crisis occurred in the malady, and all danger rapidly disappeared.

I was about to rise one morning, when my door opened, and the superintendent, Schiller, and the physician entered with smiling countenances. The first of them ran to me and said :

"We have received permission to give you Maroncelli for a companion, and to allow you to write to your parents." Maroncelli was then conducted into my apartment.

Oh, what a moment was that! as we embraced each other. "Thou yet livest, my friend, my brother!" we each exclaimed. "How happy a day we have been reserved to see! Praise be to God!"

But our joy, great as it was, was soon damped by mutual compassion. Maroncelli was of necessity less struck at finding me so wasted, having learned how ill I had been. But I, with all my knowledge of what he had undergone, could not have imagined so great a difference from what he was before—I scarcely recognised him. His beautiful countenance, so radiant with health, was withered by grief, hunger, and the bad air of his gloomy prison.

However, it was a source of consolation to be in each other's company, and to be assured we should not again

be separated. It was likewise consolatory to be able to write to my parents, which I now did, the letters being duly forwarded.

The dispositions of Maroncelli and myself harmonised perfectly together. The courage of the one sustained the courage of the other. If either of us was seized with melancholy, or excited to anger by the hardships of our condition, the other restored his friend's equanimity by some pleasantries or appropriate reasonings. Smiles generally tempered our sorrows.

As long as we had books, though we had read them often enough to know them by heart, we possessed an agreeable means of mental cultivation, because they were a perpetual incitement to fresh examinations, comparisons, criticisms, and corrections. We read, or meditated in silence, a great part of the day, and gave to conversation the times of dinner and exercise, and all the evening.

Maroncelli, in his dungeon, had written a great many verses of much beauty. He repeated them to me, and composed others; while I also wrote some which I recited to him, and our memories were exercised in retaining all this. We acquired by these means a wonderful facility in the composition, from memory, of long poems, a power of polishing and improving them at repeated intervals, and of bringing them almost to as high a state of perfection as we could have done by writing them. Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, and delivered to memory, several thousands of lyric and epic verses. As for me, I composed the tragedy of *Leoniero da Dertona*, and various other pieces.

At the commencement of 1824, a number of additional prisoners were brought to Spielberg, among whom were some of our unfortunate acquaintances; and the rigours of our confinement were increased during the next four years.

We were refused the use of our books, which the governor had granted provisionally on his own responsibility. The prison became for us a real tomb, in which,

however, we were not allowed even the tranquillity of the tomb. Each month, on an indeterminate day, the director of the police, accompanied by a lieutenant and his guards, came to make a close inspection. They stripped us naked, examined all the seams of our clothes, and, in the fear that any paper or other thing was concealed therein, they opened and examined our mattresses. Although it was impossible they could find anything hidden with us, these visits, made in so unfriendly a manner, so suddenly, and so frequently, irritated me to a great extent, and always threw me into a fever.

The preceding years had appeared to me so sad, and *now* I looked back with regret upon those years, as on a time of enjoyment!

By making the punishment commence, not from the date of my arrest, but from that of my condemnation, the seven years and a half finished in 1829, in the first days of July, if they were dated from the signature of the emperor, or on the 22d of August, if dated from the publication of the sentence. But this term passed like the others, and all hope was extinguished.

Up to that time Maroncelli and I imagined that it might yet be possible we should once more see the world, our beloved Italy, and our relations; and it was for us at all times a subject of conversation replete with interest, emotion, and love.

But when August passed, then September, then the whole year, we began to hope for nothing more on this earth than the unvarying continuance of our mutual friendship, and the aid of God to perform worthily what remained to accomplish of our long sacrifice.

Ah! friendship and religion are two inestimable benefits! They delight even the hours of prisoners for whom all hope of mercy has expired. God is indeed ever with the unfortunate—with the unfortunate who love Him!

The 1st day of August 1830 appeared. It was now nearly ten years since I had lost my liberty, and eight and a half since I had been subjected to the *carcere duro*.

It was a Sunday. We went, as on other holidays, to

the usual enclosure, and looked again, from the low wall running round it, upon the valley and the graveyard in which Oroboni and Villa lay, talking to each other of the repose which our bones would one day find in the same place.

On returning from the chapel, and when preparing to eat our wretched dinner, the sub-intendant entered the cell.

"I am sorry to have to disturb you at your dinner," said he, "but have the goodness to follow me; the director of the police is here."

As this latter officer never came but for disagreeable purposes, such as searches or inquiries, we followed the sub-intendant, in very bad humour, to the audience room.

We found there the director of police and the superintendent; the former moved to us more graciously than usual.

He took a paper in his hand, and, in a hesitating manner, as if he were afraid of producing upon us too great a surprise by a more rapid delivery, said to us:

"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure—I have the honour—to inform you—that his majesty the emperor—has performed another act of mercy——"

And he hesitated to inform us in what the mercy consisted. We thought that it referred to some mitigation of our punishment, such as reducing the severity of our labour, permitting us the use of books, or granting us less disgusting food.

"Do you not understand?" added the director.

"No, sir; have the goodness to explain to us what sort of mercy is meant."

"It is liberty for you both, and for a third, whom you are about to embrace."

Apparently our joy should have broken forth in loud jubilation. But our thoughts immediately ran upon our parents, of whom we had not heard for so long a time. Should we find them still alive! This doubt occurred to us in such force, that it certainly destroyed

the pleasure the news of our freedom should have given us.

"You remain mute," said the police director. "I expected to have seen you overwhelmed with joy."

"I beseech you," I replied, "to be good enough to transmit our gratitude to the emperor. But if no account is given us of our families, we fear that some very dear individuals are now lost to us. This uncertainty overpowers us, even in the moment which should be that of supreme joy."

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which consoled him. He told me there was none from my family, and that confirmed the fear that some misfortune had occurred.

"Return to your chamber," resumed the director, "and before long I will show you the other prisoner who has also received pardon."

We retired, and waited for this third person with anxiety. We would have taken with us all the others, but there could only be one. Might it be poor Munari? or such a one? or such another? It was not one of those for whom we offered our prayers. At last the door opened, and we saw that the companion of our good fortune was the Signor Andrea Tonelli da Brescia. We embraced. We could eat no dinner, but conversed until the evening, compassionating the lot of those dear friends who remained behind us.

At nightfall the director of police returned to take us from this place of misfortune. Our hearts were touched as we passed before the cells of so many dear friends, without being able to take them with us! Who knows how long they must still linger there! How many of them would become the slow victims of death!

They cast on the shoulders of each of us a soldier's greatcoat, and a cap on our heads; and, when we descended that fatal hill, we were conducted into the city to the prison of the police. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The streets, houses, and persons whom we met, all appeared to me so strange and pleasant, after the

many years I had passed without beholding a similar scene!

We waited in the prison of the police for an imperial commissary, who was to come from Vienna to convey us to the frontier. In the meantime, as our own had been sold, we provided ourselves with a supply of linen and clothes, and laid aside the prison livery.

At the end of five days the commissary arrived, and the director of police delivered us into his hands. He handed over to him at the same time the money that we had brought to Spielberg, and that which resulted from the sale of our portmanteaus and books, all of which was restored to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was defrayed by the emperor, and nothing was grudged. I was far from well, and when we arrived at Vienna I was in a fever. For eight days I was under medical treatment, but at length I recovered. Being now comparatively well, I was anxious to depart, the more especially as the news of the *three days* of Paris had just reached us.

The emperor had signed the decree for our liberty the very day on which the revolution broke out. He assuredly would not now revoke it; but it was very probable that as the situation was becoming critical for all Europe, and as popular movements were feared also in Italy, Austria would not at such a time allow us to return to our country. We felt assured they would not take us back to Spielberg, but we were afraid it might be recommended to the emperor to consign us to some town of the empire far removed from the peninsula.

At last we left Vienna, and I was able to get as far as Bruck. There I again became ill, but at the end of two days I insisted upon resuming the journey. We traversed Austria and Styria, and reached Carinthia without accident; but when we arrived at a village called Feldkirchen, a short distance from Klagenfurt, a counter order was received by our guard. We were commanded to remain at this place until further directions.

It will easily be imagined how disagreeable this event

was to us. I had, in addition, the unpleasant reflection of being the cause of so great a calamity to my two companions. My recurring illness was the reason they were debarred from returning to their country. We remained five days at Feldkirchen, and during that time the commissary did all in his power to amuse us. There was a small theatre, occupied by a company of poor players, and he took us to it. Another day he procured for us the diversion of a hunt. Our host, and several young people of the country, with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the hunters, and we, placed in a favourable position, enjoyed the sport as spectators.

At length a courier arrived from Vienna, with orders for the commissary to conduct us to our destination. This good news filled me and my companions with joy; but at the same time I trembled to see approaching the dreaded hour—the hour which would unfold to me the awful fact that I had no longer either father or mother, nor several other connections, I knew not how many! Thus my melancholy increased as we advanced towards Italy.

From this side the approach to Italy is not agreeable, and the sterile aspect of the country contributed to increase my sadness. To see again our own blue sky, to meet human faces having no longer the northern expression, to hear on all lips the words of our native language, affected me much; but the emotion produced sadness rather than pleasure. How often I covered my face with my hands, feigning to sleep, but shedding tears! How many nights I passed unable to close an eye, and burning with fever, sometimes bestowing the most impassioned benedictions upon my sweet Italy, and thanking Heaven for having restored me to it; at others, tormenting myself with the absence of intelligence concerning my family, and conjuring up imaginary misfortunes; sometimes in reflecting that I should shortly have to separate, perhaps for ever, from a friend who had passed through so many sufferings with me, and had given me so strong proofs of a fraternal affection!

At Mantua it was necessary to bid farewell to Maroncelli, for here we were to separate. At Brescia I left behind my other companion in misfortune, Andrea Tonelli. Two days after, on the 9th of September, I arrived at Milan, where I was detained for several days, and then set out for Piedmont, in charge of a brigadier of gendarmerie.

The state of my feelings may be judged on once more finding myself on the Piedmontese soil. Ah! much as I love all nations, God knows that Italy is dearest to me! And much as I dote upon Italy, God knows how infinitely sweeter to me than the name of every other country in Italy is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

Yet I was still not free. The brigadier, leaving me, handed me over to a guard of Piedmontese carabinieri. After a short delay, a gentleman appeared, who begged me to permit him to accompany me to Novara. He had missed another opportunity, and now there was no carriage but mine. He seemed greatly obliged by my allowing him to take advantage of it.

This disguised carabinier was of a jovial turn, and kept me good company as far as Novara. When we arrived at that town, pretending to conduct me to a hotel, he directed the carriage to the barracks of the carabinieri, and there I was told there was a bed for me in the apartment of a brigadier, where I was to wait for higher orders.

Expecting to resume my journey on the following day, I went to bed, and, after conversing a moment with my host, I sank into a profound sleep. I had not slept so well for a long time. I awoke towards morning and immediately arose. The hours seemed very long indeed; I breakfasted, chatted, walked about the room and on the terrace, and cast a look on my host's books. At last I received a letter from my father.

O what joy to see again those much-loved characters! What joy to learn that my mother, my dearest mother, still lived!—that my two brothers and my eldest sister

were also still alive! Alas! the youngest, Marietta, who had entered a convent, as I had clandestinely learned in prison, had ceased to exist nine months ago! It is sweet to think that I owe my liberty to those who loved me, who never ceased to intercede for me.

Several days passed without the necessary permission to leave Novara having arrived. At length, on the morning of the 16th September, this important document was at last given me, and then I was freed from the supervision of the carabinieri. Oh! how many years it was since I had been able to go where I pleased, without being attended by guards!

I obtained some money, received the greetings of a few acquaintances of my father, who came to visit and congratulate me, and about three in the afternoon I departed. I had as companions on the journey a lady, a merchant, a sculptor, and two young painters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. We passed the night at Vercelli. The glorious morning of the 17th of September came. We continued our journey, and reached Turin in the evening.

Who, who could describe the emotion of my heart, of the hearts of those so dear to me, when I beheld and embraced my father, my mother, my brothers! My sister, my dear Josephine, was not present, as her duties detained her at Chieri; but, at the first news of my return, she hastened home to pass a few days in the bosom of the family. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was, I am, the most enviable of mortals!

After being set at liberty, Silvio Pellico lived for some time at home. He afterwards became secretary and librarian to the Marchioness of Barolo in Turin, in whose house he died in 1854. The narrative of his captivity, which appeared in 1831, became immensely popular, and was translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. It produced two important effects: it incited the Austrian Government to considerably reform their intolerable

prison discipline ; and it fixed the attention of Europe on the miserable condition of Italy, personified, as it were, in the prisoner of Spielberg. Silvio Pellico did not suffer his captivity and exile in vain ; the clank of his chains served to loosen those of his country.

CAPTIVITY OF M. ARAGO IN ALGERIA.*

THE captivity of this illustrious philosopher was one of the incidents—and not one of the least interesting—of the dispute between France and Algiers, which broke out in 1808.

Napoleon—"the Great"—had despatched this modern representative of French science to Barcelona, to continue, up to that point, the measurement of the arc of the meridian already determined by Messieurs Méchain and Delambre from Dunkirk to Perpignan. M. Arago had laid down his plans, and completed his mission. He had embarked on his return to France, when, in sight of Rosas, his vessel was surprised by an Algerine rover, and captured, despite the brave and vigorous resistance of the crew.

Arriving in that land—where he thus preceded the generation which has conquered (but not colonised) it—M. Arago was subjected to incredible acts of brutality by his ferocious captors, who, notwithstanding his sufferings, imposed upon him forced marches in conducting him to his destination. He was thrown into irons, and the complaints which he made in his quality of a French citizen—for war had not been declared between Algiers and France—did but excite, for a long time, the derision of these robbers. But at length the French consul demanded his release with so much energy and decision.

* From "L'Algérie Pittoresque," by Clausolles.

that the Dey, who, moreover, piqued himself on being a man of letters, restored him his liberty.

Such is the incomplete and even inaccurate version of this curious episode in a philosopher's life which we find in almost all the biographies of M. Arago. We are happy to be able to supply in part the deficiencies, and correct the inaccuracies, by the following narrative, which we heard (says our authority) from his own lips. Nevertheless, one thing is wanting to the picture—that is, the charm, the brilliancy which the distinguished philosopher communicated to all he uttered, and which it is impossible for us to reproduce.

The death of Méchain having left incomplete the measurement of the arc of the meridian in Spain, the French government commissioned Messieurs Biot and Arago to bring to a conclusion the noble scientific enterprise. The triangulation destined to connect the coasts of Spain and the Balearic Islands was finished; the two astronomers had even already measured the latitude of Formentera, the southern extremity of the arc, and the "orientation" of one of the sides of the chain, when it was decided by the Board of Longitudes that the island of Majorca should be attached to Ivica and Formentera by a triangle slightly inclined from east to west.

These observations, which were entrusted to Arago alone, were almost finished; there remained only the measurement of the latitude of the loftiest mountain-crest in Majorca (the Puig de Galazo), when the insurrection of Palma, the chief town of that island, was provoked by the arrival of a special officer of the Emperor Napoleon's staff, M. Berthmy, who brought orders for the French squadron of Mahon to repair to Toulon.

Some days previously, M. Arago had been a witness in Majorca of the deplorable excesses in which the population indulged against any person suspected of favouring the party of Godoy, the infamous "Prince of the Peace." Amongst other scenes, he had beheld the conflagration of the carriages belonging to the bishop and to the

family of the finance minister Soler. But as soon as tidings arrived of the insurrection "de bouchirs" at Madrid, and the bloody reprisals exacted by the brave but ferocious Murat, the movement was suddenly and wholly directed against the French. Alas! how much had the Spanish suffered! how much had they to avenge!

M. Arago was then at the Puig de Galazo.

This mountain overhangs the shore where Don Jacques, *El Conquistador*—that is, the Conqueror—disembarked, on his expedition to recover the Balearic Islands from the Moors. No more was wanted to persuade the populace that the sole object of the fire-signals made by Arago every night was to direct the course of the French squadron instructed to seize upon the whole of the Archipelago.

The more enthusiastic insurgents resolved to seize the young philosopher at his lofty station, and make him their first victim.

M. Damian, the Majorcan steersman of the ship placed by the Spanish government at the disposal of the scientific commission, was, however, beforehand with them. He conveyed to M. Arago a complete suit of the national costume as a disguise, and warned him that he had not a moment to spare if he would preserve his life. Messieurs Arago and Damian met, indeed, upon their way, at the foot of the mountain, a band of furious zealots, who were rushing towards the Puig, and who demanded from them news of the cursed *gavacho* (spy?). Arago, who spoke the Majorcan dialect with great facility, advised them to make haste in their ascent of the mountain, as he knew from certain knowledge that the astronomer would descend and proceed towards the town by an unfrequented road.

It was through the midst of the excited population of Palma, swaying to and fro in the crowded streets, that M. Arago, guided by M. Damian, repaired to the harbour, and from thence embarked on board the vessel which hitherto had obeyed his slightest orders.

Don Manuel de Vacaro, its commander, raised difficulties upon difficulties as an excuse for not sailing to Barcelona, whither M. Arago desired to be transported. He even warned the young astronomer that his presence on board the ship could not long be concealed, and adding absurdity to cowardice, he offered him as a place of concealment, in the event of the populace boarding the ship, a chest, in which, by doubling his legs under him, Arago might possibly have deposited himself. It required no very great intelligence to understand what the loyal captain wished; and, accordingly, it was not long before he declared to M. Arago that his only chance of safety was to shelter himself in the castle-prison of Belver, at the entrance of the port.

The Captain-General Vivès sent, the same evening, the necessary passport. It was time! On the following morning, at an early hour, when Arago descended into the boat to remove to the prison, accompanied by the faithful Damian and two sailors, the mole was already covered with a crowd of desperados, who were bent upon seizing their prey the moment he disembarked. The zeal and courage of the sailors saved M. Arago, but he incurred the greatest dangers. Panting, and covered with sweat, after forcing his way through the surging crowd that surrounded him, he finally reached the gate of Belver Castle. One has often seen individuals run with headlong haste to escape *from* prison; M. Arago made similar efforts to *enter* one. Such was the urgency of his situation and the imminence of the peril, that he did not perceive a wound in his thigh, inflicted by some Spanish dagger.

M. Berthmy had already made his way into this fortress, where the captain-general, by a laudable precaution, had placed only a Swiss garrison. This, however, did not prevent repeated attempts on the part of some fanatics to seduce those soldiers who were sent into the town to purchase food for the two prisoners, and they busily plotted how to poison the two Frenchmen.

This captivity was continued until the end of July, and was diversified by a number of incidents, of which it is here unnecessary to speak. One may be related :

M. Arago read in a Spanish newspaper which had been sent to him, undoubtedly with a charitable object, a detailed relation of the punishment which he had undergone (*ahorciaments*), with M. Berthmy, his companion in misfortune, on the public Place of Palma.

It seemed to him that, in a time of so much tumult and such frenzied passions, the fiction might ere long become a fact, and he conceived from that moment a project of escape. The risk of drowning appeared to him but a trifle in comparison with all that might happen to him on the Public Place, if the newspaper relation became the relation of an accomplished fact.

M. Rodriguès, one of the two Spanish commissaries engaged on the measurement of the meridian, shared the opinions of the French *savant*, and busied himself with plans for his friend's escape with a courage, a perseverance, and a devotion, all the more admirable when contrasted with the perfidious conduct of Don Manuel de Vacaro.

M. Rodriguès succeeded in convincing the Captain-General Vivès that the sojourn of the two prisoners could only be for him a constant source of danger. The latter, acting as feeble personages generally do, declared that he would close his eyes as far as possible to their preparations, that he would even give the commandant of the prison a verbal order to throw no obstacles in their way, provided M. Rodriguès took upon himself, and on his own responsibility, all the after measures needful to secure the success of this hazardous enterprise.

For lack of a better, M. Rodriguès purchased a shallop which, a few days before, had been found abandoned on the coast. He placed in it a supply of bread, and three or four baskets of oranges ; and in the night of the 27th of July, Messieurs Arago, Berthmy, and another prisoner—a nephew of the celebrated corsair Barbaitro—proceeded to the shore. They found on board the vessel the

faithful Damian, who had deserted, in order to aid effectually M. Arago's escape, and three sailors, supposed by everybody to be sardine-fishers, but from whom M. Damian had not thought it advisable to conceal that he was plotting the safety of M. Arago and his servant.

The bark got off without accident, and for a few hours stayed at the small island of Cabrera. She afterwards passed through an English squadron and convoy, but so insignificant was her size that, to escape discovery, it was only needful to lower their mast and small lateen-sail. She finally entered the harbour of Algiers on the 1st of August.

At first the fugitives thought they would not be allowed to disembark, but would be sent back to Majorca; and a Spanish shipbuilder, in the service of the Regency, gave M. Damian, on his own authority, an order to depart. But a Genoese, who held no office, and was a witness to the proceeding, gave him, with equal authority, an order to remain. Thence ensued a combat of oars between the hostile shipbuilder and the friendly Genoese. The victory remained with the latter. The fugitives disembarked, not without having received some heavy blows. The Mussulmen spectators of this scene paid no attention to it, and allowed the whole to pass without their interference.

Messieurs Arago and Berthmy were received by M. Dubois-Chainville, the French consul, with the most courteous attention.

A ship, the property of one of the most influential personages of the Regency, manned in part by a Greek crew, was on the point of sailing for Marseilles. After pressing entreaties, M. Dubois-Chainville obtained permission for the two Frenchmen to go as passengers, but on condition that they obtained passports from the Austrian consul. These passports were granted, and M. Arago embarked on the 8th of August, 1808, after having been transformed, by the kindness of M. Ferrier, the Austrian agent, into a merchant from Schwecat in Austria.

The voyage commenced auspiciously, but almost in sight of Marseilles the ship was fired at and captured by a Spanish corsair from Palamos, and taken into Rosas. On board the vessel there was but one person who could enter into communication with the Spanish authorities, and address to them, in the name of the Algerine captain, a strong remonstrance against the violation of the law of nations of which the ship of a friendly power had thus become the victim. The perfection with which M. Arago, during his abode in Spain, had acquired the language of the country, became, however, the very pretext on which the Spaniards refused to listen to the just representations of the Algerine captain. In spite of his passport, M. Arago, in the jealous and avaricious dreams of the captain and crew of the corsair, became a Spanish fugitive who had passed over to Algiers, in order to escape with all his fortune into the accursed France.

During the quarantine, all their investigations were directed in this course. Confiscation or robbery was the goal to which they tended. Vainly did Arago prove to them that he had received the gift of languages, by speaking successively the idioms of Majorca, Minorca, Valencia; by offering also, in which there was nothing very dangerous, to speak Hungarian, Slavonic, Wallachian. Avarice was stronger than admiration. The young *savant* would have been definitely pronounced a Spaniard, when he declared that he also knew French. Immediately he was conveyed into the presence of an officer of the *Régiment de Bourbon*, who declared that he believed him to have been born in France and not in Spain.

In the midst of all this uncertainty the crew of the Algerine ship was sent for quarantine into a windmill, situated on the seashore, between Rosas and Figüères.

The place was not peculiarly agreeable. Deprived of all communication with the inhabitants, the crew thought one day that it was intended to get rid of them in a manner only too magnificent, for the broadsides of an English man-of-war, the *Eagle*, seemed directed against the windmill. But they soon afterwards learned that the

balls discharged were fired in order to ascertain the range of the projectiles, so as to prepare a proper system of defence against an expected attack of the French.

Quarantine over, before conducting the prisoners into the citadel of Rosas, they went through all the gloomy parade preparatory to a military execution, in the hope that in his last moments, and to save his life, M. Arago would confess that he was a Spaniard. The crew was thereafter conducted into the citadel, and next into the fort of the *Bouton*.

The exigencies of defensive operations requiring the chamber in the *Bouton* of Rosas, in which were immured the twenty-seven captives, Moors, Arabs, Turks, Greeks, French—they were transferred to a subterranean dungeon, where often their daily rations were forgotten, and they were half devoured by vermin. And this dungeon, in turn, being needed for military purposes, they were removed to Palamos.

The Algerine vessel, on board which the young philosopher was captured, carried two lions intended by the Dey as a present for the emperor. One of them died of sickness, perhaps also of famine. During his detention at Rosas, Arago contrived to have put into the Dey's hands a letter, in which he was informed that the Spaniards had slain one of his animals. The arrest of all his subjects would not, perhaps, have moved the monarch; but the death of the lion appeared to him a very weighty matter. He sent for the Spanish consul, demanded 24,000 francs as compensation, and threatened war if the vessel were not released.

At the moment the fugitives thought their affairs in the very worst condition, they received from the junta of Gerona permission to re-embark on board their ship, and go in peace. They did not require to be told twice, and steered cheerily for Marseilles.

But surely Arago was a Jonah on board! Just as they perceived the French city, and its smiling villas, a *mistral* began to blow with extreme violence. The ship was driven on the coast of Sardinia, and as the Algerines

were then at war with the Sardinians, they could not seek shelter in any of the island ports, but were compelled to keep to sea.

Such was the nautical skill of the captain and his officers that, after drifting about for four or five days, they found themselves at Bougie, when they expected to make a port in Majorca. The ship was in a very bad condition; it was dangerous to brave wind and wave any longer. On the other hand, the coasting barks, locally called *sandals*, would not venture on a voyage to Algiers for the next six months. So long a sojourn did not seem an agreeable prospect, even to one who had experienced all the miseries of a Spanish prison; M. Arago therefore decided to disguise himself as an Arab, entrust himself to the care of a marabout, and travel from Bougie to Algiers by land.

From Bougie to Algiers! Such a journey will seem even to the officers of the French army of Algiers perfectly fabulous. No one has accomplished it; and, notwithstanding his confidence in M. Arago's veracity, M. Marey, colonel of the Spahis, on disembarking at Bougie, sought for the evidence of some of the inhabitants in confirmation of what seemed so incredible a statement. The evidence was obtained.

This most dangerous expedition occupied seven or eight days, and was marked by various stirring incidents which M. Arago has not thought fit to make public.

The Dey, Ahmet, to whom the young *savant* owed his deliverance, had just perished. His successor succumbed, in his turn, to a revolution of which Arago was a witness. The next sovereign, in urgent need of money, demanded immediate payment of some pretended debt from France. A categorical refusal arriving from Paris, the consul and all the French at Algiers were inscribed on the list of slaves, and every day the threat that they should be consigned to the bagnio and the works of the harbour sounded in their ears. Arago was released at the intercession of the Swedish consul, M. Norderling, and obtained permission to reside with that distinguished man.

After protracted negotiations with the Jewish family of Bacri, the matter was arranged, and the ransom of the French paid. From this circumstance dates the origin of the quarrels of the last Dey of Algiers with the French consul, the first cause of the expedition which led to the French conquest of Algeria.

On the 1st of July 1859, M. Dubois-Chainville, his family, M. Berthmy, and M. Arago, obtained permission to quit the Regency, with a convoy of Algerine ships, escorted by a corsair of the same nation. M. Arago embarked on board the corsair (or, more properly, privateer), where he discharged the onerous duties of interpreter.

When in sight of Marseilles the convoy were overhauled by two British frigates, and conducted to the Toulon blockading fleet, under Admiral Collingwood, who would decide as to its disposal. But some false manœuvres afforded the privateer an opportunity of escaping, and she reached the isle of Pomègue (near Marseilles) just as the British frigate's boats were getting up with her. An attempt at night to cut her out proved unsuccessful, and M. Arago at length entered the Lazaretto, from whence, after going through the usual quarantine, he was permitted to depart on a visit to his family at Perpignan, and finally to resume his scientific labours.

[François Arago, one of the greatest of French natural philosophers, and a man of the highest genius, was born in 1786. When the above events occurred he was only twenty-three. After his return to France he was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences, and thus commenced that splendid career which has done so much for the cause of physical science, as well as for his own fame. His researches in magnetic and rotatory polarization, and magnetic science generally, may justly be described as invaluable. As a politician, he professed extreme democratic opinions, and in the provisional government of 1848, formed by Lamartine and others, was minister of war and marine. He died in 1853.]

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French, was born at Ajaccio, capital of the island of Corsica, August 15, 1769. His father, Charles Marie Buonaparte, was an advocate of considerable reputation; and his mother, whose maiden name was Letizia Ramolino, was remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments. Napoleon was their second child; Joseph, afterwards King of Spain, being his senior. He was educated at the military school of Brienne, and entered the army as a second lieutenant of artillery in 1785.

When Napoleon had reached the age of twenty the Revolution had begun, and many of his fellow-officers in the regiment openly took part with the royalists; he, however, took the popular side, although he had scant liking for the noisy enthusiasm of ungovernable mobs. During the "Reign of Terror," in 1793, he was engaged at the siege of Toulon, on which occasion he had command of the artillery; and by his superior courage and ability the city was recovered from the English. He afterwards distinguished himself in Piedmont, and in 1795 succeeded in quelling the revolt of the sections of Paris against the Convention. In March, 1796, he married Josephine, widow of Viscount de Beauharnais, who suffered under Robespierre. He was now appointed to the command of the French army in Italy, and by a series of brilliant successes ere long placed the whole of Northern Italy in the hands of the French. The Italian States and Austria were forced to conclude a treaty of peace, and Napoleon now turned his military talents into a new field. With a large fleet, carrying about 40,000 troops, he sailed for the intended conquest of Egypt in May 1798. On his way thither he captured Malta; and on the 22d of September near Cairo he gained the battle of the Pyramids. His progress in Egypt, however, was checked by the heroism of Sir Sydney Smith and his small body of British sailors and marines at St. Jean-

d'Acre; and the various reverses which the French army afterwards met with, coupled with the fact that his services were required at home, induced Buonaparte to embark secretly for France, and to leave his brave but shattered army to the care of General Kleber. In October, 1799, he landed at Fréjus, and hastened to Paris. He overthrew the government of the Directory, and was raised to the supreme power under the title of First Consul. He next led a powerful army over the Alps, fought the famous battle of Marengo, and once more became master of Italy. A peace with Austria followed his successes, and soon after a brief but hollow peace with England (that of Amiens) was concluded.

Napoleon was raised to the imperial dignity in May 1804, and in December of the same year he and his consort were crowned as emperor and empress by the pope.

He now seriously meditated the invasion of England, and for that purpose assembled 200,000 troops, which were encamped at Boulogne, and also a numerous fleet. Abandoning his design against England, however, he marched his troops to the banks of the Danube, Austria and Russia having appeared in arms against him. On November 13, 1805, the French army was near Vienna when Napoleon received news of the destruction of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar; the battle of Austerlitz took place on December 2, and the humiliating treaty of Presburg followed. In 1806 Buonaparte instituted what has been called the "era of king making." He bestowed the crown of Naples on his brother Joseph, that of Holland on Louis, and Westphalia on Jerome; while the Confederation of the Rhine was called into existence to give stability to his extended dominion.

Prussia now declared war; but the disastrous battle of Jena destroyed her prospects, and both she and Russia were glad to come to terms of peace with Buonaparte in 1807. The French emperor now turned his eyes upon Spain, and, by underhand means, caused the abdication of Charles IV., while he sent 80,000 men into the coun-

try, captured, or rather seized, all the strong places, and obtained possession of the capital. This has always been regarded as the greatest error in the life of the first Napoleon, and one of the main causes which led to his downfall.

In 1809, while the armies of Buonaparte were occupied in the Peninsula, Austria again ventured to attack France. Napoleon thereupon left Paris, and at the head of his troops once more entered Vienna, gained a decisive victory at Wagram, and soon concluded a peace. One of the secret articles of this peace is said to have been that he should divorce his wife Josephine in order to contract a marriage with the daughter of the emperor, Francis II. This project was carried out, and in April, 1810, he was married to the Archduchess Maria Louisa. A son of this marriage, born March 23d, 1811, was named Napoleon François Charles Joseph, and styled King of Rome.

Dissatisfied with the conduct of Russia, Napoleon put himself at the head of an invading army, and marched with his numerous allies towards the frontiers of the enemy, gaining many important battles in his progress, and at length reached Moscow, where he hoped to establish his winter quarters, but which, on his arrival, he found in flames. A retreat was unavoidable; and now was presented to the eyes of Europe the most appalling record in modern history: a brave and devoted army encountering all the horrors of famine and disease in a climate so cold that their frozen bodies strewed the roads, while an infuriated army of Cossacks hung upon the rear of the main body, cutting down without remorse the frost-stricken and feeble fugitives.

The emperor fled to Paris, called for 350,000 men, who were at once forthcoming, and with this new army he marched to meet the combined forces of Russia and Prussia. Victory for a time seemed to crown his efforts; but Austria having joined the other powers, the great battle of Leipzig, in which Buonaparte lost half of his army, put an end to the war in Germany.

Napoleon, however, again returned to Paris, and demanded a fresh levy of 300,000 men. This was granted to him, and the new campaign in 1814 was attended with various success, till the overwhelming number of his enemies, who entered the French frontiers at different points, at length compelled him to abdicate, and accept the sovereignty of the isle of Elba with the title of emperor, and a pension of six millions of francs. Napoleon, however, escaped from Elba on the night of February 25, 1815, in some hired feluccas, accompanied by about 1200 followers. He landed near Fréjus on the 1st of March, rapidly advanced to Paris, and forced Louis XVIII. to leave France.

But the confederated armies were now in motion, and although Buonaparte marched against them with a large and powerful army, the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo put an end to his political career. He withdrew from the army and proceeded to the coast, hoping to be able to escape to America; but apprehending capture by the British cruisers, he surrendered himself on the 15th July, 1815, into the hands of Captain Maitland, and went on board the *Bellerophon*. By the joint determination of the allies he was placed on board the *Northumberland*, Admiral Cockburn, and sent to St. Helena, a small solitary island situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, at an immense distance from the continents both of the Old and New Worlds.

With this brief notice of the previous career of the great emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, we now proceed to detail the particulars of the remaining years of the life of the "terror of Europe," as he was called, during his captivity on the island of St. Helena.

It was on the 7th of August, 1815, that the *Northumberland*, with the accompanying squadron, set sail for St. Helena. As the ships were tacking to get out of the Channel, the emperor stood upon the deck and watched, with an anxious eye, to catch a last glimpse of his beloved France. At last a sudden lifting of the clouds presented the coast to view

"France! France!" spontaneously burst from the lips of all on board.

The emperor gazed for a moment in silence upon the land over which he had so long held sway. Then, uncovering his head, he bowed to the distant hills, and said, with deep emotion, "Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell, France, farewell!"

The effect upon all present was electrical. The English officers, moved by the emotion of the fallen conqueror, involuntarily uncovered their heads, profoundly respecting the grief of their illustrious captive.

The emperor, with extraordinary fortitude, resigned himself to his new situation. He breakfasted alone in his cabin, and passed the day, until four o'clock, in reading or conversation, with those of his companions whom he invited to his room. At the hour mentioned he dressed for dinner, and came into the general cabin, where he frequently indulged in a game of chess. At five, the admiral came and invited him to dinner. Napoleon, having no taste for convivial habits, had seldom, during his extraordinarily laborious life, allowed himself more than fifteen minutes at the dinner table. Here the courses alone occupied over an hour. At the time when ladies in England withdraw from the table he invariably retired. As he left, the whole company rose, and continued standing until he had passed from the cabin. Some one of his suite, in turn, accompanied him each day on deck. Here he walked for an hour or two, conversing cheerfully with his friends, and with any others whom he encountered on board the ship. Without the slightest reserve he spoke of all the events of his past career, of his conflicts, his triumphs, and his disasters. Such was the emperor's uniform course of life during the voyage of ten weeks.

"He had won," says Lamartine, "the admiration of the English crew by the ascendancy of his name, by the contrast between his power of yesterday and his present captivity, as well as by the calm freedom of his attitude. Sailors themselves are accessible to the radiance of glory

and grandeur that gleams from the captive. A great name is a universal majesty. The vanquished reigned over his conquerors."

There were several Italians on board the ship, and there were also some midshipmen and common sailors who spoke French fluently. Napoleon seemed pleased in calling these to him, and employing them as interpreters. One day he perceived the master of the vessel, who, as pilot, was responsible for her safe conduct, but who, not having the honour of an epaulette, was not admitted to the society of the admiral and his suite. The emperor entered into a long conversation with the man, was pleased with his intelligence, and, in conclusion, said:—

"Come and dine with me to-morrow."

The master, astonished and confused, stammered out in reply—

"The admiral and my captain will not like a master to sit at their table."

"Very well," replied the emperor; "if they do not, so much the worse for them; you shall dine with me in my cabin."

When the admiral rejoined the emperor he was informed of what had passed, and courteously remarked that any one invited by General Buonaparte to the honour of sitting at his table was, by this circumstance alone, placed above all the ordinary rules of discipline and etiquette. He then sent for the master, and assured him he would be welcome to dinner the next day.

This gracious act, so astounding on board a British man-of-war, was, with great rapidity, circulated through the ship. Every sailor felt that there was a bond of union between himself and the emperor. The soldiers of the fifty-third regiment, who were on board and on their way to guard Napoleon in his prison, and the crew of the ship, were all apparently as devoted to him as the soldiers and sailors of his own country could have been.

After walking for a short time upon the deck, the emperor usually took his seat upon a gun, which was

ever afterwards called "the emperor's gun," where, sometimes for hours, he would converse with great animation and cheerfulness.

On the 7th of October the fleet met a French ship. An officer of the *Northumberland* visited her, and told the astonished captain that they had the emperor Buonaparte on board and were conveying him to St. Helena. The French captain sadly replied,—

"You have robbed us of our treasure. You have taken away him who knew how to govern us according to our tastes and manners."

On the 14th of the same month, just as the evening twilight was fading away, a man at the masthead shouted "Land!" In the dim distance a hazy cloud was discerned suspended like the pall of death over the gloomy prison and grave of the emperor. About noon next day the *Northumberland* cast anchor in the harbour of St. Helena. The emperor through his glass gazed with an unchanged countenance upon the bleak and storm-washed rock. Rugged peaks, black and barren, towered to the clouds. A straggling village covered the sides of a vast ravine. Every shelf in the rocks, every aperture, the brow of every hill, was planted with cannon.

It was now about a hundred days since the emperor had left France, and seventy days since he sailed from England. The orders of the British ministry were peremptory that the emperor should not be permitted to land until his prison on shore was made secure for him. Admiral Cockburn, however, declined to carry out such an instruction, and he informed the French gentlemen that he would take upon himself the responsibility of seeing them all landed next day.

Accordingly, next day, late in the afternoon, the emperor, with some of his companions, entered a boat, and was conveyed on shore. Before leaving the ship he sent for the captain, kindly bade him good-bye, and requested him to convey his thanks to his officers and crew. The whole ship's company assembled on the quarter-deck and gangways to witness his departure.

The sun had sunk to rest, and twilight was fading away as the emperor landed and walked through the craggy street of Jamestown. In this comparatively miserable town a small unfurnished room had been obtained for the service of the emperor. His friends put up his iron camp-bedstead, spread a mattress upon it, and placed together a few articles of furniture which they had brought from the ship. The inhabitants of Jamestown crowded round the house of the man whose name alone had inspired the whole of Europe with terror. Napoleon was silent, calm, and sad. He soon dismissed his attendants, extinguished his light, and threw himself upon his bed to enjoy such repose as he could find. Such was the first night of Napoleon at St. Helena!

Upon this barren rock, about three miles from Jamestown, and 1500 feet above the level of the sea, there was a ravine, situated in the midst of crags and peaks of rocks which almost encircled it. In this wild and desolate chasm there was a dilapidated hut, which had originally been a cow-house. Subsequently it had received some repairs, and had occasionally been used as a temporary retreat from the severe summer heat of Jamestown. This spot had been selected as the future residence of the imperial captive. It was detached from the inhabited parts of the island, was farthest distant from those portions of the coast accessible by boats, "which," says Admiral Cockburn, "the governor considers it of importance to keep from the view of General Buonaparte;" and an extent of level ground presented itself suitable for exercise.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 17th the emperor rode on horseback, accompanied by Admiral Cockburn and General Bertrand, to view the place which was to be his prison and perhaps his tomb. When he first gazed upon it his heart seemed smitten with dismay, but in dignified silence he struggled against the anguish of his spirit. The hut was so dilapidated and so small that it would require a month or two for necessary repairs, before it could be rendered in any degree fit for

the emperor and his companions to reside in. In a communication which the admiral made to the British government he wrote,—

"I am sorry to add that General Buonaparte, since he has landed here, has appeared less resigned to his fate, and has expressed himself more dissatisfied with the lot decreed him than he did before. This, however, I merely attribute to the first effects of the general sterile appearance of this island where he now resides, and the little prospect it now yields himself and followers of meeting with any of those amusements to which they have been accustomed."

At the same time the admiral wrote that the force of men and ships which he had with him was not sufficient to hold the captive in security, and asking for two more vessels of war.

As Napoleon, in great dejection, was returning from Longwood (as his intended new home was called), extremely reluctant again to occupy his narrow room at Jamestown, surrounded by sentinels and a curious crowd, he observed a small secluded farmhouse at a place called "The Briers," and inquired if he could not take refuge there until Longwood could be made ready for his reception. The house was of one story, and consisted only of five rooms. Mr. Balcombe, the owner, however, cordially offered a room to the emperor. At the distance of a few yards from the dwelling-house there was a small pavilion or summer-house, consisting of one room on the ground-floor and two small attics above. Napoleon, not wishing to incommode the family, selected this for his abode. The admiral consented to this arrangement; and here, therefore, the emperor fixed his residence for two months. His camp-bed was put up in the lower room. Here he ate, slept, read, and dictated. Las Cases and his son crept into one of the garrets. Marchand, Napoleon's chief *violet-de-chambre*, occupied the other. Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of himself, wife, and four children—two sons and two daughters. The emperor seemed to enjoy the society of these children very much. He showed

them the souvenirs which he cherished. Among these was a miniature of his beloved son. He was in the attitude of prayer, and underneath were the words, "I pray the good God for my father, my mother, and my country."

As night approached the emperor retired to his solitary room. An English officer slept in the house, and sentinels were placed round the pavilion to prevent any possibility of the escape of the illustrious prisoner. After breakfast next morning, Napoleon at once resumed the same mode of life which he had adopted on board the *Northumberland*. Every hour had its appointed duty. In reading, writing, and conversation with his French companions, all of whom were permitted to see him daily, his captivity seemed in a short time to become quite endurable to him. He had sufficient command over himself to appear cheerful, and bore all his privations and indignities in silence.

On the morning of the 20th of October, the emperor invited the son of Las Cases, a youth of fourteen years of age, to breakfast with him. The lad displayed so much intelligence in reply to questions put to him by Napoleon respecting his teachers and his studies, that the latter, turning to Las Cases, said—

"What a rising generation I leave behind me! This is all my work. The merits of the French youth will be a sufficient revenge to me. On rebuilding the work, all must render justice to the workman; and the perverted judgment or bad faith of declaimers must fall before my deeds. If I had only thought of myself, and continuing my own power, as I have been blamed for doing, I should have endeavoured to obstruct learning, instead of which I devoted myself to the propagation of knowledge."

Time lingered drearily away at the Briers, while a crowd of labourers were busy in repairing and enlarging Longwood for the residence of the emperor and his companions. All the building materials had to be carried on the shoulders of workmen up the steep sides of the rock. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the admiral the work advanced very slowly.

After the emperor had been at the Briers a fortnight his friends succeeded in making his situation a little more comfortable. A tent was spread, which enlarged his one apartment. Still the hours dragged heavily; and he spent most of his time in-doors with his books, his pen, and his companions. He generally retired very late at night. Unless he did so his sleep was disturbed, and then, to divert his mind from sorrowful reflections, it became necessary for him to rise and read.

Annoyances, however, were strangely multiplied. Almost every day some new rule of general surveillance was adopted. The English authorities seemed to have a dread of the emperor's escape from a rock a thousand miles distant from any land, while sentinels, by day and night, paced round his frail tent, and ships of war cruised along the shores. The grandeur of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than in the vigilance with which he was guarded by his foes. All the monarchies of Europe stood in dread of one single captive. Every movement made by him was watched. A telegraph signal was established which reported in Jamestown everything which occurred at the Briers. The French gentlemen could not communicate with Napoleon in his own room without being accompanied by an English sergeant.

The life at the Briers was very regular. Every day the emperor dictated to Las Cases. Between three and four o'clock he descended to his garden, where he walked until half-past five, when he left the garden and continued his walk in the path which passed through the lawn in front of Mr. Balcombe's house, conversing with friends until dinner was announced. After dinner he returned to the garden, where he had his coffee brought to him. When the evenings were cool and illuminated by the moon he remained out of doors until late in the evening.

"The emperor," said Las Cases, "was never more talkative, nor seemed more perfectly to forget his cares, than during these moonlight walks. In the familiarity of the conversations which I thus enjoyed with him he took pleasure in relating anecdotes of his boyhood, in describ-

ing the sentiments and illusions which diffused a charm over the early years of his youth, and in detailing the circumstances of his private life, since he played so distinguished a part in the theatre of the world."

Towards the end of November the emperor had been for several days unwell, and, worn down by the painful monotony of his imprisonment, appeared quite dejected. Las Cases found him one morning seated on a sofa, surrounded by a pile of books which he had been listlessly reading.

"Contrary to the general opinion," he writes, "the emperor is far from possessing a strong constitution. He is constantly labouring under the effects of cold. His body is subject to the influence of the slightest accidents. The smell of paint is sufficient to make him ill. Certain dishes, or the slightest damp, immediately take a severe effect upon him. His body is far from being a body of iron. All his strength is in his mind.

"He eats very little. He often says that a man may hurt himself by eating too much, but never by eating too little. He will remain four-and-twenty hours without taking food, solely to get an appetite for the next day. But if he eats little he drinks still less. A single glass of wine is sufficient to restore his strength and to produce cheerfulness of spirits. He sleeps very little and very irregularly, generally rising at daybreak to read or write, and afterwards lying down to sleep again."

Six weeks had now passed away, during which the emperor had been about as closely imprisoned at the Briers as when on board the ship.

At length Longwood was pronounced ready for occupation, and on the 10th of December the emperor was removed thither. With a serene spirit he rode on horseback along the rugged path of volcanic rocks a distance of nearly two miles, until he arrived at his new prison-house. Here he found in the midst of bleak, storm-washed crags, a long, low, one-storied house, rudely put together, and far too small for the accommodation of the few devoted friends who had come to share his captivity.

He examined his prison with calmness, seeming to think more of the comfort of his companions than of his own. For the subsistence of the imperial captive and his exiled court the English government appropriated 300,000 francs a year. The French captives resolutely persisted in treating the emperor with all that deference and respect which were due to his illustrious character and his past achievements.

The household now consisted of the emperor, General Bertrand, his wife and three children, Count Montholon, his wife and two children, Count Las Cases and his son, General Gourgaud, and Dr. O'Meara. There were also four servants of the chamber, three grooms, and four servants of the table. These had all followed the emperor to his dreary prison from their love for his person. Dr. O'Meara was an Irish gentleman, and was the surgeon on board the *Bellerophon*. As the emperor's surgeon, in consequence of ill health, could not go to St. Helena, Dr. O'Meara had eagerly offered his services. A more dreary life can hardly be imagined than that of these captives upon a bleak and barren plain, eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, incessantly swept by ocean gales, where they were most of the time buried in clouds and fogs. A few miserable gum-trees, struggling for life in the midst of the blackened rocks, pained rather than cheered the eye.

The prisoners were strictly guarded. Their walks were lined by sentinels with loaded muskets. They were not permitted to be out of doors after a certain hour, and they were forbidden to converse with the inhabitants of the island. They were not allowed to approach the sea-shore. Sentinels were placed under the emperor's windows. Pass-words and orders were multiplied and incessantly changed. These annoyances were bitterly complained of by the companions of the emperor. But the silent grandeur with which Napoleon encountered every wrong and every insult forms one of the brightest pages of his history. His imperial character is nowhere more conspicuous than in his life at St. Helena. To each

individual were assigned appropriate duties, and every hour had its allotted employments. Each day was like its predecessor. The gloom of the prison was constantly intensified by impertinence and insults, to which the emperor could only oppose the silent dignity of his character. His devoted friends, however, surrounded his humble abode with the respectful etiquette of royalty, and thus often shielded him from indignities.

On the 1st of January, 1816, all the companions of the emperor assembled at ten o'clock to present him with their kind wishes, in accordance with the custom of the day. He received them affectionately, and invited them to breakfast and to spend the day with him. "We are but a handful," said he, "in one corner of the world, and all our consolation must be our regard for each other."

The grounds around Longwood which the emperor was allowed to pass over without a guard admitted of but half an hour's ride. He was not permitted to traverse the whole of the island unless accompanied by an English officer. This arrangement was so repugnant to the feelings of Napoleon that he could not consent to ride thus attended. His friends made every effort to induce the admiral to mitigate this humiliating restraint by placing sentinels upon heights where the emperor could be seen through his whole ride, but the admiral was inflexible. Napoleon, wounded and saddened, decided that he should not pass beyond his allotted limits. His spirit was oppressed by indignity, and his health impaired by the deprivation.

On the 13th of March General Bertrand, in accordance with the wish of the emperor, sent a communication to Admiral Cockburn to inquire if a letter, which Napoleon wished to write to the Prince Regent of England, would be forwarded. The admiral replied that he did not know of any person upon the island who bore the name of emperor, and that he should not allow any paper to be despatched to England without first reading it. The emperor, however, declined to write under such a condition.

About the middle of April, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe arrived at St. Helena to assume the government of the island. On the 17th he came to Longwood, and was presented to the emperor. His personal appearance was very unprepossessing, and Napoleon at once conceived a dislike for him. "He is hideous," he remarked after he had left. "He has a villanous countenance, but we must not decide too hastily. The man's disposition may, perhaps, make amends for the unfavourable impression which his face produces. This is not impossible."

On the following day the new governor presented a paper to all the companions and domestics of the emperor, stating that they were at liberty to leave St. Helena and return to Europe if they desired to do so. If, however, they wished to remain on the island they were required to give a written declaration that such was their will, and to submit to all the restrictions which might be imposed upon the emperor. Though this document was understood to involve the necessity of remaining upon that dreary rock during the lifetime of Napoleon, all promptly signed it except General Bertrand. His hesitation wounded the feelings of the emperor. He simply remarked, however, "Bertrand is always the same. Although he constantly speaks of going, when the time comes he will not have the courage to leave. We must be able to love our friends with all their faults."

During a few days early in May the emperor was very sick and depressed. Sir Hudson Lowe, by various petty annoyances seemed determined to make him listen, as it were, to the clanking of his chains, and to feel their galling weight. The emperor secluded himself in his chamber and saw no one. The 5th was a damp, chill, gloomy day. The emperor, feverish and languid, was reclining, in his dressing-gown, upon the sofa, enjoying the pensive light of the flickering fire; no candles were permitted. General Bertrand and Count Las Cases were sitting by the side of the noble sufferer. The conversation turned upon the two great revolutions of England and France. The emperor, in calm and quiet tones, gave utterance to

the following glowing parallel: "Both in France and England the storm gathered during the feeble and indolent reigns of James I. and Louis XV., and burst over the unfortunate Charles I. and Louis XVI. Both these sovereigns perished on the scaffold, and their families were proscribed and banished.

"Both monarchies became republics, and during that period both nations plunged into every excess which can degrade the human heart and understanding. They were disgraced by scenes of madness, blood, and outrage. Every tie of humanity was broken, and every principle overturned.

"Both in England and France, at this period, two men vigorously stemmed the torrent and reigned with splendour. After these the two hereditary families were restored. Both, however, pursued an erroneous course. They committed faults. A fresh storm suddenly burst forth in both countries, and expelled the two restored dynasties, without their being able to offer the least resistance to the adversaries who overthrew them."

"In this singular parallel," says Las Cases, "Napoleon appears to have been in France at once the Cromwell and the William III. of England. But as every comparison with Cromwell is in some degree odious, I must add that if these two celebrated men coincided in one single circumstance of their lives, it was scarce possible for two beings to differ more in every other point."

Every day the estrangement between the French gentlemen and Sir Hudson Lowe became more and more marked. The emperor, however, seldom saw the governor. One day a note was handed to the emperor by the grand-marshal, inviting *General Buonaparte* to a dinner-party at Plantation House. He glanced over the note and replied, "This is too absurd. There is no answer." On the 14th a large party of English ladies and gentlemen arrived at St. Helena by the East Indian fleet. They were presented to the emperor in the garden at Longwood. At the close of the interview a gentleman remarked to one of his companions:

"What a grace and dignity of manner the emperor displays! I can scarcely form a conception of the strength of mind necessary to enable Napoleon thus to endure such reverses." The whole party seemed mortified in contemplating the miserable abode in which the captive was confined. When Dr. O'Meara afterwards mentioned to the emperor the prejudices which these strangers had entertained, he smiled, and said, "I suppose they imagined that I was some ferocious wild animal."

Two days afterwards Sir Hudson Lowe called at Longwood, and desired to see *General Buonaparte*. The emperor received him in the drawing-room, and their audience was long and stormy. At its close Napoleon said to Las Cases:

"We have had a violent interview, I have been quite thrown out of temper. The British government have now sent me worse than a jailer. Sir Hudson Lowe is a downright executioner. I received him to-day with my stormy countenance, my head inclined, and my ears pricked up. We looked at each other angrily; my feelings must have been most powerfully excited, for I felt a vibration in the calf of my left leg which I have not felt for a long time. My dear Las Cases, they will kill me here, it is certain."

Abstracted and melancholy he sat down to dinner, but was unable to eat. After a few unavailing attempts to engage himself in conversation, he yielded to the sadness which overpowered him, and retired to his solitary couch.

The 18th of June was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. This circumstance was mentioned to the emperor. A shade of anguish passed over his features, and in slow and solemn tone he said:

"Incomprehensible day! Concurrence of unheard-of fatalities! Grouchy! Ney! was there treachery or misfortune? Alas, poor France!"

The even monotony of imprisonment continued from day to day, occasionally, however, broken by the infliction of personal and pecuniary restraints upon the em-

peror and his friends. By personal, we mean what Napoleon considered unnecessary interference in his domestic arrangements; by pecuniary, attempts to reduce the expenses of his household, accompanied with orders that he should contribute to the maintenance of his household from his private means.

Early in September he was taken seriously ill, and Dr. O'Meara was sent for.

"He was sitting," says the doctor, "in his bed-room, with only a wood fire burning, the flame of which, alternately blazing and sinking, gave at moments a most singular and melancholy expression to his countenance, as he sat opposite to it with his hands crossed upon his knees, probably reflecting upon his forlorn condition."

As the doctor entered, the emperor, after a few moments' silence, said:

"Doctor, this is beyond your art. I have been trying in vain to procure a little rest. I cannot comprehend the conduct of the British ministers. They go to immense expense in sending here furniture, wood, and building materials for my use, and at the same time send orders to put me nearly on rations, oblige me to discharge my servants, and make reductions which are incompatible with my personal decency and dignity. Then we have aides-de-camp making stipulations about a bottle of wine or two or three pounds of meat with as much gravity and consequence as if they were treating about the distribution of kingdoms. I see contradictions which I cannot reconcile; on the one hand enormous and useless expenditure, and on the other unparalleled meanness and littleness. Why do they not allow me to provide myself with everything, instead of disgracing the character of the nation? They do not furnish the friends who have followed me with what they have been accustomed to, nor will they allow me to provide for them by sending sealed letters through a mercantile house even of their own selection. . . . Seeing all this furniture sent out, and so much parade and show in the preparations made in England, they evidently conclude that I am well treated here. If they knew the

truth, and the dishonour which it reflects upon them, they would not suffer it."¹

Las Cases records, on the 16th of September: "In the morning my servant came to tell me that there was neither coffee, sugar, milk, nor bread for breakfast. Yesterday, a few hours before dinner, feeling hungry I asked for a piece of bread, but was told there was none for me. Thus we were denied the very necessities of life. This fact will scarcely be credited, and yet I have stated nothing but the truth.

"In the course of three successive months the whole of the emperor's plate, with the exception of one silver-gilt bowl, was broken up and sold. Sir Hudson Lowe thought that the residents at Longwood had money secreted which he could thus extort. When the emperor found himself reduced to use ordinary ware, the effect upon him was such that he could eat nothing, and he said to me as he left the table, 'It must be allowed, my son, that we are all great children. Can you conceive that I could not conquer my disgust at this badly-served dinner—I who, when I was young, ate from black dishes? In truth, I am ashamed of myself to-day.'"

Sir Hudson Lowe now yielded. He expressed much regret that he had pushed matters to such an extremity, and said that he only acted on the conviction that the captives had a great quantity of gold at Longwood, and that "he would not have allowed a single piece of plate to have been broken, could he have supposed that matters would go so far as to reduce General Buonaparte to eat off dishes like those of the lowest colonists in the island."

As soon as the emperor's friends were informed of his destitution, they immediately placed their fortunes at his disposal. Napoleon's mother, Joseph, Hortense, Pauline,

¹ In reading the present narrative of the captivity of Napoleon Buonaparte on the island of St. Helena, the reader must bear in mind that it is based on the account written by Count Las Cases, one of his followers, who naturally looked upon every restraint placed upon the emperor and his friends from a prejudiced point of view. That faults were committed by the English officials, acting under the instructions of the British government, is well known and admitted, but documents published after the death of Napoleon, and subsequently, have sufficiently proved that the statements made by his friends were highly overdrawn, and in many cases entirely contrary to the facts.—ED.

Eliza, Jerome, and Louis, all authorized him to draw freely upon them.

The emperor's health was now rapidly failing, and gloom preyed heavily upon the spirits of all his companions. He was not allowed to walk or ride unless accompanied by an English officer. Guards, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, stood before his windows and at his door. He was prohibited from speaking to any of the inhabitants of the island unless in the presence of an English officer. Sir Hudson Lowe insisted that all the inmates of Longwood should sign the following declaration:—

"I, the undersigned, hereby declare that I wish to remain at St. Helena, and to share the restrictions which are imposed on Buonaparte generally."

The gentlemen at Longwood were unwilling to sign a paper which designated the emperor so disrespectfully. They, however, promptly signed a declaration in which was substituted the title "emperor" instead of "Buonaparte." The governor immediately sent back the paper, demanding that they should sign the one he sent. Dr. O'Meara told him that he did not believe the French gentlemen would sign the declaration, worded as he wished.

"I suppose," said Sir Hudson Lowe, "that they are very glad of it, as it will give them a pretext to leave General Buonaparte, which I will order them to do."

All the members of the emperor's suite, in great perplexity, assembled in his room.

"These insults," he said, "which are daily heaped upon those who have devoted themselves to me, present a spectacle which I cannot and must not longer endure. Gentlemen, you must leave me. I cannot see you submit to the restrictions which are about to be imposed on you, and which will, doubtless, soon be augmented. I will remain here alone. Return to Europe and make known the treatment to which I am subjected. Bear witness that you saw me sinking into a premature grave. I will not allow any of you to sign this declaration in the form

that is required. I forbid it. It shall never be said that hands which I had the power to command were employed in recording my declaration. If objections are raised respecting a mere foolish formality, others will be started to-morrow for an equally trivial cause. It is determined to remove you in detail, but I would rather see you removed all together and at once. Perhaps this sacrifice may produce some result."

At eleven o'clock that night Count Bertrand received a letter from Sir Hudson Lowe, informing him that, in consequence of the French officers' refusal to sign the declaration he had presented, they and the domestics must all depart for the Cape of Good Hope immediately, in a ship which was ready for their reception. This brought them to terms. Overwhelmed with grief and consternation, they, in a body, waited upon Captain Poppleton after midnight and signed the obnoxious paper, which was immediately transmitted to the governor.

A few days afterwards the emperor sent for Dr. O'Meara and requested him to call upon Sir Hudson Lowe to propose, in order to avoid farther difficulty, that he should assume the name of Colonel Muiron or Baron Duroc. "If the governor consents," he said, "let him signify to Bertrand that he agrees to one of them, and such shall be adopted. It will prevent many difficulties, and smooth the way."

The governor, to whom this message was duly delivered, looked upon it as one of considerable importance, which would have to be transmitted to England before he could give a reply. The emperor, in conversation with Dr. O'Meara after his return from the interview with the governor, remarked:

"I abdicated the throne of France, but not the title of emperor. Sovereigns generally retain their titles. Thus Charles of Spain retains the title of king and majesty, after having abdicated in favour of his son. If I were in England I should not call myself emperor. But they want to make it appear that the French nation had not

a right to make me its sovereign. If they had not a right to create me emperor they were equally incapable of making me general.

"The English for a long time called Washington a leader of rebels, and refused to acknowledge either him or the constitution of his country; but his successes compelled them to change and acknowledge both. It is success which makes a man great. It would appear truly ridiculous in me, situated as I am here, to call myself emperor, were it not that the British ministers force me to it."

He then spoke of the heroic attachment which his friends had manifested by remaining at St. Helena contrary to his desire. "They had," said he, "an excellent pretext to go, by refusing to sign 'Napoleon Buonaparte,' and next because I ordered them not to sign. But no, they preferred to remain here in misery with me, than to return to Europe, where they might have lived in splendour."

On the 18th of October, writes Las Cases, "I did not see the emperor until five o'clock, when he sent for me to attend him in his drawing-room. He continued indisposed, but he had, notwithstanding, been dictating all the morning to the grand-marshal. He summoned all the individuals of his suite in succession. He was low-spirited and heavy. He signified his intention of removing four persons from his establishment, which caused a general lamentation among the household. The individuals who were singled out for removal regretted their separation from their companions, while those who remained were tormented by the fear that they might speedily share the same fate."

A week afterwards Napoleon was very unwell. The day was cold and damp, and he sat in his chamber by a fire, with a handkerchief bound round his throbbing brow. He was suffering severely from toothache and ague-chills.

"What a miserable thing is man!" said he; "the smallest fibre in his body, assailed by disease, is sufficient

to derange his whole system. On the other hand, in spite of all the maladies to which he is subject, it is sometimes necessary to employ the executioner to put an end to him. What a curious machine is this earthly clothing! And perhaps I may be confined in it for thirty years longer."

About the middle of November a new calamity overtook the emperor. Las Cases, his faithful friend and companion, having written a letter to a friend detailing the situation of Napoleon, was arrested, and after a month's imprisonment was, with his son, sent to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to England. Las Cases was not permitted to see the emperor before he left the island, but his grateful heart throbbed with anguish as he abandoned the unhappy captive to his doom.

On this circumstance occurring, Napoleon said to O'Meara, "The next to be removed will be Montholon, as they doubtless see that he is a most useful and consoling friend to me. I am less unfortunate than they. I see nobody; but they cannot stir out without submitting themselves to degrading restrictions. I am sorry that they did not depart two months ago. I have sufficient fortitude to stand alone in all my misfortunes. It is only prolonging their agony to keep my friends here a few months longer. After they have been removed, you too will be sent away, and then the crime will be consummated.

"As to myself, I would never make a complaint, if I did not know that, were an inquiry demanded by the nation, the British ministers would say, 'He has never complained, and, therefore, he is conscious he is well treated, and that there are no grounds for it.' Otherwise, I should conceive it degrading in me to utter a single word; though I am so disgusted with the conduct of my prison-keeper, that I should with the greatest pleasure receive the intimation that orders had arrived to shoot me. I should esteem it as a blessing."

Napoleon continued to seclude himself entirely in his room, and endeavoured to forget his woes in constant

mental occupation. He saw no company. He would not go out and expose himself to the indignity of being followed and watched wherever he went.

"One day," says Count Montholon, "I was writing in his room, when the servant on duty came to inform him that the governor had, for the last half-hour, been insisting on entering the emperor's room, in order to assure himself, from his own observation, that he had not escaped; and that he had declared he would have the doors forced if they persisted in keeping them closed against him. The emperor listened with a contemptuous countenance, and turning round, said—"Tell my jailer that it is in his power to change his keys for the axe of executioner, and that, if he enters, it shall be over a corpse."

On hearing this reply, Sir Hudson Lowe seemed confounded, and at once retired.

Matters progressed with little variation or change all through the winter of 1816, the emperor seeing his friends as usual and occasionally seeing or refusing to see visitors who ventured to approach him; and having frequent differences with Sir Hudson Lowe in reference to the treatment of himself and friends.

In April, 1817, the condition of the imperial residence at Longwood was deplorable. The following minute and graphic description of its wretchedness is given by Dr. O'Meara:—

"The rats are in numbers almost incredible. I have frequently seen them assemble like broods of chickens round the offal thrown out of the kitchen. The floors and wooden partitions which separate the rooms are perforated with holes in every direction. It is difficult for any person who has not actually heard it to form an idea of the noise caused by these animals running up and down the partitions, and galloping in flocks in the garrets. At night, when disturbed by their entrance into my chamber, and by their running over me in bed, I have frequently thrown my boots, the boot-jack, and everything I could readily reach at them, without frightening them

in the slightest degree, and I have been at last obliged to get out of bed to drive them away.

"The wretched and ruinous state of the building, the roofs and ceiling of which are chiefly formed of wood, and covered with brown paper smeared with a composition of pitch and tar, together with the partitions being chiefly made of wood, greatly favour the introduction of these animals, and is productive of another great inconvenience, as the composition, when heated by the rays of the sun, melts and runs off, leaving a number of chinks open, through which the heavy tropical rains enter in torrents. Countess Montholon is repeatedly obliged to rise in the night to shift her own and her children's beds to different parts of the room, in order to escape being drenched. The construction of the roofs renders this irremediable, as a few hours of sunshine produce fresh cracks."

Time passed rapidly on and the position of the emperor and those in attendance upon him continued without change; but the health of Napoleon gradually declined. In the month of March, 1818, Dr. O'Meara was peremptorily dismissed by Sir Hudson Lowe from his office of physician to the emperor, and for some months he was unattended by a medical man.

The record of the two months of November and December, 1818, is but the record of the patient endurance of sickness, suffering, and sorrow. The year 1819 dawned gloomily upon the illustrious captive. His condition was now so critical, that, on the 10th of January, he consented that his friends should send for Dr. Stockoe, surgeon on board the British ship *Conqueror*.

The doctor found the emperor in a state of severe pain and utter prostration, and ministered to his wants to the fullest extent of his ability and the means at hand.

In September the authorities permitted Napoleon to obtain the services of another physician from Europe. Dr. Antommarchi accordingly shortly afterwards arrived at St. Helena. Two ecclesiastics accompanied the doctor, as the emperor had repeatedly expressed his desire that

the ordinances of religion might be regularly administered in his household. One of these, the Abbé Buonavita, was an aged prelate, who had been chaplain to Napoleon's mother at Elba; the other was a young man, the Abbé Vignali.

When Dr. Antommarchi had his first interview with the emperor, he found him in a small, dark room, very meanly furnished. The room, indeed, was so dark, that when he first entered, the doctor could not see the emperor, who, perceiving this, spoke, and requested him to approach. He questioned him very minutely respecting his parentage, his past history, his motives for consenting to come to such a miserable rock, and his medical education. Satisfied with his replies, the emperor entered into a frank and touching conversation respecting his friends in Europe. He had an interview with the two abbés, with whom there ensued a long and interesting conversation, the result of which was that they soon became fast friends.

The room which the emperor occupied at this time has been thus described by Dr. Antommarchi:—

"At one end was a small camp-bed of iron, quite plain, with four silver eagles and silk curtains. Two small windows, both without ornaments, gave light to the apartment. Between them stood a writing desk, upon which was a large dressing-case, and before it was an arm-chair, in which Napoleon sat when he was studiously engaged. A second chair was placed to the left of it. On the right was the sword which the emperor wore at Austerlitz. The door leading to the bath-room was concealed by an old screen, next to which was an equally old sofa, covered with calico. Upon this sofa Napoleon usually reclined, and sought shelter from the dampness and the gnats, with his legs thrust into a flannel sack, and with a shabby table by his side, on which were his books or his breakfast. The second room was quite as good as the first, and, like it, it was built of mud and it had only one window. Its furniture consisted of a camp-bed, several guns, two Chinese screens, a chest of drawers,

two small tables, on one of which were books and on the other bottles, a chair, and a magnificent wash-stand brought from the Elysée. Such was the miserable habitation in which the emperor was pent up."

On the 27th of September the emperor had passed a restless night. As the doctor entered about ten o'clock he was endeavouring to beguile the weary hours by reading.

"The dampness of the room," says the doctor, "was excessive. It attacked and destroyed everything. The paltry nankeen, which served as tapestry, was hanging in rags against the walls. We took it down and endeavoured to place before the emperor's eyes something more pleasing; by putting up in its stead some muslin we had purchased, and which we adorned with some fine birds of Egypt, of which we had a collection painted on paper. We grouped our paintings, and placed an eagle in the midst of them. Napoleon smiled on seeing the familiar symbol of his victories."

Early in October the emperor began to exhibit signs of decay. He became very feeble and appeared deeply depressed in spirits. Towards the middle of the month he began to experience sleeplessness and general uneasiness at nights, and also suffered a great deal of pain, caused by a disorder of the liver. An illness which overtook Madame Bertrand distressed him much, and he became particularly anxious that the two abbés should be careful in their attentions to her children.

For some time matters proceeded much in the same way, until in October the fourth year of the captivity of Napoleon on St. Helena came to an end.

During the course of November the emperor's symptoms began to assume a more alarming character. His pains increased, and they were accompanied with an overpowering languor, which almost prevented him from moving about. At times he was so weak that he was scarcely able to walk in the garden. When he got there, however, he sat down, looked mournfully round upon the bleak and cheerless scene, and said to Dr. Antommarchi,

who accompanied him, "Ah! doctor, where is France and its cheerful climate! If I could but see it once more! If I could but breathe a little air that had passed over that happy country!"

Another month passed away, during which the emperor enjoyed better health and spirits. The inhabitants of Longwood, however, were exposed to great annoyances from the strict regulations of Sir Hudson Lowe. Dr. Antommarchi was repeatedly challenged in his walks by the sentries. Napoleon escaped being similarly insulted by remaining at home.

The emperor's health now again began rapidly to decline, and weary months of monotony, languor, and pain passed sadly away. On the 26th of July, 1820, as he was reclining upon a sofa, his thoughts reverted to Rome, where his mother still resided. He recalled with emotion the affection and tender care which she bestowed upon him during his early years.

The middle of September now arrived, and the emperor was manifestly, though slowly, sinking. Dr. Antommarchi, finding him one day upon his bed, endeavoured to rouse him from his lethargy.

"Ah! doctor," said Napoleon, "forbear! We are happy when we sleep. Wants, privations, cares, and anxieties are then no more." Falling back upon his couch he again seemed to fall fast asleep.

Many days of cheerless weather now detained the emperor in his room; and each day was accompanied by languor, weariness, and pain. A deathly pallor overspread his cheek, chills shook his frame, and latterly his debility was so great that he could with difficulty leave his bed. The 14th of October arrived, and thus terminated the fifth year of the captivity of the unfortunate emperor.

Days and weeks, dark and dreary, still came and went, while fogs enveloped the blackened rock, and storms of wind and rain swept over its bleak and barren heights. At length there came a lull in the disease from which the emperor suffered, but it was not of long continuance.

Towards the close of November he found himself unable to sleep, and a constant pain in the liver tortured him every hour. He had no longer any strength or energy left.

"Doctor," said he, one morning, "what a delightful thing rest is! The bed has become for me a place of luxury. I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world. What an alteration! How I have fallen! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged in a lethargic stupor, and cannot even raise my eyelids without an effort. Once I was Napoleon, but I am now no longer anything. My strength, my faculties forsake me. I do not live. I merely exist."

A fortnight now passed away, during which the emperor was so weak, and was plunged in such profound melancholy, that he did not leave his room, and scarcely uttered a word. To the entreaties of the doctor that he would take some medicine, he replied, "What hope can I entertain? What beneficial effect can I expect from medicines? Doctor, it is useless to attempt anything for me."

A month afterwards the emperor was still weak and dejected. On the 16th of December, after a night of sleeplessness and pain, he endeavoured to walk about the drawing-room, but his limbs bent beneath his weight, and he was obliged to sit down.

"My limbs are exhausted," he said. "See, there is nothing left—mere skeletons! Everything must have an end, and I feel I am approaching mine. I do not regret it, for I have indeed no reason now to be attached to life."

During the months of January and February, 1821, the health of the emperor was in a most deplorable condition, and his sufferings were extreme. Amid the fluctuations of pain and disease, confined to his cheerless chamber, buried in fogs, and with an incessant continuance of storms of wind and rain, the dismal weeks passed slowly.

Towards the end of March the disease which was preying upon Napoleon was evidently making rapid progress. He was unwilling to submit to any external application, and he said to the doctor, in a manner expressive of the excessive repugnance he felt, "It is, perhaps, beyond my power to take medicines. I feel the strongest aversion to them. I have exposed myself to dangers with indifference, and I have gazed upon death in thousands of forms without emotion; but I cannot, notwithstanding all my efforts, partake of a cup of even harmless mixtures. It must be true that I am a spoiled child, who has never had anything to do with medicine."

Then turning to Madame Bertrand, he said, "How do you manage to take all these pills and drugs which the doctor is constantly prescribing for you?"

"I take them," she replied, "without thinking about them; and I would advise your majesty to do the same."

He shook his head and addressed the same question to General Montholon, from whom he received a similar answer.

"I am then," said Napoleon, "the only one who rebels against medicine. I will do so no longer. Give me the stuff." He seized the cup eagerly, as if afraid that his resolution would forsake him, and swallowed the potion.

At the suggestion of Dr. Arnott, the physician of Sir Hudson Lowe, the British government ordered a new and more comfortable residence to be prepared for the emperor, but Dr. Antommarchi objected to his being removed to it. "No, sire," he said, "the fever is too violent. Your removal from one house to another might be attended with the most serious consequences."

Dr. Arnott still urged his removal, but the emperor would not hear of it. On the night of the 4th of April he suffered severely. He was heard, in a moment of anguish, to exclaim, "Ah! since I was to lose my life in this deplorable manner, why did the cannon-balls spare it?"

On the 15th of the same month, the illustrious captive made his will. It commenced as follows:—"1. I die in

the Apostolical Roman religion, in the bosom of which I was born, more than fifty years ago. 2. It is my wish that my ashes may repose upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so well. 3. I have always had reason to be pleased with my dearest wife, the Empress Maria Louisa, and retain for her to my last moments the most tender sentiments. I beseech her to watch over my son, in order to preserve him from the snares which yet environ his infancy. 4. I recommend to my son never to forget that he was born a French prince, and never to allow himself to become an instrument in the hands of the triumvirs who oppress the nations of Europe. He ought never to fight against France, or to injure her in any manner. He ought to adopt my motto, *Everything for the French people.*"

He then remembered in kind and munificent bequests all his old friends who were still living, and the widows and children of those who were dead.

The night of the 4th of May, 1821, dark, cheerless, and tempestuous, enveloped St. Helena in even unwonted gloom. The rain fell in torrents, and a storm of frightful violence swept over the bleak rocks. The dying emperor, unconscious of everything which was passing around him, tossed restlessly upon his pillow. And now occurred the most affecting scene which had yet been witnessed in this chamber of suffering. The children of the family were introduced, for the last time, to look upon their friend, now insensible, and breathing heavily in death. They had not seen him for more than a month. Shocked at the change which had taken place in that countenance, which had ever been accustomed to contemplate them with so much benignity and affection, they for a few moments gazed upon the emaciated and pallid features with doubt and terror. Then with tearful eyes and loud sobbings, they advanced to the bedside, seized the hands of the emperor, and covered them with kisses and tears. All present were overcome with emotion,

and the deep breathing of the dying monarch was drowned in the irrepressible lamentations of the mourners.

The hours of the night passed slowly away, while Napoleon, insensible and motionless upon his pillow, breathed heavily, and occasionally broke the solemn silence of the scene by inarticulate murmurings.

"Twice I thought," says Count Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, 'France—Army—Head of the Army—Josephine.'"

This was at six o'clock in the morning. During the rest of the day, until the same hour in the evening, he was lying on his back, with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering. A pleasant and peaceful expression was spread over his countenance. Just as the sun was sinking behind the clouds of that sombre and tempestuous day, the spirit of the great Napoleon Buonaparte took its flight from earth.

"Isle of Elba—Napoleon," were the last utterances of the loving and forgiving Josephine. "France—the army—Josephine," were the last images which lingered in the mind, and the last words which trembled on the lips of the dying emperor.

Napoleon, as has been already stated, expressed a wish that his remains might repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom he loved so well; but if that privilege were denied to him, he desired that his body might be taken to his native island, and deposited in the tomb of his fathers at Ajaccio; but if the British government also declined granting that request, he entreated his friends to bury him in a secluded spot which he had selected at St. Helena, beneath a weeping willow which overshadowed a stream by the banks of which he formerly delighted to ramble.

Application was immediately made to Sir Hudson Lowe to permit the imperial remains to be removed to France; but he at once stated that it was beyond his power to allow the body to be removed from the island.

It was accordingly resolved to bury him on the spot he had requested.

After a careful *post-mortem* examination the body was prepared for burial. The *valet-de-chambre* dressed the emperor as he was usually dressed in life, with white waist-coat and breeches, black cravat, long boots, and cocked hat. He was thus placed upon the bed in his small room, which was draped in black. The cloak which he wore at Marengo was placed over his feet, and a silver crucifix was laid upon his chest.

Napoleon had gained the affections of all the inhabitants of the bleak rock. Rapidly the tidings of his death spread to every individual. An immense crowd soon assembled at Longwood, and during the afternoon of the 6th, and the whole of the 7th, an unending procession passed slowly and solemnly through the room, gazing in silent awe upon the lifeless remains.

The morning of the 8th dawned with unusual brilliance upon the blackened cliff of St. Helena. A gentle breeze passed over the island, and all the inhabitants assembled to pay their last token of respect to the remains of the captive who had made their island immortal. At half-past twelve o'clock the grenadiers placed the heavy coffin, which was of tin, lead, and mahogany, upon the hearse. It was drawn by four horses. The emperor's household followed; and the admiral and the governor, with the officers of the staff, respectfully joined the procession on horseback. All the inhabitants of St. Helena, men, women, and children, in a long, winding train, reverently followed. The English garrison, two thousand five hundred strong, lined the whole of the left side of the road nearly to the grave. Bands of music, stationed at intervals, breathed their requiems upon the still air. The soldiers, as the procession passed, fell into it, and followed to the grave.

At length the hearse stopped. The grenadiers took the coffin upon their shoulders, and carried it along a narrow path which had been constructed on the side of the mountain to the lonely place of burial. The coffin

was placed on the verge of the grave; and while the Abbé Vignali read the burial service all were overpowered by the unwonted solemnity and sublimity of the scene. During the funeral march the admiral's ship in the harbour had fired minute-guns; and as the coffin descended to its chamber of massive masonry, deep in the earth, three successive volleys, from a battery of fifteen guns, discharged over the grave, reverberated along the cliffs and crags of St. Helena. The willows which overhung the tomb were immediately stripped of their foliage, as each one wished to carry away some souvenir of one of the most extraordinary men the world has ever known.

On the 27th of May the devoted household of Napoleon sadly embarked for Europe. The day before their departure they went in a body to the tomb of the emperor and covered it with flowers, and did homage to the memory of their revered friend with tears which could not be repressed. They then embarked in an English ship, and waved a last adieu to that dreary rock where they had endured five-and-a-half years of exile and woe, but where they had also won the respect of the world by their devotion to him whom they loved so well. One of their number, however, Sergeant Huber, in the enthusiasm of his deathless devotion, refused to abandon even the grave of the emperor. For nineteen years he continued at St. Helena, daily guarding the solitary tomb; and when, at the united voice of France, that tomb gave up its sacred relics, and they were removed to repose on the banks of the Seine beneath the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, "among the people he loved so well," this faithful servant followed them to their final resting-place.

In October, 1840, in accordance with the request of the French government, the remains of Napoleon Buonaparte were taken to France by the Prince de Joinville, and on the 15th of December, in the same year, they were deposited with great ceremony in the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris.

IMPRISONMENT OF BARON TRENCK.

[Baron Frederick von Trenck, a Prussian officer, the story of whose life and sufferings has become historically famous, was born at Königsberg in 1726. He made such rapid progress in his studies that at the age of seventeen he was presented to the king, Frederick II., as a student worthy of royal patronage. He was advanced quickly in the army, and his royal master manifested a great regard for him; but the accomplishments of young Trenck having won the heart of the king's sister, the princess Amelia, his enemies took advantage of some letters which fell into their hands, accused him, and had him arrested. He was imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz, but contrived to escape. He then visited the north of Europe, Austria, and Italy. In 1758 he was seized at Dantzic, and conveyed to Magdeburg, where, loaded with irons, he was imprisoned for five years. After procuring his liberation in 1763 he withdrew to Vienna, and afterwards to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he engaged in politics, literature, agriculture, and commerce alternately. He next took up his residence at Zwerbuck in Hungary, and while there he published his *Memoirs*, which immediately produced a great sensation all over Europe, and of which the following pages are a condensation.]

In 1791 he settled in France, and, three years afterwards, was charged with being a secret emissary of the king of Prussia, and imprisoned at St. Lazarus. Evidence not being forthcoming to support this charge he was about to be released, when a fresh charge of being concerned in a conspiracy in the prison was made against him; on this charge he was tried and condemned to death, and suffered on the guillotine, July 25, 1794.]

When Frederick found that Trenck was holding communication with his sister he was greatly incensed, and more so when he found that his attentions were acceptable to the princess. Acting in the spirit of a true despot, he caused him to be arrested, and, without explanation or trial, ordered him to the citadel of Glatz as a prisoner. At this time Trenck was only nineteen years of age, and the seizure was as humiliating as it was unexpected. Unheard, unjudged, uncondemned, he was

ignominiously expelled from the army, his equipage was left behind, and his commission given to another. Trenck was certainly guilty of imprudence, but of nothing worse; and the manner of his apprehension and imprisonment was disgraceful—more so, perhaps, when it is remembered that it was inflicted by one who was styled "The Great."

Trenck now found himself in Glatz, a strong fortress in a mountainous country. The politic course to have followed under such circumstances would have been, perhaps, to have petitioned the king for pardon. But unconscious of having erred, and smarting under indignities, he requested to be tried by a court-martial. To this he received no answer, and, despairing of redress or liberty, he now set himself to contrive to escape from confinement. He did not want friends or money, and believed that there would be little difficulty in gaining over the officers of his guard. He gained the promised aid of several, including a Captain Manget, but the latter divulged the plot, and the result was that Trenck was more strictly guarded than ever.

Having thus, as it were, shut himself out from liberty for ever, we shall allow him to narrate his own prison experiences, as detailed in his *Memoirs*, abridging them, however, to suit the space at our disposal. Of his imprisonment at Glatz, Trenck says:—

Left to myself, I considered my situation in the most hopeless point of view, and determined on escape or death, for my temper could not bear confinement. Believing that I could by money gain over the garrison, there was nothing that might not be undertaken. My scheme was as follows:—The window of my apartment looked towards the city, and was ninety feet from the ground of the citadel, out of which I could not get, not having found a place of refuge in the town. This an officer undertook to procure for me, and prevailed on an honest soap-boiler to provide me with a hiding-place. I then notched my penknife, and sawed through three large iron bars; but this mode was too tedious, as it was

necessary to remove eight of these obstacles before I could pass through. Another officer procured me a file, which I was obliged to use with caution lest I should be overheard by the sentinels. Having completed the cutting through of the eight iron bars, I cut my leather portmanteau into thongs, sewed them end to end, added the sheets of my bed, and descended safely from this astonishing height. It rained, the night was dark, and all seemed favourable; but I had to wade through moats full of mud before I could enter the city, a circumstance I had not before considered. I sunk up to the knees, and after long struggling and extraordinary efforts to extricate myself, I was obliged to call the sentinel, and desire him to inform the governor that I was stuck fast in the mud of the moat.

The governor was one of the cruellest of men, and he added to my sufferings on this occasion. Disregarding my message, he left me standing in the mire till noon—the sport of the soldiers. I was then drawn out, and again cast into prison, without even being washed. I remained in this condition till next day, when two fellow-prisoners were sent to assist in cleaning me.

I was allowed books in my cell to while away the time, but when tired of reading, or in the darkness, my reflections were very gloomy. I was yet untamed in spirit, and panted for the liberty of which I had been so unjustly deprived.

One day Major Doo came to visit me, accompanied by an officer of the guard and an adjutant. After examining every corner of my room he addressed me on the crime of attempting to escape, and even presumed to call me a traitor to my country, who had corresponded with the enemy. When he said that, I snatched the sword from his side—my eyes had been for some time fixed upon it—sprang out of the door, tumbled the sentinel from the top to the bottom of the stairs, came upon the men who were drawn up before the prison door to relieve guard, attacked them sword in hand, threw them into disorder by the manner in which I laid about me,

wounded four of them, made through the rest, sprang over the breastwork of the ramparts, and, sword in hand, immediately leaped this great height without receiving the slightest injury. I safely leaped the second wall, and, none of their pieces being loaded, not one of the guard dared to follow me; and, in order to pursue, they had to go round through the town and the gate of the citadel, so that I had a start of nearly half-an-hour.

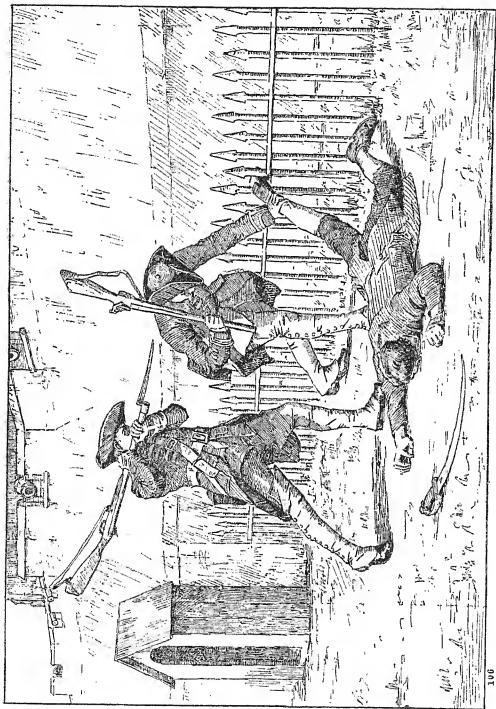
A sentinel, however, in a narrow pass endeavoured to stop my flight, but I parried his fixed bayonet, and wounded him in the face. A second sentinel meanwhile ran from the outworks to seize me behind, and I, to avoid him, made a spring over the palisades. There I was unluckily caught by the foot, and received a bayonet wound in my upper lip. Thus entangled they beat me with the butt ends of their muskets, and dragged me back to prison.

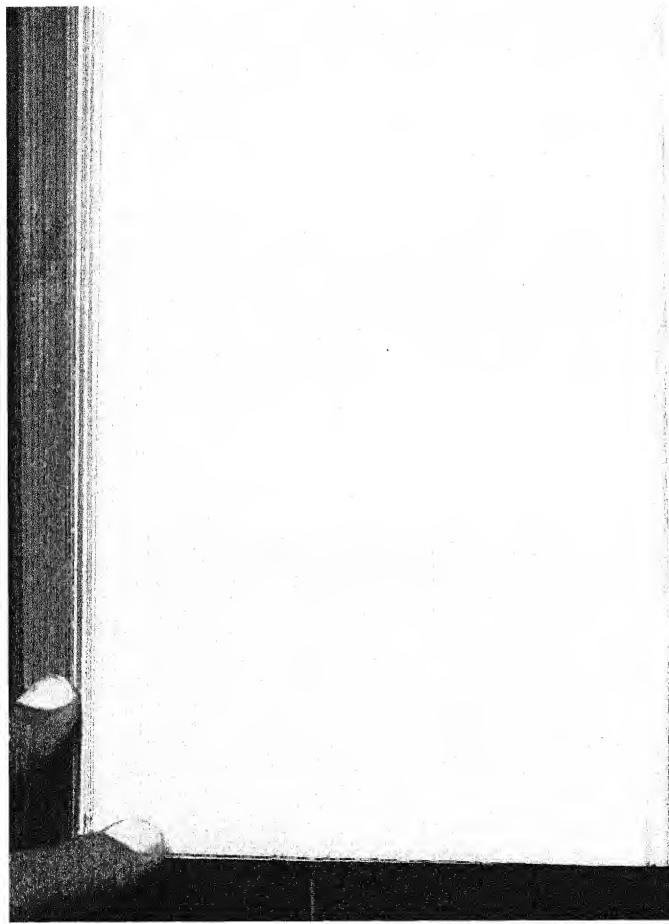
Thus led, bleeding and disheartened, to my cell, the severities of my imprisonment were increased; two sentinels and an under officer were locked in with me, and were themselves guarded by sentinels without. The pain was excessive; my foot had been sprained in the struggle; I spat blood, and my wounds did not heal for more than a month. I now learned, for the first time,¹ that my imprisonment was only intended to have lasted for a year, and it now wanted but three weeks till that time would expire. What must the king think? Was he not compelled to act with severity? How could prudence excuse my impatience thus to risk my further confinement when I was certain of receiving freedom, justification, and honour in three weeks?

But, such was my adverse fate, that circumstances all tended to injure and persecute me, till at length I gave reason to suppose I was a traitor, notwithstanding the purity of my intentions.

Once more, then, I was in a dungeon; and no sooner was I there than I formed new projects of flight. As I

¹ Of this Trenc was ignorant, as it had been generally reported and understood in Glatz that his imprisonment was to be for life.





have already mentioned, I had money, and this, with the compassion I had inspired, might effect anything among discontented Prussian soldiers. I soon gained thirty-two men who were ready to execute, on the first signal, whatever I should command. Two or three excepted, they were unacquainted with each other, and could not therefore fail me all together; and I had chosen a sub-officer, named Nicholai, as their leader.

The prison guard consisted of only 120 men from the garrison regiment (the rest being dispersed in the country of Glatz), and four officers, three of whom were in my interest. Everything was prepared; swords and pistols were concealed in an oven which was in my prison. We intended to give liberty to all the prisoners, and retire, with drums beating, into Bohemia. Unfortunately, an Austrian deserter, to whom Nicholai had imparted our design, discovered the conspiracy. The governor instantly sent his adjutant to the citadel with instructions to the officer on guard to arrest Nicholai, with the others who were implicated.

Nicholai was one of the guard, and the lieutenant was my friend, and, being in the secret, gave the signal that all was discovered. Nicholai instantly formed his resolution, crying, "Comrades, to arms, we are betrayed!" All the conspirators followed to the guardhouse, where they seized on the cartridges, the officer having only eight men; and, threatening to fire on all who should offer any resistance, they came to deliver me; but an iron bar was too strong, and the time too short for it to be sawn through. Nicholai, calling to me, bade me aid them, but it was in vain; and perceiving that nothing could be done for me, this brave man headed nineteen others, marched to the gate of the citadel, where there was a sub-officer and ten soldiers, obliged those to accompany him, and then set off rapidly for Braunau in Bohemia.

This event increased the severity of my treatment. A prosecution was entered against me as a conspirator to corrupt the officers and soldiers of the king. My judges demanded the names of my associates and other informa-

tion, but to such demands I made no answer, except by steadfastly declaring I was an innocent prisoner, an officer unjustly broken—unjustly, because I had never been brought to trial; that consequently I was released from all my engagements; nor could it be thought extraordinary that I should avail myself of the law of nature which gives every man a right to defend his honour defamed, and seek by every possible means to regain his liberty; that such had been my sole purpose in every attempt I had made, and such should continue to be; for that I was determined to persist till I should either be crowned with success or lose my life in the attempt.

The soldiers were now withdrawn from my chamber, and my money was nearly all expended. As a prisoner I could see no way to extricate myself or better my condition. In my despair I attracted the notice of Lieutenant Bach, a Dane by birth, and a man of eccentric character, who mounted guard every fourth day. On entering my room one day he told me that it was actually impossible that I could escape, unless the officer on guard should escape with me; that he desired nothing more than to sacrifice his life on my behalf, but that he could not resolve so far to forget his honour and duty as to desert himself while on guard. He, notwithstanding, gave me his word of honour that he would find me such a person in a few days, and that, in the meantime, he would prepare everything for my flight. He returned the same evening, bringing with him Lieutenant Schell, and, as he entered, he said, "Here's your man!" Schell embraced me, gave me his word of honour, and thus the affair was settled.

Schell and myself deliberated on the means necessary to effect our purpose. He had just come from the garrison of Habelschwert to Glatz, and in three days was to mount guard over me. Our attempt to escape was of course delayed till then. Two other officers, named Schröder and Lunitz, proposed to desert with us. It was arranged that Schell was to go with me, and that the others were to follow in the course of three days.

The fact of my projected attempt to escape was not unnoticed by spies; and my familiarity with certain officers was not unknown to the governor. The latter suddenly issued an order to arrest Schell. Schroeder, who heard the order, immediately warned Schell to save himself by flight. The latter, however, disdained to act the part of a coward. Running suddenly into my prison, he drew a corporal's sabre from under his coat, and said, "Friend, we are betrayed, follow me; only do not suffer me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies."

I attempted to interrupt him, but he prevented it, and taking me by the hand said earnestly but quietly, "Follow me, we have not a moment to lose." I immediately obeyed him, slipped on my coat and boots, without having time to take what money I had still left; and as we went out of the prison Schell said to the sentinel, "I am taking the prisoner to the officer's apartment—stay where you are."

We actually passed into this room, but passed out again at the outer door. Schell had arranged to go up under the arsenal, which was not far off, to gain the covered way, leap the palisades, and escape as best we could. Before we had advanced a hundred paces we met Major Quadt and the adjutant. On seeing the former Schell started back, sprang upon the rampart, and leaped from the wall. I followed, alighted unhurt, but was sorry to find that my friend had hurt his ankle. When he found me beside him he immediately drew his sword, begged me to kill him, and save my own life. Schell had a large heart held within a small body—I could not leave him, so I took him in my arms, pushed him over the palisades, afterwards placed him on my back and ran off with him, scarcely knowing which way I went.

Before I had run a hundred paces with my burden the alarm-guns were fired; Schell, considering that it was impossible for prisoners to escape from Glatz unless they had a start of some hours before alarm was given, was terror-stricken.

Before we had gained 500 yards from the walls all the

garrison had been alarmed by the guns, and everything before and behind us was in motion. It was daylight when we leaped, yet our attempt was as fortunate as it was wonderful.

[In his narrative, Trenck says, with a confidence which, perhaps, is admissible under the circumstances, "This I attribute to my presence of mind and the reputation I had already acquired, which made it thought a service of danger for two or even three men to attack me. It was besides imagined we were well armed; and it was little suspected that Schell had only his sword and I an old corporal's sabre."]

I had scarcely borne Schell 300 yards before I was compelled to set him down; but I took care to do so in a place where the darkness prevented us being seen. "Where are we?" said I to Schell. "On which side does Bohemia lie? Where is the river Neiss?" The poor fellow, his head confused and unable to speak, pointed sideways. Understanding his meaning, I immediately took him on my back again, and carried him to the Neiss. Here, to our dismay, we heard on every side the notes of alarm and increasing excitement, and saw a strong force of peasants turned out to form a cordon around us.

We arrived at the Neiss, which was a little frozen; I conducted Schell across as far as I could keep my feet, then, with him on my back, I swam the short distance between us and the opposite shore.

After gaining the bank we followed the course of the river for half an hour, and having passed the villages on our line of direction (with which Schell was perfectly acquainted), we fortunately discovered a fisherman's boat moored to the shore. We instantly took possession of this, recrossed the river, and soon reached the mountains. There we rested ourselves for a while in the snow. Having managed successfully so far, hope began to revive in our hearts, and we held serious counsel with each other as to the best manner of proceeding farther. I cut a stick to assist Schell in moving about and in walking as well as

he could when I was tired of carrying him; and thus we continued our route, the difficulties of which were increased by the heavy snows.

Thus the night went on, and we made but little way, being nearly up to our middle in snow. There were no means of tracing any of the mountain paths, and they were in many places impassable. Day at length appeared, when we found ourselves near a village at the foot of the mountain, near which, at a short distance, we perceived two houses standing apart, which suggested to us a plan that we successfully carried out. We had lost our hats in leaping the ramparts; but Schell had preserved his scarf and gorget, which would give him an appearance of authority among the peasants. I cut my finger, smeared my face with the blood, and bound up my head, to give myself the appearance of a man dangerously wounded.

In this condition I carried Schell to the end of the wood, not far from these houses. Here he tied my hands behind my back, but so that I could easily disengage them in case of need, and hobbled after me, stick in hand, calling for assistance. Two old men approached, and Schell commanded them to run to the village and tell a magistrate to come immediately with a cart. "I have seized this man," he added, "who has killed my horse; and in the struggle I have dislocated my ankle; however, I have wounded and secured him. Run quickly, and procure a cart, lest he should die before he can be hanged."

I allowed myself to be led, as if half-dead, into the house, and one of the peasants was despatched to the village. An old woman and a pretty girl took compassion on me, and gave me some bread and milk; but how great was our astonishment when the elder of the two peasants called Schell by his name, and told him plainly that he knew we were both deserters, having the night before been at a neighbouring tavern where an officer in pursuit of us came, spread the alarm, and left a full description of us behind him, and an account, more or less

correct, of how we had effected our escape. The man knew Schell because his son had served in his company, and had often spoken of him when he was quartered at Habelschwert.

Presence of mind and resolution were now what was required. I instantly ran to the stable, while Schell detained the old man in the chamber. He was, however, disposed to befriend us, and directed us on the road to Bohemia. We were still only seven miles from Glatz, having lost ourselves among the mountains, where we had wandered many weary miles. The daughter followed me into the stable, where I found three horses, but no bridles. I passionately implored her assistance; and she let me have two bridles. I led the horses to the door, called Schell, and assisted him to mount one of them. The old man began to weep, and beg that I would not take his horses; but he lacked courage, and perhaps will, to prevent us taking them; for with nothing but the hayfork which he had in his hand he might have detained us long enough to have obtained assistance from the village.

We at once got on horseback, and were both without hats or saddles; Schell wearing his uniform scarf and gorget, and I my regimental coat. The horses, however, unaccustomed to being ridden, almost refused to move, until a good deal of persuasion was brought to bear upon them, and which I, having had considerable dealings with horses in former days, was able to supply. Schell led the way; but we had scarcely gone a hundred yards when we perceived the peasants rushing in a crowd from the village. When we had arrived it seems all the people were in church, it being a festival day, and they only now made their appearance, having been called out to aid in our capture. Fortunately, we had the start of them, and soon got beyond their reach.

We passed through the town of Wünschelberg, and got upon the road to Braunau, where we arrived at eleven o'clock. Here we were now safe beyond the Prussian frontier, and only those who have been similarly situated

can imagine our feelings of joy when we placed our feet on Bohemian territory.

Being fairly safe within the Bohemian frontiers, I obtained assistance, and at once sent the two horses, together with the corporal's sword, back to Glatz. I also addressed a communication to the king, giving him a correct statement of my case, including conclusive proofs of my innocence, and courting full inquiry. But my papers were never acknowledged.

And now, here was I in Bohemia, a fugitive stranger, a deserter from my own country, without friends and without money, and only twenty years of age! What was to be done? I remembered that in the campaign of 1744 I had been quartered at Braunau with a weaver, whom I advised and assisted to bury his effects to preserve them from being plundered. To him we repaired, and he received us with a hearty welcome, and indeed with gratitude. But two years before I had lived in his house, absolute master of himself and his fortune. I had then a full staff of servants and horses, and every prospect of distinction in my profession; but I was now a fugitive seeking protection, and with but a single louis-d'or in my purse. Schell's money amounted barely to forty kreutzers, equal to about one shilling; and with our combined funds we had to provide for our wants and attend to the curing of his injured ankle.

After remaining about three weeks at Braunau, where my weaver-friend assisted us to the utmost of his means, Schell recovered from his lameness. We had been obliged to dispose of my watch and other articles belonging to Schell and myself, and our supply of cash was reduced to four florins. To add to our misfortunes I now learned from the public journals that my cousin, the Austrian Trenck, had been placed under arrest with a view to undergoing a criminal prosecution. Never till now had I experienced the hardship of poverty. My wants had ever been amply supplied, and I had at all times lived among, and been loved and esteemed by, the highest people in the land. The news of the arrest of

my relative made me feel as if I were utterly destitute, without help of any kind, and thoroughly at a loss how to proceed.

At length, after serious deliberation with Schell, I determined to travel on foot to the residence of my sister, obtain assistance from her, and afterwards enter into the service of Russia. Schell, whose destiny was now linked with mine, would not part from me. We procured passports by assuming false names, Schell calling himself Lesch, and myself Knert—which, indeed, were simply our proper names transposed; and on the evening of the 21st of January, 1747, we left Braunau, unseen by any person, and proceeded towards Bilitz in Poland. A friend of mine at Neurode gave me a pair of pocket pistols, a musket, and three ducats in gold, and we proceeded on our journey.

A full account of our journey through Bohemia and Poland to Elbing, a distance of nearly 800 miles, in the midst of winter, would make a large book of itself, so only a few particulars from our diary can here be introduced.

On the 22d of February, having been travelling for more than a month, after a dismal day's walking we arrived at a place called Schmiegel. Here we met with a singular adventure. The peasants of the neighbourhood were enjoying themselves after the labours of the day, and a number of them had joined in a dance, to the music of a very indifferent fiddler. Being myself rather a skilful player on the violin, I took the instrument and played in a manner which seemed to please them greatly. Being fatigued with travelling I ventured to lay down the violin after I had played for a short time, but the peasants would allow of no such thing. First by importunities and afterwards by threats they actually compelled me to play all night. I thought I should have fainted through sheer weakness; but at length the peasants quarrelled among themselves, and while all was in confusion we escaped without further ill-treatment.

[Trenck here in his narrative indulges in a few reflec-

tions on his change of circumstances, which, although unnecessary to the story of his sufferings, are yet not without interest, and certainly convey a sound moral lesson.]

What ample subject of meditation on the various turns of fate did this night afford! But three years before I danced at Berlin with the daughters and sisters of kings; and here was I in a Polish hut, a ragged, almost naked musician, playing for the sport of ignorant rustics, whom I was at last obliged to fight. I was myself the occasion of the trifling misfortune that befell me on this occasion. Had not my vanity led me to show these poor ignorant peasants that I was a musician I might have slept in peace and safety. The same vain desire of proving I knew more than other men made me through life the continued victim of envy and slander. Had nature, too, bestowed on me a weaker or a deformed body I had been less observed, less courted, less heeded, and my adventures and mishaps had been fewer. Thus the merits of a man often become his miseries; and thus the bear, having learned to dance, must live and die in chains!

Next day we underwent many hardships; and as we passed through a village Schell had to dispose of his waistcoat in order to purchase some bread. On the 27th we reached Hammer in Brandenburg, where my sister resided, and from whom I naturally expected assistance. But I was disappointed: my sister and her husband, alarmed at the idea of receiving a proscribed wanderer, refused to see me, and requested my immediate departure. We had therefore to change our plans, and we took our way towards Elbing, where I had some friends. After encountering numerous risks and vexations and parting with Schell at a house by the way, where he was well received, I arrived at Elbing, weary, ragged, and footsore. My friends there treated me better than did my sister and her husband, and, recruited in strength and furnished with money, I proceeded by Dantzic to Warsaw; and being joined by Schell at Thorn, we passed on to Vienna, where we arrived safely in April (1747).

Having thus secured a refuge Trenck considered himself free from further molestation, but in this he was grievously disappointed. Well received by the Austrian authorities, it was with surprise that he found himself (chiefly on account of his name) likely to be involved in certain misfortunes which had overtaken his cousin, the Austrian Trenck, and he accordingly left Vienna for Holland in August, 1748. At Nuremberg he met with General Lieuwen, a relation of his mother, who was in command of a troop of Russian soldiers who were marching to the Netherlands. Acting on the advice of the general he attached himself to the military service of Russia, and was at once appointed to the command of a company of dragoons. But peace followed, and for a time Trenck was comparatively unemployed. His cousin died and left him all his property. In order to secure it he had to contest numerous lawsuits raised by persons interested in the estate. Trenck defended his claims with his natural pertinacity, and incurred the hatred of men in power, who, knowing his previous history, resolved upon procuring his ruin.

Trenck afterwards entered the Austrian service, and in 1754 his mother died in Prussia, when he found it necessary to leave his regiment and proceed to Dantzic in order to arrange some family affairs. His enemies at Vienna became aware of his intention, and gave information to the Prussian authorities. Trenck was quite unprepared for any attempt upon his liberty, and it was with extreme surprise that he found himself placed under arrest by a Prussian force, by which he was conveyed to Berlin. Once more in the power of Frederick, he was with very little ceremony hurried off, under a strong escort, through Spandau to Magdeburg. The unhappy prisoner now resumes his own story.

On my arrival at the fortress of Magdeburg I was placed under the charge of the captain of the guard at the citadel. The little money I possessed was taken from me, together with everything belonging to me of any value. I was then conducted to a dungeon

which had been prepared for me; into this I was thrust, and the door was closed upon me. Again a prisoner!—and in Prussia! The blow was overwhelming, and it was some time before I could recover myself.

On examination I found my cell to be a most substantial one, and one that had evidently been selected on account of its strength and situation for the purpose of frustrating any attempt at escape. Even the bed was chained to the floor, and beyond the window in the seven-foot wall there was a wooden palisade, six feet distant, by which the sentinels could effectually prevent anything from being conveyed to me. I was not yet put in irons; and my allowance of food was a pound and a half of bread per day, and a jug of water. From my youth I had always had a good appetite; but the bread was so mouldy I could scarcely at first eat the half of it, and consequently I suffered from sheer starvation. I could easily every day have devoured six pounds of bread, and would willingly have given all I possessed to have been allowed to appease my hunger even on dry bread of a proper quality. For eleven months my sufferings from want of proper food continued to such an extent that my life was really in peril. Petitions, remonstrances, and appeals were of no avail; the only reply I could obtain from the jailers was, "We can give no more; such is the command of the king;" and with this answer I was forced to be content. Such severities, however, intensified my eager desire for liberty.

My daily supply of bread and water was brought to me about noon. The keys of all the doors were kept by the governor; the inner door of my chamber was not unlocked, and my "rations" were handed to me through an aperture. The door of my prison was only opened once a week, on Wednesday, when the governor and town-major paid their visit.

After being two months here I observed that this order of visitation was invariable, and I began to carry out a plan of escape I had formed, and of the possibility of which I was convinced. Where the stove stood the floor

was bricked, and this paving extended to the wall that separated my casemate from the adjoining one, in which was no prisoner. My window was only guarded by a single sentinel, and I soon found among those who successively relieved guard two kind-hearted fellows, who described to me the position of my prison: I at once perceived that if I could reach the adjoining casemate, the door of which was not locked, I could easily effect my escape. If I could only procure a friend to wait for me with a boat to take me across the Elbe, or could I succeed in swimming the river, the confines of Saxony were only a mile distant.

To describe my plan of operations would be tedious, yet I must enumerate a few of the details, and the work was remarkably intricate, and involved severe labour.

I sawed through the iron by which the stove was fastened, and broke off the clinchings of the nails, but preserved their heads that I might put them again in their places, and so make all appear secure to the eagle eyes of my weekly visitors. This procured me tools to raise the brick floor, under which I found earth. My first effort was to work a hole through the wall, seven feet thick, behind, and concealed by the stove. This I proceeded with, carefully marking and numbering the stones as I unfixed them, so that they could be properly replaced, and all appear safe.¹

While labouring I placed the stones and bricks upon my bedstead; and had they taken the precaution to come at any other time of the week except Wednesday, I had been surely discovered; but no such ill luck befell me. Means were now to be found to remove the rubbish from my prison; all of which, in a wall so thick, it was impossible to replace. I therefore took the earth, lime, and débris of the stones, scattered them about my chamber, and ground them under my feet the whole day, till they were reduced to dust; this dust I strewed in the aperture of my window, making use of the loosened stove to stand upon. I tied splinters from my bedstead together with

¹ This part of the work alone occupied Trenck nearly six months!

the ravelled yarn of an old stocking, and to this fastened a tuft of my hair. I worked a large hole under the middle grating, which could not be seen when standing on the ground, and through this I pushed the dust with the tool I had prepared to the outer window; then, waiting till the wind should rise, I brushed it away: it was blown off, and no appearance of it remained on the outside. By this expedient I rid myself of at least three hundred weight of earth, and thus made room to continue my labours; yet even this being insufficient I made little balls, and when the sentinel was walking blew them through a paper tube out of the window. Into the empty space I put my mortar and stones, and worked on successfully.

After I had penetrated about two feet into the stone, however, my difficulties increased, and I more than once thought I would be compelled to abandon my scheme altogether. My only tools were the iron I had dug out, and they were of little avail against the strong material against which I was working. But a friendly soldier gave me an old ramrod and a soldier's sheath-knife, which did me excellent service, especially the latter. With it I cut splinters from my bedstead, which aided me in picking out the mortar. Yet the labour of penetrating this seven-foot wall was incredible; the building was old, and the mortar had become like stone, so that the whole had to be reduced to dust. But at length I approached the fulfilment of my hopes, as I knew by coming to the facing of brick, which was now all that was between me and the adjoining casemate.

Meanwhile I found an opportunity to speak to some of the sentinels. One of them was an old grenadier, called Gefhardt, who displayed qualities of the greatest and noblest kind. From him I ascertained the exact situation of my prison, and every circumstance likely to aid me in my escape. Nothing was wanting but money to buy a boat, and, crossing the Elbe with Gefhardt, to take refuge in Saxony. By means of Gefhardt I became acquainted with a kind-hearted girl, a Jewess, Esther Heymann by

name, and whose father had been ten years in prison. This young woman, whom I had never seen, won over two other grenadiers, who gave her an opportunity of speaking to me every time they stood sentry. By tying my splinters together I contrived to make a stick long enough to reach beyond the palisades that were before my window, and thus obtained paper, another knife, and a file.

I now wrote to my sister, described my situation, and intreated her to send three hundred rix-dollars to the Jewess, informing her that by so doing I would be able to make my escape. I also wrote to Count Puebla, the Austrian ambassador at Berlin, in whose letter I inclosed a draft for a thousand florins on my effects at Vienna, and requested him to remit the money to the Jewess, having promised her that reward for her assistance. This excellent girl did all I required: but our plan was discovered, and I was once more in despair. The family of the Jewess also suffered by this new misfortune, this being to me a source of additional grief.

The king having to attend a review at Magdeburg, visited the Star Fort, and commanded a new cell to be immediately constructed, and prescribed himself the kind of irons in which I was to be placed. Gefhardt heard the officer say this cell was intended for me, and gave me notice of it, at the same time telling me that it would not be completed in less than a month. I therefore determined at once to complete my breach in the wall, and escape without the aid of any one. This was quite possible; for I had twisted the hair of my mattress into a rope, which I meant to tie to a cannon, and descend the rampart; after which I might swim the river and so reach Saxony. On May 26, 1755, I resolved to break into the next casemate; but when I commenced to work at the bricks I found them so strongly built together that I was obliged to defer the labour to the following day. I left off, weary and dispirited, at daybreak; and had any one entered my dungeon he must infallibly have discovered the breach. How dreadful is the destiny by which, through life, I have been persecuted, and which has repeatedly plunged me

headlong into calamity at the moment when success seemed at hand!

The 27th was a cruel day in the history of my life. My new cell had been finished sooner than Gefhardt had expected; and at night, when I was preparing to fly, I heard the sound of a carriage which stopped before the door of my prison. The bolts were drawn, the doors opened, and the last of my resources was to conceal my knife. The town-major and other two officers entered. They ordered me to dress myself, which I did. Irons were then given to me, and I was compelled to fasten them on my own wrists and ankles. A bandage was placed over my eyes, and taking me by the arm they conducted me to the carriage. It was necessary to pass through the city to get to the Star Fort; all was silent; but when we entered Magdeburg I heard the sound of feet, and there was evidently a crowd gathered together to obtain a sight of me. The carriage at length stopped, and I was conducted to my new cell, where my eyes were uncovered. What were my feelings of horror when, by the light of torches, I beheld the floor covered with chains, a charcoal fire, and two grim men standing with heavy hammers in their hands! Enormous chains were fixed to my ankles at one end, and at the other to a ring attached to the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. A large iron band was next rivetted round my naked body, and to this was hung a chain fixed into an iron bar as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff. At length they all retired, not one even wishing me good-night, and the only sound I heard was the grating of the bolts of the four doors which were being closed against me. There I sat alone and in darkness upon the bare ground, with an insupportable weight of fetters upon me. When day dawned I found that the light permitted to enter my dungeon was only such as to render the darkness visible. As my eyes, however, got used to it, I was able to perceive the interior of my prison.

It was about eight feet long by ten broad, and without a stove. In a corner there was a seat formed of bricks on which I could sit and recline against the wall. Opposite the ring to which I was fastened there was a small semi-circular aperture one foot high and two across. This aperture passed through the wall, which was six feet thick; at the centre part was a thick close iron grating, and its two extremities were again secured by strong iron bars. This, considering the smallness of the aperture and the obstruction of the bars, must needs make the obscurity great; yet my eyes in time became so accustomed to it that I could see a mouse run across the floor. Between the bars and the grating was a glass window with a centre door, which could be opened for the admission of air. The name of TRENCK was built into the wall in red brick, and under my feet was a tombstone with the name of TRENCK also cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors of the dungeon were double, and made of oak; beyond these was an open space or front cell, in which was a window, and this space was also closed in by double doors. The ditch in which this horrible den was built was inclosed on both sides by palisades twelve feet high. All possibility of speech or communication with the sentinels was effectually guarded against; and the only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or swinging my arms, to procure myself warmth. When I became more accustomed to my fetters I was also able to move from side to side about four feet; but this effort pained me greatly. The plastering of the cell had only been finished eleven days, and everybody supposed that I would be unable to exist in it above a fortnight. For six months, however, I was continually soaked by water, which trickled upon me from the thick arches above my head, and I can safely say that for the first three months I was never dry; yet I continued to keep my health. I was visited daily at noon, and the doors were then obliged to be left open for a few minutes to prevent the damp from extinguishing the lights of the guard.

Such was my pitiable situation; and here I had to sit friendless, helpless, wretched, preyed on by all the torture of thought that ever suggested the most gloomy, the most dreadful reflections. My heart was well-nigh turned to stone; my fortitude was sunk to despondency; my dungeon was a very cave of despair; and during a part of the time I was constantly haunted by the thought of suicide.

A camp-bed, mattress, and blankets were brought me; a jug of water and a large loaf of bread was placed at my disposal every day at noon, and the town-major on his first visit said, "That you may not complain of hunger, you shall have as much bread as you can eat."

Daily at noon my den was opened. Sorrow and compassion seemed to be depicted on the faces of my keepers; but not one of them uttered a word. Painful, indeed, was their arrival; for, unaccustomed to the huge bolts and bars, they were kept resounding for nearly half an hour before they could be properly withdrawn.

This dreadful state of matters continued to exist for not less than eleven months, and my sufferings during that fearful period were of such a nature that I cannot describe them. My poor fare weakened digestion, and rendered it inactive; my body swelled, and cramps, colics, and inordinate thirst racked me through the night. I ate all the bread they provided me with, but loathed the very sight of water. At length, one day when my jailers entered my cell they found me in a truly pitiable condition, and wondered at my appetite; they brought me another loaf. I refused to accept it, believing I should never more have occasion for bread; they, however, left it, shrugged their shoulders, and wished me farewell, as, judging by my condition, they never expected to see me alive again.

But in three days from this time I gained strength, and once more thoughts of escape came into my mind. I had observed, as the four doors were opened, that they were only of wood,—could I not therefore cut off the locks with the knife which I had so fortunately concealed?

and should this and every other means fail, then would be the time to die. I likewise made a determined effort to free myself of my chains, and was fortunate enough to withdraw my right hand from the handcuff, though the blood trickled from my nails as I did so. My attempts on the left hand were for a long time ineffectual; but by rubbing the rivet with a brick which I got from my seat I liberated it also.

The chain was fastened to the band round my body by a hook, one end of which was not inserted in the band; therefore, by setting my feet against the wall I was able to bend this hook so far back as to be able to slip off the link of the chain. The remaining difficulty was the chain that attached my feet to the wall; the links of this chain I took, doubled, twisted, and wrenched, till at length I made a desperate effort, sprang forcibly up, and two links at once flew off.

Thus far fortunate, I hastened to the door, groped in the dark to find the clinchings of the nails by which the locks were fastened, and discovered that no very large piece of wood required to be cut. I went to work immediately with my knife, and cut through the oak door to find its thickness, which proved to be only one inch; therefore I considered it possible to open all the four doors within twenty-four hours.

Hope again began to revive in my heart. To prevent being discovered I hastened to put on my fetters, but was alarmed to find the links of the chain broken. It had been my good fortune hitherto to escape examination, as the possibility of my releasing myself had never been suspected. The broken links I tied together with a ribbon of my hair; but when I again endeavoured to force my hand into the ring, it was so swelled that every effort was vain. The whole night I laboured to file the rivet, but without success.

Noon was the hour of visitation, and necessity and danger again compelled me to attempt forcing my hand, and at length, with excruciating torture, I succeeded in doing so. When my usual visitors appeared they found

everything apparently in proper order. I found it impossible, however, to withdraw my hand until the swelling had fallen. I therefore remained quiet for a few days, and, on the 4th of July, immediately the guard had closed the doors upon me I relieved myself of my irons, took my knife, and began to the doors at the locks. The first was cut through in less than an hour, but the next was a more difficult task: the lock certainly was soon cut round, but the door opened outwards; there was therefore no other means left but to cut the whole door away above the bar. Incessant labour effected this also, though it was the more difficult that I, working in the dark, had to do everything by touch. The perspiration flowed from my whole body, and my lacerated fingers were clotted with blood.

Daylight began to appear; I clambered over the door that was half cut away, and got up to the window in the space or cell between the double doors already mentioned.

Here I perceived that my dungeon was in the ditch of the first rampart. Before me I beheld the road from the rampart, the guard but fifty yards distant, and the high palisades in the ditch which must be scaled before I could reach the rampart. As hope grew stronger I increased my efforts. The first of the next double doors was then attacked—this opened inward, and was soon conquered. Before I finished this the sun rose; and the fourth door had yet to be cut away as the second had been. My strength began to fail, and both of my hands were raw. I rested for a little, began again, and had made considerable progress when my knife snapped, and the broken blade fell on the ground!

Thus ended my hopes. Disheartened, mad with pain, and bathed in blood, I returned to my dungeon. I knew I should be detected when noon arrived; and I immediately resolved on daring my keepers to do their worst. When the first of the doors was unlocked, the situation was at once perceived. There I stood, a desperate man, besmeared with blood, and a perfect picture of horror, with my broken knife in one hand, and a brick in the

other, crying, as they approached, "Keep off, Mr. Major, keep off! Tell the governor I will live no longer in chains, but that I will stand here and be shot, if he chooses; for so only will I yield. No man shall enter here, except at the risk of his life."

The major was terrified, and in his irresolution left me, to report matters to the governor. I meantime sat down on the bricks which I had unfixed from my seat, to await the course of events. My secret purpose, however, was not so desperate as it appeared. I desired only to have an opportunity of making favourable terms of capitulation.

The governor presently appeared accompanied by some officers and the town-major, and entered the outer cell, but fell back the moment he perceived my determined attitude. I repeated to him what I had said to the major, and he at once ordered six soldiers to force the door. The front cell was scarcely six feet broad, so that no more than two at a time could enter; and when they saw my threatening attitude they hurriedly drew back. A short pause took place, and the major with the chaplain advanced to the door to parley with me. The conversation occupied some time, until the governor lost his temper and ordered a fresh attack. The first soldier was knocked down, and the rest fell back to avoid my missiles. The town-major again attempted to soothe me. "For God's sake, Trenck," he said, "in what have I injured you, that you should endeavour to procure my ruin? I must answer for having allowed you to conceal a knife. Be calm, I entreat you." My answer was, "But will you not fetter me heavier than you did before?"

He retired and consulted with the governor; and on his return he gave me his word of honour that no further notice should be taken of the matter, and that everything should be reinstated exactly as before.

Here the capitulation ended, and I yielded up my wretched citadel. My condition was viewed with pity; my wounds were examined and attended to by a surgeon;

another shirt was given to me; and the bricks, besmeared with blood, were removed. For some time I lay half dead on my mattress. The surgeon ordered me some wine, two sentinels were placed in the front cell, and I was thus left, unironed, for four days in peace.

On the fifth day the repairs on the doors were completed; the inner one was lined with iron, and I was fettered as before. Perhaps they considered further cruelty unnecessary; and the major, expressing his regret that, without the express commands of the king, they could not lighten my sufferings, wished me fortitude and patience, and left me to my reflections.

About three weeks after my attempt to escape, Gefhardt was again placed as a sentinel over me. I had confidence in him, and knew that he would again befriend me, and his presence raised fresh hopes of escape in my bosom. If liberty was to be attained it could only be with help from without. My previous attempt had excited too much alarm for me to pass without strict examination; since, on the ninth day after I was incarcerated, I had, in eighteen hours, broken through a prison expressly prepared for me, and presumed to be secure in every particular.

Gefhardt had scarcely entered upon his duty before we found opportunity for conversation. He described the situation of my prison; and our first plan was to break under the foundation, which he had seen laid, and which he stated to be only two feet deep.

The first thing to be done was to procure money. Gefhardt was relieved during his guard, and returned, bringing with him a sheet of paper rolled on a wire, which he passed through my grating, together with a piece of wax candle, tinder, a match, and a pen. Having now light, I pricked my finger so as to draw blood, with which I wrote a letter to my faithful friend, Captain Ruckhardt, at Vienna, and asked him to realize money from my estates and bring it with him to a certain place, Gummern, two miles from Magdeburg, on a certain day—the 15th of

August. About noon on this day he was to walk with a letter in his hand, and a man carrying a roll of tobacco would meet him and receive the money. The letter was duly posted by the wife of Gefhardt, and my hopes daily rose. As often as Gefhardt mounted guard, so often did we discuss our projects. The 15th of August came, but it was some days before Gefhardt was again on duty; and, oh, how my heart palpitated when he came and exclaimed, "All is right! we have succeeded!" He returned in the evening, and we began to consider by what means he could convey the money to me. I could not, with my hands chained to an iron bar, reach the aperture of the window that admitted air; besides that, it was too small. It was therefore arranged that Gefhardt, when he next came on guard, should perform the office of cleaning my dungeon, and that he then should convey the money to me in the water jug. This he succeeded in doing; but how great was my astonishment to find the amount in the jug to be twice what I expected! I had told Gefhardt to retain a thousand florins for himself, but the worthy fellow would only accept five pistoles, and even that small sum he took with reluctance.

Having now money to carry out my designs I began to put my plan of burrowing under the foundation into execution. The first thing necessary was to free myself from my fetters. To accomplish this, Gefhardt supplied me with two small files; and with the aid of these I succeeded in removing them in such a manner that they could be easily slipped on again when necessary.

The window of my dungeon was never thoroughly examined. I therefore drew the two staples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, and which I replaced daily, carefully covering the joints over with moistened bread. I procured wire from Gefhardt, and began to make an imitation of the inner grating. Finding I succeeded tolerably, I cut the real grating wholly away, and substituted the one I had constructed, by which I obtained a free communication with the outside, and all necessary implements. tinder. and candles. That the

light might not be seen I hung the coverlid of my bed before the window, so that I could work fearless of detection.

All being now ready, I set to work. The floor of my cell was of oak planks, three inches thick, three beds of which were laid crosswise, and fastened to each other by nails nearly a foot long. Having worked round the head of one of these long nails, I drew it out with the aid of the bar which confined my hands; and having ground it properly on my tombstone, found myself in possession of an excellent chisel. I now cut through the board more than an inch in width, that I might work downward. This I covered up when not at work with a piece of wood which I drew from under the wall, properly disguised with dirt, bread, &c. My work underneath required less precaution, and I soon worked my way through the nine inches of oak. Under them I came upon a fine white sand. Now I could not proceed without assistance from without; for to remove the sand would be useless, unless I could get rid of it. For this purpose, therefore, Gefhardt supplied me some strips of cloth, which I made into long narrow bags, filled them with the sand, and passed them through the window to Gefhardt, who emptied and returned them to me every time he came on duty. Having now made space under the floor to conceal them, I procured more tools, a pair of pistols, ammunition, and a bayonet.

I had now to make a hole four feet deep corresponding with that of the foundation, and wide enough to kneel and stoop in. The positions in which I had to work, and the smallness of the space, made the labour fearfully severe; and after my daily task had been performed, everything having to be replaced and my chains resumed, I was frequently quite exhausted with fatigue. As Gefhardt only mounted guard once a fortnight my progress was greatly delayed. The sentinels were forbidden to speak to me under pain of death; and I was so much afraid of being again betrayed, that I dared not seek assistance from any of them. In all my privations, however, my heart was cheerful, as the prospect of free-

dom greatly elated me; and my jailers were surprised to see me keeping up my spirits so well.

Through Gefhardt I was well supplied with nourishing meats and occasionally dainties, which greatly increased my strength; and when I was not at work I amused myself by composing verses and satires, which whiled away the time almost imperceptibly, and everything appeared to progress favourably. But one day an extraordinary accident occurred, which nearly frustrated my whole endeavours.

Gefhardt had been working with me for several hours, and was relieved in the morning. As I was replacing the window, which, of course, had to be removed during our intercourse, I stupidly dropped it on the ground, and smashed three of the panes. This was most unfortunate, for if the broken windows were seen everything would be discovered, and how to repair them I knew not. For nearly an hour I conjectured and cogitated, and at last formed a desperate resolution. The sentinel outside the window was leaning against the wall, whistling, and I spoke to him.

"My good friend," I said, "have pity upon your comrades, if you have none for me. If you do not grant me a small favour several of them will certainly be shot. Come, I will give you thirty pistoles if you will do me a trifling service."

The soldier, taken by surprise, was at a loss how to reply. At length he whispered through the grating, "So you have money, have you?" I answered this by pushing the sum mentioned through to him. He then asked what I required: I told him as well as I could, and gave the size of the glass on a piece of paper. Acting quickly but cautiously, he soon procured me the glass, which I fixed in the window, and all was again safe. This sentinel faithfully kept the transaction secret.

A second letter which I wrote to be conveyed to Ruckhardt, at Vienna, was unfortunately discovered. This caused Prince Frederick to demand of me, in person, by what means it could have been taken out of the

garrison. Threats and promises were used by him, but I remained silent, and refused all information.

But the suspicion of the authorities being roused, extra precautions were now taken. The sentinels were doubled; and shortly afterwards the troops of the garrison were sent on active service, and a new detachment, under Governor Borek, was appointed for prison service. Borek was a perfect tyrant. He loaded me with an enormous iron neck-collar, which was connected with chains to my ankles. This collar pained me, and almost prevented me from moving; and for some months I dared not attempt their removal. Indeed it took me this time to thoroughly understand their construction and ascertain their points of weakness. The chains suspended from the collar were so heavy on my neck that I was compelled to support them, first with one hand, and then with another, to avoid being strangled outright. It will be easily understood that, in this condition, I could obtain but little sleep; and it is no wonder that under this dreadful suffering both my mind and body gave way, and I was seized with a violent fever.

The cruelty of Borek was fearful: evidently he eagerly desired my death, so that he might be released from the danger and anxiety of watching over so troublesome a prisoner. I cannot describe the sufferings I underwent during my illness. Yet hope did not entirely leave me. I had learned that peace would soon ensue, and in this circumstance I foresaw that I might possibly be set at liberty, and sustained myself in anticipation of a welcome deliverance.

My illness lasted for upwards of two months, and at last I was so reduced that I was scarcely able to raise the jug of water to my lips. There I had to remain in my damp, dark, horrible dungeon, without bedding or means to ease my fever-stricken body, and laden with fetters which lacerated my flesh every movement I made, with no other means or hopes of recovery save those kindly vouchsafed by nature alone.

My sufferings, however, were viewed with sorrow by

some of the officers of the garrison, who secretly visited me, bringing with them little comforts and luxuries, and what was a great deal more effectual in promoting my recovery—words of comfort and tidings of probable release. One of them, named Sonntag, assisted me to move my irons, and also instructed me fully on the construction and position of my dungeon. If my information was correct, I found that by mining through thirty-seven feet of fine white sand, my escape was certain. A certain door, to which I was to penetrate, was to be left open when I should be ready for flight.

When I had regained sufficient strength I commenced my labours, and continued them for six months. They were very much of the same character as previously described, so a repetition will not be necessary; one or two surprises occurred, but no discovery was made, until, alas! on the very day on which I was to make my escape. One of the sentinels having on one occasion heard the sounds made by me while working underground had reported the circumstance to his officer. An inquiry was made, nothing was discovered, and the sentinel was laughed at for his supposed stupid blunder. But on the fatal day it so happened this same sentinel was on duty, and again hearing strange underground sounds, in hope of retrieving his reputation he once more reported them to his officer. My whole plan was now discovered; my six months' arduous labour had been all in vain!

I was now treated worse than ever. Borek, in his desire to crush me, gave orders that I should not be allowed to sleep, and that the sentinels should visit me every quarter of an hour in order to see that I was awake. This was indeed a fearful punishment. It lasted for four years; but strange to say, during the greatest portion of that time custom taught me to answer the calls of my guards when I was actually fast asleep!

About a year before my release this torture was discontinued by order of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and I was permitted to repose in the ordinary manner.

Borek was removed from the governorship of the

garrison; and on the appointment of Reichmann to the office my condition was greatly improved, and I was favoured with more air and light. Being unable to make any further attempts at escape, I began to amuse myself by carving figures and writing verses on the pewter cups and plates on which my food was served. I soon became skilful at the work, and the articles were much in demand among the curious, who paid high prices for them. On a cup, which I was told made a great sensation in Vienna, I depicted a bird in a cage, held by a Turk, and inscribed the following lines:—

“The bird sings even in the storm;
Open his cage, break his fetters, ye friends of virtue,
And his songs shall be the delight of your abodes!”

At length, however, the incessant labour at these trifling mementoes affected my eyesight, and this, with the pain caused by my iron collar, caused me to discontinue it entirely. A pet mouse, which I had trained to perform many tricks, and which was on the most affectionate terms, was unluckily discovered, and actually taken from me! Friendless, and unable to amuse or employ myself otherwise, I again began to contrive a plan of escape, but happily it proved to be unnecessary.

I had always expected that on the conclusion of peace between Prussia and Austria I would be released. Peace had, however, been proclaimed for nine months, but I still remained in prison: what could it mean? At last, one day, after I had abandoned all hope, I was surprised by a visit from Count Schlieben, lieutenant of the guards, bearing an order for my immediate release. I could scarcely realize the fact, and it was not for a little time after my fetters had been removed that I was fully sensible that I was really free! This occurred on the 24th of December, 1763. I had been imprisoned in Magdeburg for nearly five years and a half; this, with the seventeen months which I underwent at Glatz, makes my total captivity amount to close upon seven years.

Thus had some of the best years of my life been wasted

in a dungeon, and during these I had endured sufferings and undergone cruelties which pen fails to describe. And for what? An imaginary crime; one for which I had never been brought to trial, and of which I was entirely innocent!

[Here the story of Trenck's captivity ends. One condition of his release was that he should never set foot in Prussian territory, and he was forthwith conducted to Prague. In the introductory note we have briefly alluded to the subsequent career of this unfortunate and impetuous young man, and to his tragical death on the guillotine in 1794.]

THE STORY OF LAVALETTE.

[Marie Chamans, Count de Lavalette, was born at Paris in 1769. Although first intended by his parents for the Church, he ultimately became an officer of the National Guard. Though he concurred with the revolutionary feeling he displayed moderation, voting by petition against the camp under the walls of Paris, and was prosecuted for leading his troop of the National Guard to the defence of the Tuilleries on the memorable 10th of August, 1792. He entered the army of the Alps as a volunteer, and speedily obtained promotion. After the battle of Arcole, in 1796, he was selected by Buonaparte as his aide-de-camp, and was frequently charged by him with difficult missions. In 1797 he was sent to Paris to ascertain the state of public feeling previous to the great crisis of September. At the close of the same year he returned to Paris with Napoleon, and at his express wish was married to Émilie de Beauharnais, the niece of Josephine. Lavalette next accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, and on his return to France he was first appointed a commissary, and afterwards a councillor of state, and director-general of the post-office. After Napoleon became emperor in 1804 Lavalette was created a Count of the Empire. In 1814 he was removed from the post-office; but in March, 1815, by order of Napoleon, he resumed his former duties, and gave notice to stop the despatch of the journals, despatches, and travelling post-horses without signed orders.

At the same time he sent a courier to Napoleon to describe the actual condition of Paris. On the 2d of June he was nominated a peer; but in July of the same year, on the second Restoration, he was deprived of his functions, arrested, and condemned to death as a traitor. The story of his imprisonment, escape, and subsequent career, has been graphically narrated by himself; and the following account of his troubles from the time of his arrest, told in his own words, will be found of the deepest interest.]

On the 18th of July, says Lavalette, I was at dinner when an officer came to request me to speak to the prefect of police. I was set down by a hackney-coach, with two or three officers of police mounted behind it, in the outer office of the prison of the prefecture, where for some time (the turnkey being busy assigning lodgings to various new-comers) nobody took any notice of me; and seeing among them a Monsieur de P——, long secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, whom I knew well, looking very sad and sorrowful at seeing me there, I naturally experienced a reciprocal feeling, and was condoling with him on his supposed misfortune, when, suddenly averting his head as he pointed to me, and rushing out of the place, he said to the turnkey:—

“Take that gentleman to No. 17.”

“Yonder goes a man who has turned his coat quickly!” thought I, as, a little ashamed of my blunder, I followed my conductor.

It was to a filthy room, with a window in the roof, at a height of twelve feet, my only means of opening which was by an iron bar so heavy that I was never able to move it a single notch. I suppose the impulse of every one on being put into prison, after the surprise is over, is to be very angry; and I launched out in pretty strong language against the head of the establishment for not having condescended to see one whom he had sent for to speak with him.

There being no bell I had to wait for three hours till the arrival of the jailer who brought my dinner, and I could not help asking him who were my next neighbours;

as I had seen, through the keyhole, men carrying bottles, and all the apparatus of a feast.

"They are two aides-de-camp of General Labédoyère," said he.

"What!" I exclaimed; "is he also arrested?"

"I believe so."

Little did I then know that these two wretches—who had denounced their late commander, when that ill-advised young man insisted on revisiting Paris and his family before proceeding to America—were thus carousing with the rewards of their treachery!

Towards ten o'clock I was sent for by the chief of division, whose business it was to interrogate me; and as an examination was a relief from my own thoughts, I readily obeyed. The functionary, after a number of questions and answers, amused himself by telling me anecdotes, almost too atrocious for belief, of his skill in making prisoners criminate themselves; and he wound up by saying: "As for you, your matter will not go far—it is not of consequence enough for me."

I remained a week longer in confinement here, during which the bad air and prison hardships brought on an inflammatory illness, to which I owed the hastening on of my trial, lest I should escape, by a natural death, the one intended for me.

On the 24th of July I was put into a coach and transferred to the notorious Conciergerie, of the very existence of whose dungeons, beneath the noble halls of the Palais de Justice, many even in Paris have not an idea. A tall and rude turnkey, after reading aloud my description, conducted me along a dark passage to my new abode. It was a long narrow slip of a place, having at one end a window so overhung by an awning as to afford only a glimpse of about a square foot of sky, and its bare walls covered with prisoners' names and the effusions of despair. A wretched bed, an old table, and two buckets were its sole furniture.

I soon found it would be impossible for me to read more than half an hour in the day, and wrote to the pre-

fect of police to tell him I should soon be a dead man if they did not change my lodgings. That evening the turnkey came to take me out to walk in the courtyard, and at nine, instead of taking me up again to my hole, he led me to a ground-floor room, which boasted of a fireplace, and a window looking into a smaller court, separated from that of the women by a pretty high wall.

"I could not put you here this morning," said he, "because General Labédoyère was confined next door; but he is removed to the Abbaye."

Next day I got the man to show me this chamber, which was still more inconvenient than the one I had left, and where the poor fellow had remained in total solitude for eight days, seeing even a jailer only twice in the twenty-four hours, and deprived by the narrowness of his cell from even such exercise as pacing its length would have afforded.

I, too, was to spend six long weeks in secret, receiving no letters that were not first opened, nor seeing any friend except in presence of an officer. I had but sorry news of my wife, whose assurances of perfect health were sadly contradicted by her trembling handwriting, and the sufferings I knew to be inseparable from her condition at the time, but to which she carefully abstained from alluding. My slumbers were broken at all hours by the vicinity to my cell of a huge iron door, the incessant opening and shutting of which, when the sentries were relieving, shook my bed, and often made me start up in alarm; while the cold and damp obliged me, even at midsummer, to keep up a fire night and day.

At length, in November, Lavalette was brought to trial, but his sufferings and reflections before this event were of a very painful description. In his work he continues:—

Time passes but slowly in prison, and to the evils of my own situation were now added anxieties about my wife, whom I had made promise not to see me till after her confinement. On her account, and that of my family, I succeeded in persuading myself that I should get off

with a few years' imprisonment, during which I could watch over and occasionally see them; and though the idea of the scaffold would intrude, it was as yet but a vague fear, scarce likely, I flattered myself, to be realized. When such thoughts became oppressive I escaped from them by mentally following the vessel which bore Napoleon over the wide waters to St. Helena.

One of the worst features of my domicile was its vicinity to the women's court, whence, from eight in the morning till seven at night, issued a perfect torrent of deafening vociferation, composed of the coarsest and most depraved terms, and sounds of riot, which the jailers were often obliged to rush in to quell. On this same court, be it remembered, had looked out the two windows of the prison of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette! This chamber, which I had daily to pass through during my sojourn, was a large empty place, divided by a pillar bearing two arches, with a brick floor whose old-fashioned designs indicated the age of the place. How often did I walk up and down this prison when like to become a prey to despondency! How often did I blush there for complaining of a lot which, be it what it might, could not exceed in horror that endured by a queen of France!

I had denied myself since my imprisonment the visits of my daughter, now nearly fourteen, from the dread of deepening her sorrows by the sight of the realities of a dungeon. But my wife having sent her to receive my blessing on the eve of her first communion, it was in vain that I strove to keep within bounds my long-repressed affection. On seeing before me my only child, endowed with all the charms of youth, first drowned in tears in my arms, and then stretched in a deep swoon at my feet, my heart was torn with inexpressible grief, and for the first time I realized the full extent of my misfortunes. I was wholly unable to control my feelings; my silent tears mingled with the sobs of my daughter; and when I laid my hands on her head the words of blessing died away on my lips.

This scene, as I have said, first roused me to a true sense of my situation, and my zealous legal defenders drew aside, in their consultations, a part at least of the veil which had hitherto blinded me to it. My chief adviser, Monsieur Tripier, a clear-headed, logical man, prepared for my defence by first attacking me on every vulnerable point of my case. "What business had I at the post-office? Why had I gone thither so early? Why did I despatch a courier to meet the emperor? Why did I take upon me to stop the royal proclamation, while accelerating by the same posts the bulletin of Napoleon?" My answers appeared to him candid and straightforward, but insufficient to secure my acquittal. Yet up to the eve of my sentence his opinion was, that I should be condemned to five years' imprisonment for my unauthorized resumption of office. What, however, engrossed far more of my thoughts than even my trial, was the situation of my wife, whose new-born infant—the long-wished-for son on whom I had reckoned to console her in the event of my loss, and her care for whom might reconcile her to survive me—had been taken from us suddenly, after a brief but severe illness. My anxieties on her account, in the event of my condemnation, were dreadful—the calamities attendant on revolutions having deprived her of nearly all her near relatives. Her father, indeed, survived, and had returned to France; but bringing with him a second wife and family, and residing, as he did, at a distance from Paris, he could offer little in the way of present protection.

It was amid these dismal reflections that my trial began, the first day of which was marked by animosity, and was stormy and unfavourable; towards its close, however, prejudices seemed to give way, and on the second, matters appeared to take a more favourable turn. Just as the jury, about six in the evening, were about to retire to consider their verdict, a question, on which my fate turned, arose between my counsel and that for the crown, as to the order of putting the questions: "Was I guilty of conspiracy, or only of a usurpation of

power?" If put in this order, and separately, no act of conspiracy having been proved, the capital offence and consequent penalty fell to the ground, and the misdemeanour, carrying imprisonment, alone remained. But this was not the aim of my prosecutors, and they prevailed to have the questions joined in one; in this way, working partly on the timidity and partly on the humanity of the jury, by assuring them that only an example of clemency was now wanted by the government.

During the deliberation I was taken back to prison, and a kind young friend volunteered to keep me company. After a melancholy dinner, wishing to keep up his hopes, though my own were at an end, I proposed to him a game at chess, and won it, contrary to my custom, as he was more than my match. But in truth, as the night wore on, the poor fellow's firmness gave way, and when, at ten o'clock he was obliged to leave, he fairly melted into tears. I remained alone two hours longer, and at midnight was summoned back to hear my sentence. The verdict had been read in my absence, and it was easy for me to gather its tenor from the ominous silence which reigned in the vast hall, whose benches were still occupied, and even by women, among whom I in vain sought for a single compassionate glance. One juryman alone had his face buried in his handkerchief. It was Monsieur Jurien, a returned emigrant, whose nomination I had looked upon as peculiarly unfavourable, yet who, I afterwards learned, had for six hours advocated my cause in a jury where eight out of twelve had voted against me.

The judges returned, for form's sake, for a few moments; but I had read my doom in many a countenance ere the president had pronounced aloud the article of the code which involved capital punishment! I was declared guilty, and doomed to death under the guillotine. As I went back to my cell the turnkey met and questioned me. "All is over with me!" said I; and the man recoiled as if he had been shot. Hitherto, and in public, I had retained my fortitude; but night and

solitude gave full effect to the terrible words: "Condemned to death!" My first impulse was again an indignant one. I rapidly paced my cell, appealing to France and the world against an iniquitous sentence; but by degrees I grew calm, and exhausted nature found oblivion in sleep.

My earliest care next day was how to break the sad tidings to my wife. I wrote to the Princess de Vaudemont and another old friend, who hastened to her, and whose deep mourning garb made her at once aware of their mission. But the princess, a woman of firm, decided character, insisted on dictating a letter to the Duke de Duras, first gentleman of the bedchamber, soliciting an interview with the king. It was granted, contrary to all expectation; but the hopes it gave rise to proved cruelly delusive.

Led by the hand by Monsieur de Duras through all the assembled courtiers to the king's closet, my wife fell at the feet of Louis XVIII., who said to her: "Madam, I have at once received you, to assure you of my deep interest." He added no more; but the words had been overheard, and were whispered outside in the anteroom as Madame Lavalette passed. Her grief, her beauty, the grace and nobleness of her demeanour, notwithstanding her deep dejection, affected all who beheld her. It was remembered that she was the daughter of an emigrant, and no one doubted that a pardon would follow, since the king had granted the audience. This, however, was not to be.

The next day, for the first time during four months, we met, and her pale, wasted look and deep depression shocked me dreadfully. She fell speechless into my arms, unable during the first hour to articulate a single word. At length she slowly came to herself, and I drew from her the particulars of her interview with the king. For her sake and that of my child I assented to appeal, as I had the right of doing, against my sentence to the Court of Cassation; though my first impulse had been to shrink from the torturing suspense of the month, per-

haps, which might intervene before its decision. During this period I strove to familiarize myself, by means of closely interrogating the jailers, with all the horrible details of the guillotine and its preliminaries; and though at first my very blood seemed frozen at their cold circumstantial recitals, by degrees I got wonderfully hardened, and could listen without blenching. The mode of execution alone filled me with disgust; and the jailer, who informed me that Marshal Ney had been shot, thought me mad because I said he was "a happy fellow." I left no stone unturned to procure for myself a soldier's death, similar to Ney's.

I failed; and not death itself could be more bitter than the terms in which this was conveyed by some on whose gratitude I had strong claims; while from others, especially the Duke of Ragusa (from whom circumstances had estranged me), I received the most unexpected testimonies of devoted interest. He proved it when, on the confirmation of my sentence, and the extinction of all hope, save from the royal clemency, he risked, and actually lost his favour at court, by introducing my poor wife once more to the presence of the monarch. It was in vain. Repulsed in all directions, she remained sitting for above an hour on the stone steps of the court, without one of the numerous comers and goers venturing to bestow on her the smallest token of recognition or compassion; and at length, worn out in body and mind, and deprived of all hope from man, she returned, broken-hearted, to my dungeon.

My hours, I felt, were now literally numbered, only forty-eight remaining of the three days allowed for the condemned to apply for a pardon. All my friends were in consternation; the jailers themselves avoided my presence; even Eberle, the one employed about my person, had no longer the heart to address me, but moved silently about the room, scarcely seeming to know what he was doing.

On the Tuesday night I said to him, "It is usually on Friday, is it not, that executions take place?" "Some-

times on Thursdays," said he, smothering a sigh. "At four o'clock in the afternoon generally?" I asked. "Sometimes in the morning," he replied, hastily running out, without even remembering to shut the door behind him. A female turnkey from the women's ward happening to pass by, and observing this, slipped into my room, and passionately kissing my cross of the Legion of Honour, rushed out again, drowned in tears; and thus it was to a woman I had scarcely seen, and never spoken to, I owed the certain knowledge of my impending fate.

My wife came as usual at six o'clock to dine with me, accompanied by a female relation. When we were alone she said: "There no longer remains a hope for us but in one plan, which I am going to propose. You must leave this at eight o'clock in my clothes, along with my cousin, and go in my chair to a certain street; Monsieur Baudus will have a coach in waiting to conduct you to a retreat he has secured for you, where you can remain in safety till you can quit the country." I listened and looked at her in silence. Her voice was so firm, and her aspect so calm, she seemed so persuaded of success, that I hesitated to reply; and yet her project appeared to me sheer madness, and I was at last obliged to tell her so. At the first word she interrupted me. "No objections," said she; "your death will be mine; so do not reject my proposal. My conviction of its success is deep, for God, I feel, sustains me."

In vain did I urge the numerous jailers who surrounded her every night when she left, the turnkey who always handed her to her chair, the impossibility of so disguising myself as to deceive them; and, above all, my invincible reluctance to leave her in the hands of miscreants who, in their first rage at my escape, would certainly maltreat her. I was forced to leave off, her increasing paleness and agitation precluding further remonstrance. I could only pacify her by a seeming consent, remarking, however, that if success could be looked for in such a wild scheme it could only be by stationing the coach much nearer to the prison, as in the course of nearly an hour's journey

a sedan could not fail to be overtaken, nor could I perform the distance on foot in women's garb without similar danger.

These considerations induced her to agree to defer till next day the execution of her plan; and exacting my solemn promise then to make the attempt, she left me, in some degree quieted and comforted.

Lavalette himself, however, had little confidence in the success of so hazardous a project. The more, says he, I reflected on the scheme suggested for my escape by my wife, the more hopeless did it appear. Not only was she taller than myself, but her figure was slight and agile; while I, though confinement had reduced me, was still too much the reverse for the jailers, who saw us both daily, to be deceived. And then I was so thoroughly prepared to die! I had so often rehearsed the cruel drama, even to the dreary journey in the cart, and the last offices of the executioner; and now I was to mingle a possible burlesque with all this tragedy, most likely to be retaken in my woman's disguise, nay, perhaps exposed in it to the derision of the public! But again, on the other hand, my poor wife was so confident in the success of her project, that to refuse my concurrence in it would be to kill her.

While lost in these tormenting thoughts my wife arrived, and after communicating to me the results of some other unavailing efforts she had been making, she said: "I will come as usual to dine with you. Keep up your courage, it will all be required! As for myself," added she, with a sigh of exhaustion, "I feel that I have just strength left for four-and-twenty hours, and no longer, I am thoroughly worn out!" Poor thing! her hours of energy and consciousness were indeed numbered!

I had gone through a sad scene the day before in taking leave, as I thought, of my daughter, when, to my surprise, she reappeared along with her mother. "I think," said she, "that you had better have Josephine with you. She will be more attentive to what I desire."

My wife had put on over her dress a pelisse, lined with

fur, and had brought in her bag a black silk petticoat. Having sent the child out of hearing, she said to me in a rapid whisper, "These will disguise you perfectly. I could have added a veil, but not having been in the habit of wearing one, it might be dangerous now. Before going into the outer room, draw on these gloves, and put my handkerchief to your face. Walk slowly, leaning on Josephine, and take care to stoop as you go out at the low doors, or they may catch the feathers of your bonnet. The jailers will be in the anteroom, and you must remember that the turnkey always hands me out. The chair to-day will be drawn up close to the staircase. Monsieur Baudus will meet you immediately, and conduct you to a hiding-place. God guide and protect you, my dearest husband! But oh, keep calm! Let me feel your pulse. Now, feel mine, and see how quietly it beats; there is not the slightest quickness." Poor thing! she was in a perfect fever! "Now, above all," added she, "restrain your feelings." I could not, however, forbear giving her my wedding ring, on the pretext that if stopped it might betray me.

She now called in Josephine. "Listen attentively, my dear," said she, "to what I am going to say. I shall leave to-night at seven instead of eight o'clock. Keep behind me as we go out, as the doors are narrow; but when we come into the outer hall take care to be on my left, the side the officer takes to hand me out, which I dislike. When we are beyond the grating, and going up the outer stair, then come to my right, that the rude gendarmes may not come and stare under my bonnet, as they always try to do. Do you understand me?" The dear girl rehearsed her lesson very faithfully.

This dinner, which might prove my last upon earth, was a painful mockery. The food stuck in our throats, and scarcely a word was spoken between us; and thus nearly an hour was spent. At a quarter to seven my wife rung for my faithful valet. She spoke a few words to him in a whisper, and then added aloud:

"Take care that the chair is at hand; I am coming."

When he was gone, turning to me she said quickly: "Now you must dress."

For want of a dressing-room I had a large screen placed in my apartment, behind which we now retired, and my dear wife at once began my toilet with such quickness and dexterity that in three minutes my disguise was complete, and we were back into the room; and she said to her daughter:

"There, what do you think of your papa now?" An incredulous smile was the poor child's only answer.

"But seriously, my dear, will he do?"

"I think he will do very well," said she, on seeing me walk a few steps before her; but her head sunk forward, and her dejected tone betrayed her emotion. Not a word more was spoken till I was close to the door. I then said to my wife:

"The jailer looks in every evening as soon as he has seen you depart. Remain until then behind the screen, and make a noise by moving some of the things: he will think everything is right, and thus I will gain a few minutes which will be of the greatest importance." She understood me, and as I put forth my hand to ring the bell I gently pressed her arm: we exchanged looks: "Adieu," said she, as she lifted her eyes to heaven. An embrace we dared not venture upon.

The jailer's step was now heard. Emilie sprung behind the screen—the door opened: I passed out first, next my daughter, then my wife's old nurse, who, ignorant of the plot, had been left to wait outside. On coming to the door leading from the passage to the outer room, I had to stoop to prevent the catching of my feathers. I succeeded in this, but on raising myself had to face in the large room a number of jailers seated on a form along the wall. I held my handkerchief to my eyes, and expected my daughter to come, as directed, on my left; but in her terror the poor child took the right, thus leaving the jailer at liberty to hand me out as usual. He laid his hand on my arm, evidently moved (for he concluded we had taken our last farewell of each other), and said: "You

are leaving early to-night, madam?" It has been said that my child and I at this moment gave way to cries and sobs. So far from that, we durst not so much as indulge in a sigh. At length I got to the further end of the room, where sat a jailer in a huge arm-chair, in a position suitable to allow him to place his two hands on the keys of two doors; one an iron grating, the other (the outer one) called the first wicket. The man looked at me, but did not open. I had to put my hand through the bars to hurry him. At length he turned his two keys, and we were out! And now, recollecting herself, Josephine took my right arm. We had a stair to go up to get at the court where the chair waited; at the foot of this stair was the guardhouse, where twenty soldiers, with an officer, stood within three steps of me, to see Madame Lavalette pass! My foot was at length on the last step, and I got into the chair, which was close at hand. But the chairmen were not there—nor a servant! only my daughter and the old woman standing beside it, and a sentry a few feet off, immovable at his post, staring at me. I felt a violent agitation: I fixed my eyes on that sentry's musket, and at the smallest noise or alarm, I should certainly have seized on and used it against any one who offered to take me. This dreadful suspense may have lasted some two minutes, although to me it appeared a very much longer time. At length Bonneville, my valet, appeared, and whispered to me:

"One of the bearers has broken faith with me, but I have found another!"

I then felt myself caught up, the chair crossed the court, and we passed through a street or two. When it was set down, the door opened, and Baudus offering me his arm, said aloud: "Madam, you know you have a visit to make to the president." I got out, and he pointed to a coach which stood a short way off down a little dark street. I sprang into it, and the driver set off the horses at a round trot.

When we had driven a long way I began to breathe freely, and I had time to look at my coachman. What

was my astonishment to recognize in him the Count de Chassenon! "Is that you?" asked I in unfeigned surprise. "Yes, he replied, "and you have at your back four double-loaded pistols, which I hope you will use in case of need."

"Not I, indeed; I have no desire to involve you in ruin!"

"Well, then, I suppose I must set the example, and woe betide whoever attempts to stop us!"

We drove on to the Boulevard Neuf, where we stopped, and I displayed my handkerchief, as agreed, on the front of the cab; having by the way got rid of all my female apparel, and slipped on a groom's coat, with a laced livery hat. Monsieur Baudus soon joined us: I took leave of the good count, and modestly followed behind my new master. It was now past eight, dark, and the rain fell in torrents, and nothing could be more lonely than this part of the town. It was with the greatest difficulty I could keep pace with Monsieur Baudus, and ere long I lost one of my shoes, which did not mend matters. We met several gendarmes at full gallop, little aware that he whom they were probably in search of was so near them! At length, after an hour's march, worn out with fatigue, and with one foot bare, we came to a large mansion.

"I am going in here," said Baudus; "and while I engage the porter in conversation, slip into the courtyard; you will find a staircase on the left; go to the top. At the end of a dark passage to the right is a pile of firewood; stand behind it, and wait." I grew giddy with fright, and almost sunk on seeing Baudus knock at the very door of the minister for foreign affairs—the Duke de Richelieu! But while the porter was speaking to him I passed in quickly. "Who is that man?" cried the porter. "Oh, 'tis only my servant," answered Baudus. I found the staircase and everything as directed, and was no sooner on the appointed spot than I heard the rustling of a gown; I felt myself gently taken by the arm; I was pushed into a room, the door of which was at once closed upon me.

Lavalette was now concealed in what might be considered as the least likely house in Paris—that of the then minister of foreign affairs. For shelter under this roof he was indebted to Madame de Bresson, the wife of the cashier. M. de Bresson had, it seems, been proscribed at the first revolution for voting against the king's death, and with his wife had been compelled to hide for two years among the Vosges mountains. While concealed they received so much kindness from the inhabitants, that Madame de Bresson made a vow that if it was ever in her power to save a person similarly circumstanced she would do so. She had it now in her power to aid Lavalette; and nobly did she redeem her vow. Every comfort had been provided for. He was supplied with slippers in which to move about, and a profusion of books and wax-lights, to compensate for the necessity of keeping his windows carefully closed all the day. As night approached, he was permitted to open them, but it was in many cases only to hear street-criers shouting forth proclamations of rewards for his apprehension, in which he was able to make out his own name, coupled with threats of the most extreme penalties of the law against all persons who might harbour him. The meals supplied to Lavalette had to be literally purloined from their own table by Madame de Bresson. She was, however, able to afford him the gratifying news that, in spite of all the proclamations, at which every one laughed, his escape was the subject of rejoicing all over Paris, and indeed of France; that the conduct of his wife was extolled to the skies, and that at the theatre every allusion to her courage was received with the loudest acclamations.

After the escape of Lavalette his wife was of course the only occupant of his room. How did she conduct herself? No sooner was her husband beyond the door than the jailer as usual looked into the room, and hearing some one behind the screen, went out. He came back, however, in about five minutes, and still seeing no one, pushed aside a leaf of the screen, when he saw only

Madame Lavalette. He gave a loud cry, and ran towards the door. She flew after him to prevent him, and, in her despair, caught hold of his coat so firmly that part of it was left in her hands.

"I am ruined!" he cried; and, liberating himself by an effort, he called out as he went along: "The prisoner has escaped!" and rushed to the office of the prefect of police.

The news of Lavalette's escape, hastily communicated to the prefect, excited universal surprise. Indignant at the trick which had been played, the prefect, who was responsible for the safety of the prisoner, immediately ordered a strict search to be made for the recapture of the fugitive.

Gendarmes were sent forth in all directions, and every suspicious-looking person was seized. Every place of public resort was carefully searched, and every supposed lurking-place was examined. The pursuit continued all night, and visits of the strictest kind were made, not only at the residence of every acquaintance of the count, but of all who were supposed to have ever been officially connected with him. But all efforts were in vain.

The barriers of the city were closed, and no one was permitted to pass out without undergoing a strict search. All, however, was in vain. Lavalette was safe in the house of Monsieur de Bresson, who little knew what guest he entertained, and he remained undiscovered. All Paris rejoiced to see the police so completely at fault.

Defeated in all their attempts to recover the fugitive, the authorities revenged themselves on Madame Lavalette; and for some time they kept her in an agony of suspense with respect to the fate of her husband. She was ultimately relieved by the arrival of the attorney-general, but then only to be exposed to interrogations and reproaches from that official. In the eye of the law she had been guilty only of a misdemeanour, for which only a slight punishment could be inflicted. By the orders of the attorney-general, however, she was harshly treated. Being at the time in a poor state of health,

this treatment was a sore aggravation of her distressing ailments, bodily and mental, and most certainly laid the foundation of that mental trouble which afterwards unsettled her reason.

Instead of allowing this noble and devoted woman her liberty, she was confined closely and rigorously for six weeks.

In consequence of the unabated vigilance of the authorities the friends of Monsieur de Lavalette were anxious to get him conveyed, if possible, beyond the barriers, and thence out of France. Various plans of escape were suggested, but all seemed doubtful of success. One, which was to escape in the suite of a certain Russian general, failed, from the fear, that by hearing the name of Lavalette, he himself might be sent to Siberia. Another, to join a Bavarian battalion quitting Paris, the commandant of which was a friend of Prince Eugène, was frustrated by the surveillance of the police. At length, on the eighteenth day of his seclusion, Monsieur Baudus had the pleasure to announce to Lavalette a chance of escape through the co-operation of Englishmen.

These Englishmen were Mr. Michael Bruce, General Sir Robert Wilson, and Captain Hutchinson of the Guards. These gentlemen, who happened to be in Paris at the time, and entertaining feelings of anger at the harsh conduct of the French authorities in the matter of the escape of Lavalette, resolved among themselves that they would endeavour to aid the escape of the ill-used fugitive from the shores of France in the uniform of a British officer. This scheme was well planned, and thoroughly determined men carried it out, although a letter detailing the whole of their operations was intercepted on its way to England, and subsequently led to the trial and imprisonment of all the parties engaged.

"It was agreed," says Sir Robert Wilson, "that the fugitive, wearing, as well as myself, the British uniform, should accompany me beyond the barriers in an English cab; that I should have a fresh horse stationed at La

Chapelle, and from thence get on to Compiègne, where I was to be joined by my own carriage, in which Lavalette and I would proceed by Mons to Cambrai. At my request, and on my responsibility, I easily procured passports from Lord Stewart for General Wallis and Colonel Losack; names which we made choice of because their initials corresponded with the real ones. On their being taken to be signed at the foreign office, one of the secretaries took it into his head to ask who Colonel Losack was, when Hutchinson coolly answered; 'Oh, the son of the admiral.' Bruce now found out that the brigade of his cousin, General Brisbane, was at Compiègne, and that his aide-de-camp was to leave Paris next day with his horses and baggage. With this young man, reluctantly as we involved him in the affair, it was agreed that he should provide for us a place where an individual, desirous of avoiding publicity, might remain secluded for a few hours at Compiègne—a precaution which proved of the greatest use.

"Bruce next procured Lavalette's measure, and a uniform was ordered as if for a quarter-master of the Guards; but the regimental tailor happening to observe that it was for a very stout gentleman, and, moreover, that it had not been taken by a professional *snip*, the parties got alarmed, and fell on the plan of borrowing for the expedition the coat of a stout brother-guardsman—a very young man, whom they persuaded the coat was wanted to assist in an elopement."

One of the odd features of this fortunate escape was that on Lavalette proceeding the evening previous to his escape from Paris to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings, he only left one lion's den to enter another, having for a neighbour under the same roof the judge who had actually presided at his trial!

He there met Mr. Bruce and Sir Robert Wilson, who, after pretending to partake of a bowl of punch, left him to slumber, or at all events, to endeavour to do so, on a sofa. His rest was rudely broken early in the morning by a great noise and loud conversation at the outer door,

the object of which was plainly to effect a forcible entrance. Lavalette, feeling sure that he was discovered, grasped his pistols, woke his companions, who went out quietly, and returned after five minutes, saying to Lavalette:—

“It is only a dispute between the lodge-keeper and a French officer who lodges here about his being out so late; let us go to sleep again.”

At six he got up and dressed himself, and at half-past seven Sir Robert Wilson, dressed in a general's full uniform, called for him in Bruee's cabriolet, while Captain Hutchinson rode on one side, both to give it the air of a pleasure party, and so that Lavalette, if discovered and hard-pressed, might exchange the carriage for a swifter conveyance.

“The weather,” says Lavalette in his *Memoirs*, “was splendid, all the shops open, everybody in the streets; and, by a singular coincidence, as we passed the Grève (the place of execution in Paris), they were setting up the gallows customarily used for the execution in effigy of outlawed criminals.”

The party were frequently threatened with discovery; indeed, it seems strange that one with such prominently marked features as Lavalette—personally known, from his office, to nearly all the postmasters in France, and, moreover, described minutely in all the public prints,—should have escaped detection, seems little short of a miracle. Before the party was well out of Paris they met an English officer, who was surprised at seeing a British general with whose person he was not familiar. The gendarmes at the gate looked hard at him; but the ceremony of presenting arms screened at once his face and his life. When the party met any company Sir Robert took care to talk very loud in English, and Colonel “Losack” to sit well back in the carriage, making the white feather in his hat serve to divert attention from its wearer. Another object of the same colour had, however, nearly served to betray him; namely, a few white hairs straggling from beneath his wig: these, however, were speedily removed.

Their chief danger was at the previously mentioned village of La Chapelle, where their spare horse had been stationed at a bustling inn. Four gendarmes were lounging about the door of the hostelry, and were only got rid of by the presence of mind of Captain Hutchinson, who, by pretending to be looking out for a corps of English dragoons, diverted their suspicions, and kept them drinking till the road was otherwise clear. Their stay of some hours at Compiègne, to await the arrival from Paris of Sir Robert's carriage, passed off successfully, and under cloud of night it arrived safe. The rest of the journey was now expeditiously performed, and by use of the words "English carriage and English general," was at length safely accomplished.

A slight delay occurred at Cambrai, and at Valenciennes the party were examined three times. Their passports were carried to the commandant. A considerable time elapsed, and the unfortunate Lavalette felt as if on the very verge of ruin when within reach of success. Fortunately, the weather was very cold, and the day had scarcely dawned. The officer, instead of coming to inspect the travellers, signed their passports in bed!

"On the *glacis* of the same town," says Lavalette in his *Memoirs*, "an officious douanier chose to examine if all was right. His curiosity, however, was soon satisfied, and we were speedily bowling along joyously on the way to Mons. Now I would look cautiously out of the little window at the back to see if we were pursued; then would I fix my eager eyes on a large building pointed out to me as the Belgian custom-house, which, drive as we would, never seemed to me to get any nearer. At length, however, we gained it: I was beyond French territory, and saved! Seizing hold of the general's hands, I poured forth, in the fulness of my heart, the whole extent of my gratitude; but he only answered me with a quiet smile."

"Having made every arrangement at Mons for aiding Monsieur Lavalette's further journey," said he, "I must return to Paris, where I have duties to perform."

Having thus safely reached a foreign country, Lavalette was now secure from arrest by the French authorities. He afterwards proceeded to Germany, and found shelter for a short time in Bavaria, much, however, against the wishes of the king of that country. He then retired to a remote part of Germany, where he lived in seclusion for many years, and, as it were, forgotten by his friends and the world. The only matter for serious regret was the want of his affectionate and devoted wife, whose mind had unfortunately given way under the extraordinary trials she had undergone, and whose friends had been compelled to place her under a certain measure of restraint.

Perhaps the best account of the later life of Lavalette will be gathered from a letter which he wrote to a sincere personal friend, the Duchess of Ragusa:—

“You ask me where I live, and how. I dwell on the banks of a lake not unworthy of Switzerland. I have a room and a closet at the lodge of the keeper of an old chateau. My view consists of a large sheet of water, pretty low hills, with high mountains beyond, covered with snow. For walks, I have wild woodlands, abounding with game, which, however, I never molest. My hosts are honest peasants, whose broth and black bread I partake of with tolerable relish. I dare not have a servant, lest I should harbour a spy; so my sole companion is a poor artist, as yet unknown to fame, who smokes all day long, and does not know a single word of my language; but I quickly learn his, and we get on very well. He wakes me early every morning, and we labour together till nine. After a frugal breakfast, we work together till noon, and after dinner again from two till five. I then read for a couple of hours; and at seven we walk together till supper. I have taught him to play chess, and we indulge in the game till ten, when I go to my room, but seldom to bed till one o’clock. These hours of night are for the heart’s anguish and a host of bitter reminiscences. I weep and pray for those I love, and in thinking of my poor, humbled, subjugated country.

"I do not, I must not, at all times give way to such sad thoughts. I should be unworthy of my glorious misfortune were I not to draw from it the sweetest consolations. I often feel less thankful at having escaped the scaffold, than for being saved from it by such generous hearts. Wife, child, friends, servants, and, not least, those noble strangers, all combined to suffer, many to sacrifice themselves; but, thank Heaven, ultimately to triumph in my cause. Of all mankind, I have no right to complain of my fellows. Never was a poor unfortunate being so honoured by such devotedness and courage!

"I am delighted to hear that you are within reach of my poor wife. You love and appreciate her. She is not understood in a world of base wretches, who little thought that that weak, apparently dejected, helpless woman would prove too strong and brave for them all! Oh, take care of her, I beseech you; watch over her, and shield her from every sorrow! And my poor little Josephine; alas! what will become of her? How fondly had I looked forward to see her bloom into womanhood! but, ah! how are my expectations frustrated! When I think of all this, I could beat my head against the very walls, and dread what I may be tempted to do! Above all, my wife!—see her often, console, and protect her if necessary."

After the expiry of six years the alteration of state affairs in France enabled Lavalette to return to his native country. As already mentioned, it had been found necessary to place his faithful but unfortunate wife under restraint on account of mental aberration; but he was able now to enjoy the pleasure of her company. The malady under which the poor lady was suffering was one of the most painful character; "but," says her husband, "she remained, as she had ever been, good, amiable, and gentle, and able to find and appreciate enjoyment in the country;" and for her sake he resided chiefly in rural districts until the time of his death, which occurred in 1830.

Madame Lavalette survived her husband for some

years, being affectionately tended in her declining age by her daughter Josephine, who became the wife of an eminent and worthy man.

JOHN RUTHERFORD:

A NARRATIVE OF A CAPTIVITY IN NEW ZEALAND.

The important British colony of New Zealand consists of a group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, and comprises two large islands named North and South Islands, with a number of smaller islands lying along the coast, the largest of these being called Stewart Island.

The situation of the islands in mid-ocean in the temperate zone indicates a mild, moist, and healthy climate. Few countries of Europe enjoy a more agreeable temperature, the range of the thermometer being very limited. The northern island has a summer like that of Paris, and a winter like that of Rome. The southern island has the summer of Jersey, and the winter of Montpellier. There is neither, properly speaking, a wet nor a cold season; scarcely a fortnight passes without rain, but it rarely rains for three successive days.

The physical aspects of the land are equally attractive with its climate. It abounds in beautiful forest and mountain scenery; and everywhere possesses romantic and picturesque landscapes well fitted to inspire the genius of the painter. A chain of mountains towards the west coast of South Island, with peaks reaching to 12,000 or 13,000 feet in height and covered with perpetual snow, forms a region of singularly impressive grandeur.

The country is deficient in animals. Pheasants, partridges, quails, and red and fallow deer, have been introduced, and have so far thriven successfully. All the other common European quadrupeds appear to be easily acclimatized. There are many species of native birds;

but the common English sparrow had to be introduced by the farmers with a view to protect their crops from the ravages of insects.

New Zealand abounds with many varieties of fern, some of them 30 feet high and remarkable for their elegance of form. Swine were introduced by Captain Cook, and in many places have multiplied excessively, on account of the abundance of one kind of fern, the roots of which they greedily devour.

Little more than a century ago this prosperous colony was looked upon as a land inhabited only by savages, who ran riot in cannibal feasts. The traffic between its inhabitants and the ships which touched at these islands then mainly consisted, on the one side, of the materials for fighting, and on the other of hemp and other native products.

The energetic character and remarkable intelligence of the Maories attracted the attention of Europeans, but their ferocity at first terrified those who came in contact with them. By missionary effort a great part of them have now been converted to Christianity; and with exception of occasional outbreaks, they have submitted to British rule, and conformed to many European customs.

In January, 1826, the captain of an American brig, trading in the South Seas, had touched on the western coast of New Zealand. Six men, clothed in the native costume, immediately came on board; and great was the astonishment excited by the appearance of one of them with fair hair, and a white skin visible under its tatooings.

"A white Zealander!" exclaimed the captain; but the fairhaired man, in good English, hastened to inform him that he had escaped, ten years before, from the massacre of an American crew, and since that time had resided among the savages. He added that the latter intended to plunder the brig, and advised the captain to depart immediately. He begged him to carry him off, as he was weary of a savage life, and solicited him to send back his five companions without doing them any injury. This

man was John Rutherford, the story of whose adventures attracted great attention in England many years ago.

Rutherford had embarked on board the *Agnes*, an American ship, with a crew of fourteen men, commanded by one Captain Coffin, and trading to the Pacific for tortoise-shell and pearls. After having touched at the mouth of the Thames, a river which flows from S. to N. in Ika-na-Mawi, the northernmost island of the group, the ship had been driven by the winds and currents towards its north-eastern extremity. There the captain found a large and beautiful bay, where he cast anchor, being in great need of fresh water. He had scarcely moored when, from all points of the coast, numerous canoes issued, manned by a great number of rowers.

On this occasion few men came on board; but the women crowded on the deck, pilfering everything on which they could lay their hands. The next day a chief named Aimi boarded the American with a war canoe, 60 feet long and manned by a hundred men, loaded with utensils, weapons, and mats, which he brought, he said, for the purposes of barter. After a few exchanges had taken place, the captain, who was not free from anxiety, fearing to send out of the vessel any portion of her crew, asked Aimi by signs if he would undertake to supply him with fresh water. The latter consented. Meanwhile the number of the natives constantly increased. Hitherto the Americans had only to complain of their thefts; they had rifled the stern of the ship of a part of her ornamentation, and carried off all the nails to one of their canoes. Nevertheless the captain completed his bargain with the chief for a supply of fresh water; he gave him two muskets, some powder and shot. There were then on board more than 300 natives, armed with *merys*,—a smooth, green-coloured stone, about a foot long, terminating at one end in a handle, in the other in a double edge, which the savages made use of to deal their adversary a blow on the head and neck.

At this moment some large fires were lighted on the

neighbouring hills, and the natives showed themselves in crowds upon the shore. The captain, growing more and more alarmed, gave the necessary directions for the ship's departure; the men had sprung up the rigging; when the savage chief suddenly rose from the mat which had alternately served for a cushion and a mantle, brandishing his tomahawk, and shouting a war-cry; the others leapt up at his example, and engaged in a wild ferocious dance. A savage glided behind the captain, who was leaning over the hatchway, struck him on the back of the head, and killed him. The cook attempted to defend himself, but was instantly murdered; the mate, while climbing up the shrouds, received a wound in the neck which brought him down without immediately killing him; then the savages dashed against the cabin-door, while others clambered up the rigging to compel the descent of the remainder of the crew. Two sailors leapt overboard and were picked up by the canoes; the others made no resistance; they were stripped of their knives, tobacco and pipes; their hands and feet were tied; they were then huddled into a canoe and carried ashore.

The women who remained on board cut the ship's cable and then swam to the beach; the sails had been cut into ribbons with the *merys*, and the vessel, drifting at the mercy of wind and waves, was stranded at the mouth of a small river, and straightway pillaged.

Towards evening, the captives, twelve in number, were transported to a village a short distance inland, and each bound by the hands to a tree. The night was dark; it began to rain; fires kindled along the shore served to direct the course of the canoes, which never abandoned the vessel so long as it contained a nail or a fragment of iron. It was then fired and abandoned to the flames.

In the morning five chiefs, one of whom was Aimi, followed by a considerable crowd, seated themselves in a circle on the bare ground near the shore, and began to deliberate with lengthy speeches and animated gestures. Then Aimi advanced towards Rutherford and unbound him and another. The four other chiefs in the same

manner took each a man. All were soon afterwards carried away, and Rutherford never received any further tidings of them. As for the remaining prisoners, they were massacred to furnish the cannibals with a horrible banquet, of which both women and children partook.

Rutherford, who was then a young man of about twenty years of age, was received into the friendship of the terrible Aimi, who formed an attachment towards him, made him his son-in-law, and thus gave him a certain rank.

His body was covered with tatooings; he accustomed himself to the manners of the natives, shared in their labours and mingled in their wars. It was thus that he made his way into the interior as far as Cook's Strait, which separates Ika-na-Mawi from the large island of Tawai-Pounamou.

In the first months of his captivity Rutherford reckoned the time by cutting notches in a stick; but at length he lost the thread of his calculations, and, when he was relieved by the American brig, a comparison of dates showed that he had been no less than ten years among the savages of New Zealand.

THE END.



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